

The
Chatelaine

Vol. 3, No. 2, Toronto, February, 1930

A Magazine for Canadian Women



February
1930

In This Issue:

Introducing
Chatelaine Patterns

C--L--A--R--? Sure! Clark's Tomato Soup!



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CHICKEN PEA GREEN PEA
MUTTON BROTH SCOTCH BROTH
MOCK TURTLE JULIENNE CELERY
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Volume III.

Toronto, FEBRUARY, 1930

Number 2



YOUR PART IN WORLD PEACE

by AGNES MACPHAIL

Canadian delegate to the League of Nations Assembly
and the only woman on the disarmament commission

NO OTHER women ever had the chance to do as much for the world as the women of Canada. That sounds extravagant—but it is true. Nowhere else has the standard of life been raised as high for such a large group of women.

We live in the most advanced age the world has seen. All the struggling under-privileged women of the past have helped to bring us the freedom we enjoy—to make us what we are. We can only repay them by doing our best for those who shall come after.

Our world is interdependent. It is a unit, an organism. No country lives unto itself any more—we live internationally. The great task facing us is to make a harmonious and livable community out of the world. It is a big job but it can be done. Wars must cease—if they do not, this civilization will cease to exist. We now know that they settle nothing, no matter how long they continue. We know, too, that they are never about the thing they are said to be about while they are being fought. As the *Ottawa Journal* said recently, "War is a game in which both sides always lose."

AS WOMEN, what are we going to do about it? Are we just going to go on living our own little lives and let the next war come on, or are we going to do everything in our power to stop it? Women are the special guardians of human life. They have suffered so much for human life that they value it highly. Now is the time to work. We lived through the world war—we have lived after it—we

know the falsity of it, but the children do not. Are we going to let them go on thinking war a glorious thing? We can tell them by literature, music, art, what we know. We can teach the brotherhood of man so successfully that everyone will see the foolishness of killing great crowds of our finest boys, of every country in an attempt to settle disputes that cannot be settled that way.

So lately we held the opinion of the chief of a wife-stealing tribe who, when asked by a missionary, "Do you think wife-stealing is wrong?" replied, "If another chief steals the women of my tribe, of course it is wrong, and I kill him, but if I take the women of some other tribe, that is not wrong at all."

All too often national policies have been drafted with the good of one nation only in view, with little or no regard to the effect on other countries. In an interdependent world such methods cannot safely be used. Every nation must learn to abandon any type of imperialism that means the enslavement of others. Treaties founded on unfair premises must be abandoned. I should like to see a realization on the part of nations that a tariff wall can be made so offensive as to generate suspicion, distrust and bitterness. I should like to see some regulation of the export of surplus capital;

also an end to the improper exploitation of raw materials. And my views on the spending of money on armies and navies are well known.

IN THESE things the germs of war lie. The germs must be killed. All the excellent machinery

for settling disputes, such as the world court and the League of Nations, will not save us. Neither will the educational work which has, in a few years, developed a psychology of war, making it no longer a sign of inferiority, a sort of inglorious stigma, to preach and advise peace unless accompanied by a removal of the economic causes of war.

The Kellogg pact used brave and glorious words; sixty-two nations signed it. It is our duty to make those words a living and actual reality. Nations should put international concord above everything else and shape national policies to that end.

In the words of the Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, House of Commons, February 19, "We should make the principle underlying this treaty a basis of consideration in all matters of foreign policy."

We have not begun to do it yet. Our military estimates increase year by year as do those of all countries. We do not yet want peace badly enough to give up national privileges to attain it.

As Norman Angel says: "If a man should declare that the guiding maxims of his life in relation to others were, 'Myself first; myself, right or wrong; myself above all others,' we should know him for what [Continued on page 50]"



"I know of no other soap which meets all the requirements of complexion care, acting at once as a cleanser and a valuable and soothing emollient."

A. Leblanc
NICE

"The one soap I recommend is Palmolive"

says Albert Leblanc of Nice

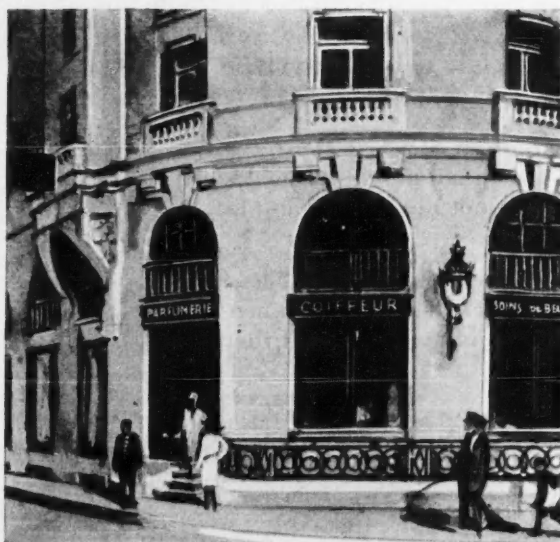
Famous Beauty Specialist of the fashionable Hotel Negresco at Nice, on the French Riviera, frequented by many of the world's smartest women.

"It is quite wrong to suppose," says Albert Leblanc, of Nice, "that the skin can be thoroughly cleansed except by the use of soap and water. I am still occasionally asked: 'Shall I use soap on my face?' My answer is always a decided affirmative. But the one soap I recommend is Palmolive!"

Monsieur Leblanc is an authority. He has a beauty salon at the famous Hotel Negresco, in Nice, where he cares for the complexions of women whose names make society news all over the world. He had his beauty training in Paris, and, like the great Parisian experts, he considers palm and olive oils invaluable in keeping complexions lovely.

Other soaps won't do

Substitutes for Palmolive may irritate the skin, and spoil its colorful freshness. These changes may come so gradually you scarcely notice them. Then—all of a sudden—you find the pores coarsened, the complexion irritated, the texture losing its smooth loveliness. The pure



Facade of Leblanc's Salon at the Hotel Negresco—where Monsieur Albert attends fashionable women from all over the world. The smart women who gather at Nice demand the very finest care in matters of beauty culture.

olive and palm oil lather of Palmolive Soap soothes, cleanses, removes impurities gently and safely.

"I know of no other soap which meets all the requirements of complexion care," says Leblanc . . . and there are more than 18,000 other renowned beauty specialists who agree with him.

This treatment, night and morning

Make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder. A final rinse with ice water is refreshing as an astringent.

Only a specialist can advise you

Being beautiful in itself gives no one the right to advise you on beauty. For such advice you must go to a skilled, experienced beauty specialist. And just think of it! 18,012 experts—all over the world—recommend Palmolive Soap! In big cities, in small towns, smart resorts; in America, France, Germany, Spain, England—everywhere that beauty culture is practiced—its foremost exponents tell you to guard against enemies of facial beauty by twice-a-day use of Palmolive.

Palmolive is made entirely of palm and olive oils. These oils—and nothing else—give it nature's fresh green color. And these oils gently penetrate the pores, releasing impurities and protecting the tender fabric of the skin from the abuses of modern life.

Millions use Palmolive for the bath, as well as for the face. Your very first cake of this bland, skillfully blended soap will show you why Palmolive is the choice of those whose business it is to know.



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the office this evening that you'd turned up. Rather expected to find you here."

"I've been sent out as your aide," laughed Tent, "but hope you won't work me too hard."

Ornish lowered his lean frame into a chair and glanced quickly at his wife. Knowing facts, he was wondering how she was taking this revivification.

"Oh, I'll give you time to settle down," he smiled. "But the lord knows there's plenty of work to keep you out of mischief here." There was covert warning in that phrase, covered up in the signalling to Garipoli. "How did records come to make that darned fool mistake?" he asked.

Tent told him briefly and Ornish nodded: "Here's to better luck in the future," he said, and met Tent's eyes.

"I'm going to snatch all the fun I can," declared Tent. "Fay tells me you still have a bit of racing here."

"Yes," nodded Ornish. "I've got a pretty good stud at the moment."

"Of what?" smiled Tent.

"Mixed lot. Half a dozen tits that run a bit high in the shoulder for polo, but are as speedy as blazes, and one I got from old Sheikh Mohammed Ehab back end of last season is the fastest thing in Egypt. Four years old, pure Arab, and stands fifteen-two."

Fay was everlastingly thankful to her husband for switching the talk on to easy ground. In silence she watched the two men, her mind in a ferment.

"Have you done any riding lately?" she asked Tent.

"Haven't had much chance," he laughed. "But I've brought three good 'uns over with me in case there was anything doing, and I have a fancy one of 'em, a bay four-year-old mare, *Love's Dream*, a Don Juan filly, would give any quad on the Nile a whipping."

"Then you'd better enter her for the Khedivial Cup at the end of the month," said Ornish. "My Kuwasa will be favorite, and we'll make it a match, with owners up, for two thousand piastres a side."

"What an awful lot of money that sounds," laughed Fay, and Tent glanced at her sideways.

"I'd like to ride for a much bigger stake," he murmured.

"That's big enough to start with," said Ornish. "Are you game?"

"Yes," answered Tent. "I haven't seen your animal and you haven't seen mine; but I don't think you'll beat me—this time."

Ornish's eyes narrowed with swift question as he caught the last two murmured words, but before he could speak Fay rose to her feet.

"If you two don't mind," she said, "I think I'll turn in. I'm fearfully tired."

Ornish saw the purpose behind that remark. Whatever her feeling toward this old love of her's might be, she had no intention of worshipping the green god alongside Ronny Tent. "Little sportswoman," he thought, and got to his feet.

"I'm coming, too," he said. "If I'm going to take to race-riding again I must keep fit. Good Night, Tent. You must come round and see my quads tomorrow. I've got 'em in quarters at Geziret."

"I'll be interested," said Tent and, turning to Fay, smiled into her eyes.

"Until tomorrow, Fay," he murmured, and remained standing while husband and wife crossed the lounge. Then he sat down, a pensive gleam in his eyes.

THEREAFTER Fay and Tent saw much of one another; not without a struggle on Fay's part, not without scheming in Tent's subterranean brain. But in the end they took to golfing together, riding together, and in the evenings dancing or sitting on the verandah or in the oriental garden together, while Tom Ornish sweated in the office over plans and figures.

Fay blinded herself to the dangers of this delightful game. The gods had been good in giving her Ronny as a playmate; and there would be time enough to be serious when youth had passed on. So she danced and laughed and lost caution.

Tom Ornish noted the change and remained passive. Dr. Harber noted it, and pursed his lips with an examining eye on Tent, and Garipoli, the head waiter noted it, and smiled tolerantly with an experienced sigh. He had seen this sort of thing before. He wondered whether the *Bimbashi*, as the Egyptians called Ornish, was blind.

But for once Ornish was uncertain how to act. Not until after his marriage had he learned the fullness of the attraction which had existed between Fay and Ronald Tent. He had believed that his own love of her was strong enough to

make her forget and be happy; but now this old love had returned, he was frightened to speak, frightened to remain silent. But the day came at the end of a fortnight, when, on hearing that Fay proposed to spend the day with Tent at Giza, he regarded her with wrinkled brow.

"Don't turn Tent's head, old lady," he warned. "You are giving him a good deal of your time, you know."

Subconsciously Fay had been prepared for a sterner check, and the restraint of the caution gave her a false courage.

"He might have had all my time if Fate had played fair," she countered, her eyes and lips provocative.

She was sorry the minute the words had left her, and saw something happen to her husband's face. It seemed to go suddenly bleak and cold.

"Like that, is it?" he said incisively. "Are you going to copy Fate?"

"How do you mean?"

"You suggested Fate had cheated you. Are you going to cheat me?"

Fay was beginning to feel frightened. Tom's eyes were so arctic when he was angry.

"I don't understand," she fenced.

"You still love Ronald Tent?" asked Ornish, commencing to stuff a pipe with unsteady fingers.

"I didn't say so." It was a pity Fay didn't notice the tremor of those strong fingers.

"But you infer it."

To hide trepidation Fay gave a short laugh. "What I inferred, Tom, was that I should have married Ronny Tent if that stupid report of his death hadn't come along. As it is, I married you; and as you are busy all day and half the night with your other interests, don't grouse about my killing time as I do."

Ornish smiled grimly with his lips; but his steel-blue eyes held no amusement.

"I won't, so long as you don't kill anything more precious than time," he said, and turning, left the room.

During that day Tent found Fay prim and defensive. The *rogue la galere* had gone from her manner, and whenever he tried to retrace the paths of the past, she swung off at a tangent and kept him at arm's length. Sensing her attitude he bided his time and prepared the ground with soft words and a pensive manner.

Under this treatment she softened a little, but when in the Mena House garden he suddenly put out his arm and attempted to draw her to him, she struggled free, a surge of revulsion sweeping over her.

"You're mad, Ronny," she said. "That sort of thing between us is dead, even if you are still alive! I'm married to Tom and I'm playing square."

"Confound Tom!" said Tent, and knew at that moment that so long as Major Tom Ornish was barring the way, Fay was not for him.

He was silent for long spaces after that; and when, in the scented dusk he rode homeward by Fay's side under the sense-wooing *lebbekh* trees, an idea for the removing of Ornish from his path came to him.

TWO evenings later, the night before the race for the Khedivial Cup, after watching Fay leave her husband and go to bed, he slipped out into the garden whence Ornish had gone for a final pipe under the brilliant moon. He found him seated on a rustic seat by a huge bush of poinsettia, its blood-red leaves looking purple in the moonlight.

"Hallo, major," said Tent, sinking down at the other end of the seat. "Romantic sort of night, isn't it?"

"Yes," murmured Ornish, and glanced at Tent slantways. He sensed purpose in this seemingly casual encounter and decided to give him a lead. "I imagined you'd turned in as my wife has given me some of her company this evening."

Tent spiralled cigarette smoke and turned his eyes to Ornish's. "I'm glad you said that," he smiled. "I came out here to ask you what you proposed doing regarding Fay."

The atmosphere had become abruptly tense. Tent's fingers fidgeted with his cigarette, but Ornish stayed very still. "Fraid I don't quite follow you, Tent," he said, his tone flat and unconcerned.

"Don't you see how things are between us?"

"I'm aware that you are paying me the compliment of approving my choice."

"Your choice! Gosh, I like that! Fay was my choice. She was mine before she was yours!"

Tent spoke gustily, and leaned forward.

"But she is mine now," countered Ornish with exasperating calm. "You must try and keep that in mind."

"Don't I know it!" snapped Tent. "Ain't I conscious of it every hour of the night and day! Keep it in mind! Why, it haunts me. What might have been gibbers at me mockingly every time I see her in your company. You got her by a trick of fate, but her heart and soul are still mine . . ."

"You mean that she still loves you?" Ornish's voice had a hard ring, and Tent knew that he had driven the goad right home. He laughed jeeringly. "Anybody but a self-centred Bashaw could see that," he said. "Can't you see it?"

For a space Ornish didn't answer. The moonlight showed his rugged face in hard black and white lines, as though it was carved in stone; but his mind was flaming round the memory of his conversation with Fay regarding Tent. Since that incident he had believed that Fay, though still in love with him, was showing sympathy to the man who had lost her. But this outburst of Tent's put another complexion on the matter.

"I imagined she was being a little indiscreet," he said at length.

"Indiscreet!" exclaimed Tent. "Love takes no account of discretion, law of man or law of God. It is a bigger thing than any of those conventions. You owe it to her, to yourself, and to me to give her up . . ."

"That," said Ornish, "is the talk of a madman."

Tent made a gesture with his hands. "It's the talk of a man mad with anger at the scurvy trick Chance has played him! . . ." He broke off quickly, and leaned farther forward. "Look here, Ornish," he said. "Let Chance decide this thing for us . . . Give Chance an opportunity of making amends . . ."

"How?"

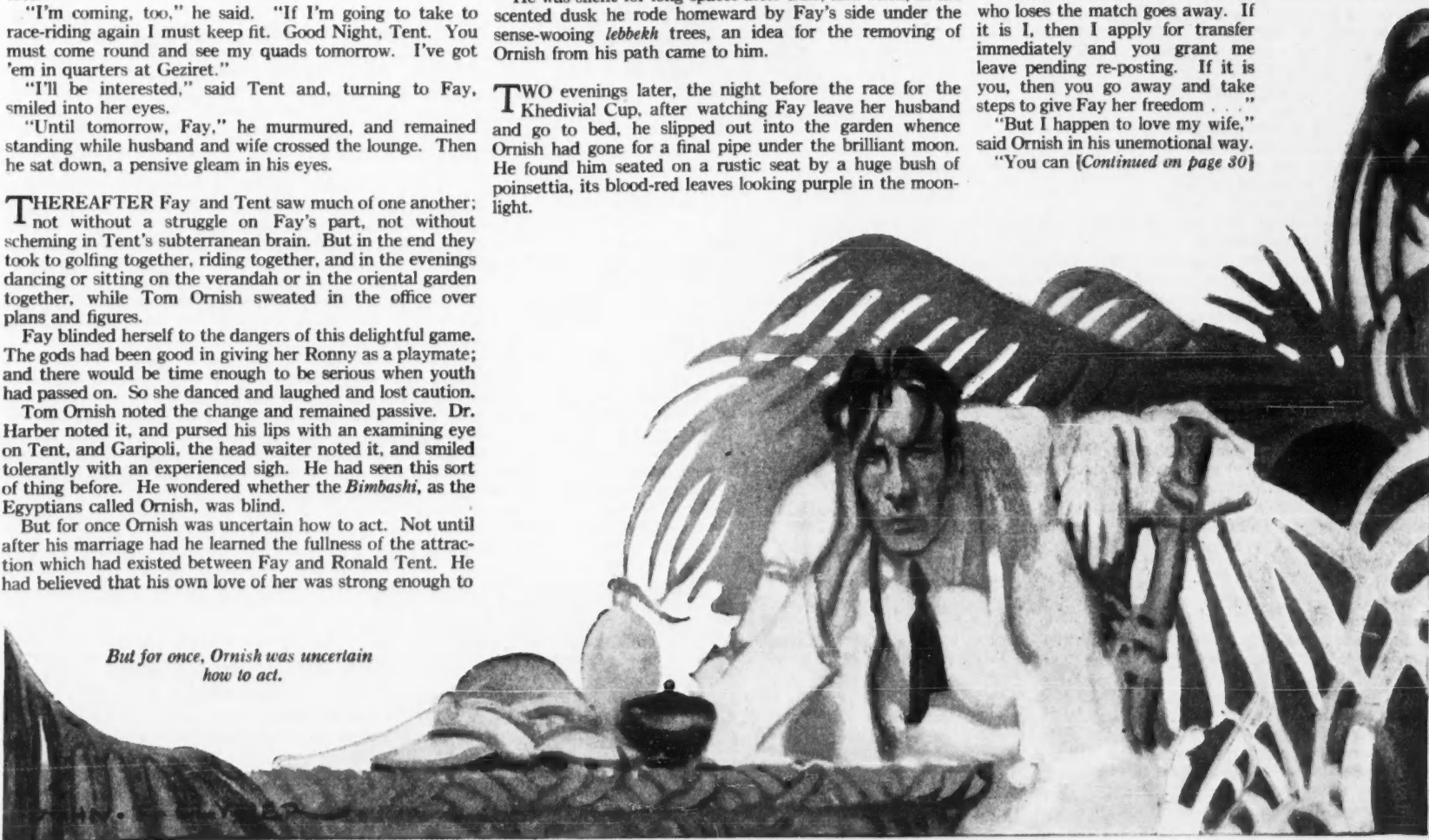
"In the race tomorrow. The one who loses the match goes away. If it is I, then I apply for transfer immediately and you grant me leave pending re-posting. If it is you, then you go away and take steps to give Fay her freedom . . ."

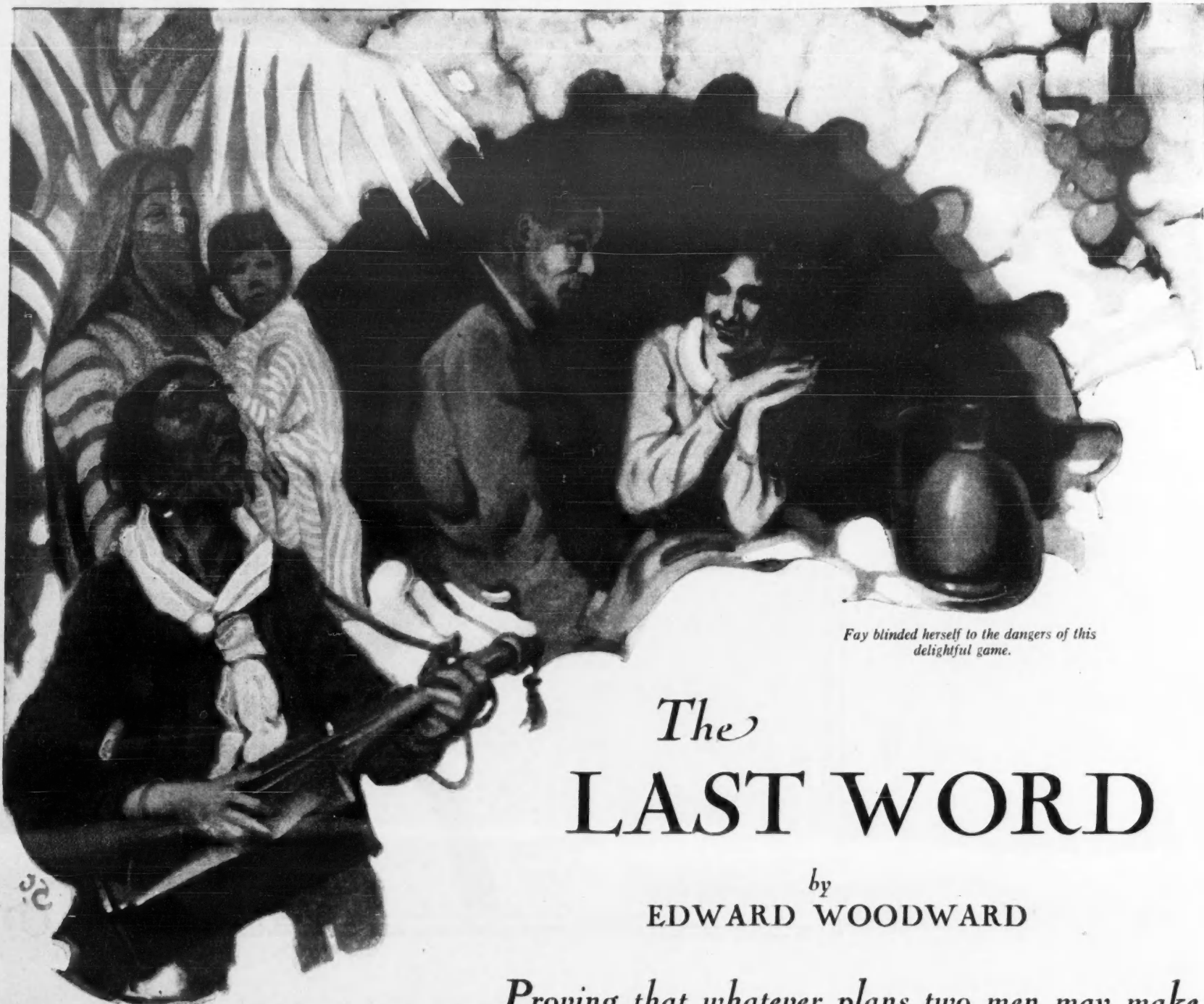
"But I happen to love my wife,"

said Ornish in his unemotional way.

"You can [Continued on page 30]"

But for once, Ornish was uncertain how to act.





Fay blinded herself to the dangers of this delightful game.

The LAST WORD

by
EDWARD WOODWARD

*Proving that whatever plans two men may make
over a woman's love, it is she who
has the final say*

Illustrated by John T. Clymer

CAPTAIN RONALD TENT blew into Cairo unexpectedly one evening, and without warning strolled into the octagonal lounge at Shepherd's just after dinner, to find Fay Ornish sitting alone by the centre palm while Garipolo, that watchful waiter, hovered, and from somewhere "off" the orchestra droned faintly.

"Hello, Fay!" Tent's greeting was soft, almost feline in its caress, and Fay flinched as though struck.

"Ronny!" she gasped, the tropic pallor of her cheeks showing suddenly pink like delicately-tinted china, her rather bored young eyes brightening with a sort of joyous fear as she gazed at the man she had believed dead.

The orchestra muted, and the snapped applause broke the spell, Tent grinned, and grasped the girl's fingers in his broad-palmed hand. He was a tall, lean man of thirty with a heavily-tanned face, and those luminous dark eyes which betray a man's mixed ancestry.

"Say you are glad to see me, old thing," he said.

"Of course I am, Ronny," Fay's words came short. She didn't know what to say at this moment of sweet resurrection. She had mourned over this man's death, and here he was standing in front of her with love and desire in his eyes. "Of course I am, but . . ."

"Yes, I know," broke in Tent. "They said I had been murdered by a rogue tribe in Arabia, and so you married Ornish. Happy?"

"Yes," answered Fay, who avoided the dark, probing eyes. "Have you been posted here?"

"As assistant to your husband in the Intelligence Department. Irony, isn't it?"

"Devilish," said Fay, her tone giving Tent the cue he sought. "I'd buried the past."

Tent hooked a chair up with his foot and produced a cigarette case.

"Where is the Bashaw now?" he asked. "They warned me he is one of the men of blood and iron out here."

"Tom is across at the office," said Fay accepting a cigarette, and feeling, now that the first shock was over, the old charm for the man to whom she had been engaged, steal over her. "If you are staying here you'll see him later."

"Yes, I'm staying here, Fay," smiled Tent quietly, lighting her cigarette and jettisoning the spent match into the tub. "This is like old times, and I never thought I'd see 'em again when I was captured by the Memgabdi tribe. They carted me around for months trying to screw up courage to kill me, and then one day I escaped and made my way home to find I was too late . . ."

Fay caught her lower lip with her teeth.

"Yes," she murmured. "Tom is a dear, but . . ." She checked her words abruptly, as though fearful of disloyalty.

"Always imagined he was a bit rigid for your sort," smiled Tent, his eyes narrow and examining. Fay wondered if he knew how arid of joy she was, finding marriage with Ornish. Ever since she had come out here with him she had found Major Tom Ornish far more an ambitious official than a red-blooded husband.

"Tom takes his work seriously," she fenced.

"And you find Egypt trying? You're hardly the girl to be satisfied playing second fiddle to administrative interests."

Fay gave a hard little laugh. Ronny did know, then. The radio of Army gossip had broadcast the fact that she was feeling buried alive.

"Oh, we manage to have a goodish time," she declared bravely. "Tom is a bit of a Bey, but we have golf, polo and racing."

Tent nodded, his expression preoccupied.

"All right, so far as it goes," he said, "but I had planned better things for you, Fay . . ."

"Don't . . . Oh, don't, please," said Fay, her eyes pleading. "You'll—find another girl."

"Nature seldom succeeds in duplicating the perfect," smiled Tent. "And I'm not sure I'm content to be cheated by mischance, now I've found you again."

"Oh, Ronny, you mustn't talk like that!" Fay's voice was fear-streaked. "You are making it difficult, horribly difficult . . . Here's Tom!"

Major Tom Ornish came lounging across the room. There was a friendly smile on his rugged red face, a look of guarded amusement in his hard blue eyes.

"Welcome back to life, Tent," he chuckled. "Heard at

GOD'S ROSES

A Gripping Story of the West

by J. PAUL LOOMIS

THROUGH the dawn light that tiptoed up beneath the birch and jack-pines guarding Calling Lake a woman moved. Her manner was not furtive, as the stealthy hour inferred, but it was anxious and alert. As she walked, and at times almost ran, she seemed resolutely keeping her eyes from the ground as though reserving some observation, some judgment, for the proper time and place.

Reaching the crest of the ridge where the timber ended, she stood revealed in the stronger light, a woman nearing thirty, bareheaded, roughly clad. Lines of care had come too early to her sensitive girlish face; rough work had veined and calloused her hands, but in the deep blue eyes of Naomi Dair there was the assurance of one who has never doubted her own strength.

She paused here for a long breath and for one irresistible look back into the valley; at the mist-shrouded Calling Lake snuggling deeper, with this first summons to wakefulness, into the protecting shadow of Calling Mountain whose dark shoulders rose defensively against the coming day. But there was not time now to drink in this scene whose beauty always thrilled her; from which she drew so much of that calm her eyes expressed. The wheat—she must see the wheat.

Beyond the ridge was a field, irregular in shape, laboriously hewn from the surrounding woods. Breast high and thick stood the grey-green wheat. Now at last Naomi looked down, eager to know the story that she might not have read aright back there beneath the sheltering trees. Her lips parted. On the hand that held together the edges of her ragged sweater the knuckles became white. One word broke from her. "Frost!"

Hoary it lay on stem and blade and long plump unripe head. The best crop they had ever raised, and the one they needed most!

Gold was replacing purple on the hills but Naomi's eyes, when finally they lifted from the blighted wheat, saw only fading hopes and stark, advancing need. The cabin back there by the lake flashed to her mind's eye with its low roof-logs, small windows, splintered floor. Rude beds in which her children slept, their sweet and spotless little bodies covered by blankets that were coarse and worn. Ragged

little clothes upon a chair and battered shoes . . . Naomi's breath caught. Poor trusting little feet that in those shoes pattered so busily in and out the cabin door!

And there, too, Jack—asleep!

Something defensive arose within Naomi. Jack had a hard day yesterday. Jack was tired. But there came, too, the weary thought that Jack was often, almost always, tired. It was the shadow of something sinister that overhung their lives, that like the frost which seared the wheat had cast a blight upon their dreams. And such dreams! Dreams of broad fertile fields beside this smiling lake, of that great log house wherein no needed comfort lacked, of freedom and ungauged happiness. Dreams born in those days when she and Jack had tramped the sunny woods together, when they could hear with the same ears the glad music of the meadow lark's reveille, or grasp with senses intermingling the witchery of a great white shadow-haunted winter night.

Now standing by the ruin of their year's toil Naomi saw at her feet a fitting symbol of all her hope and pain. Hidden in the wheat, their blooming long delayed by the plowing and by the shadow of the grain was a stem of wild rosebuds, her dearest flowers—God's roses she had often called them—and on those pure and tender petals lay the frost!

CLEAR tinkle of bells at last aroused Naomi, reminding her of the recurring duties of the day. Through the wet brush she sought out their four milk cows, just beginning their morning browse, and drove them to the corral. Jack with the milk pail was just coming from the cabin.

With the ache of what she had just learned rasping her senses Naomi appraised him. Tall, strong, masculine—those very qualities sharpened her bitterness that something was so greatly lacking. Fire, drive, responsiveness; give him back those and he would once more be one in ten thousand men! But now, Naomi reflected, how much would this new disappointment deepen the sag in those broad shoulders, thicken the cloud that already dulled the deep-set eyes?

"Cold this morning," Jack remarked, by way of stolid greeting.

"Yes," Naomi replied, but something in her voice betrayed her tidings. He looked at her quickly and his question bore an anxious edge.

"Did it frost—hard?"

"It killed the wheat," Naomi answered evenly but with averted face. Then she sank wearily to a bench beside the cabin door. She heard her husband swear under his breath, one short oath of surprise rather than bitterness. She knew that with him, more even than in her own case, it would require time for the full force of the blow to be felt.

"The wheat will make good feed," she said presently. "If only we could buy steers—"

He wheeled and cut her short. Naomi was startled by the change in his face. "We can't buy steers. We can't even buy stockings for the kids. We'd be better off living like the nitchies on what we can shoot and trap. I'm through. In the spring I'll go out and get a job."

"But Jack—" it was a startled cry of infinite disappointment, "all our plans—our dreams—all these years of work!"

"Have brought us this!" his gesture took in the cabin, the rags they wore; everything they had and everything they had not and suffered for.

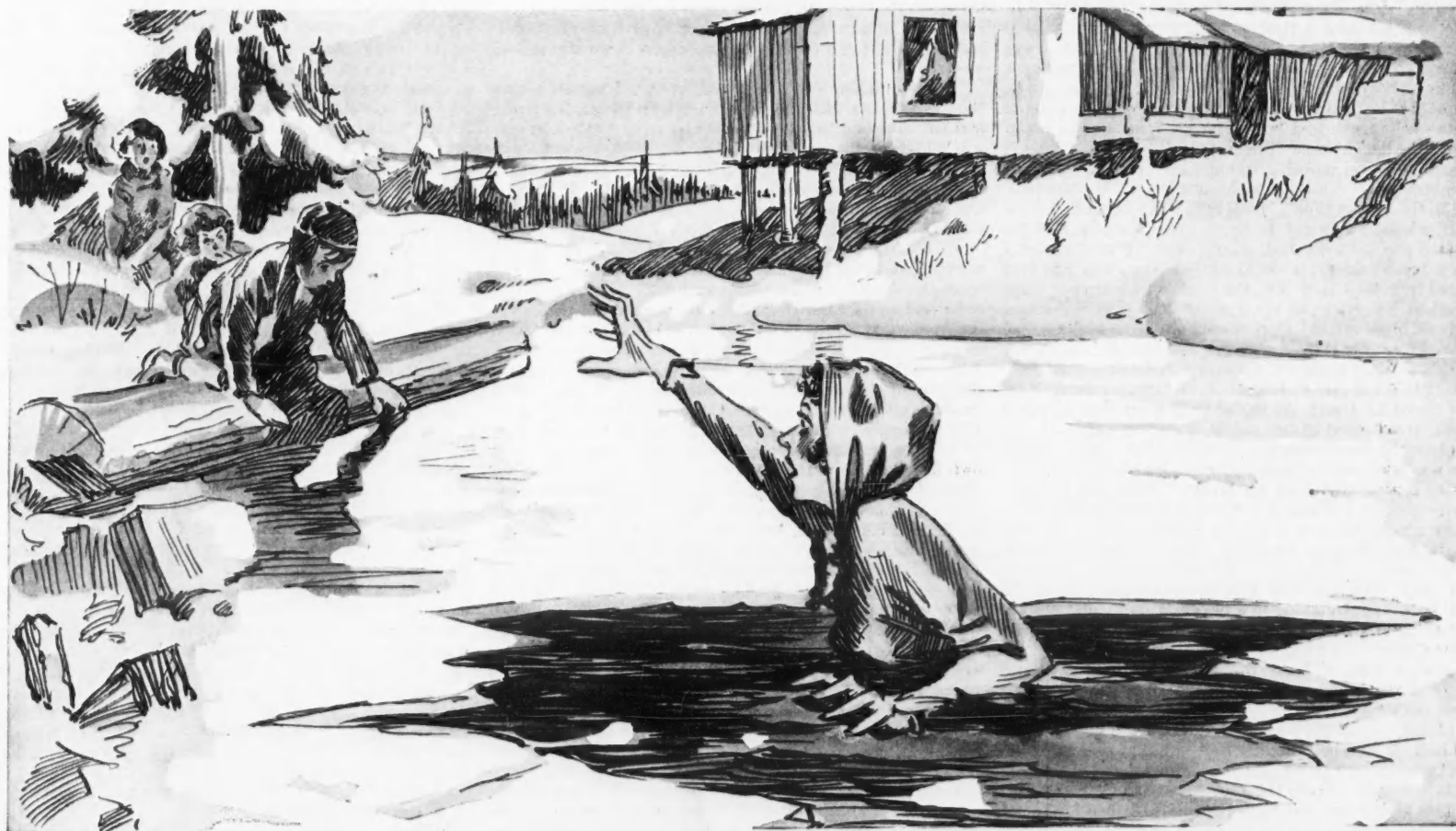
"But we aren't quitters," Naomi flung back staunchly.

"We aren't fools," he retorted. "Or rather, we've been fools long enough. We've bucked this bush nine years. We haven't done a tenth of what we intended. One year it's hail and another drought. Now frost on a bumper crop. Curse such a country!"

To Naomi this was more than sacrilege. White-lipped she sprang to her feet. "Jack Dair," she cried, "what right have you to curse this land we've loved? If you'd sown the wheat on time last spring it would be ripe now—ahead of the frost!"

"What," he demanded, "you mean I don't work enough? Good Lord!"

"Enough, perhaps, but you don't hustle. This is harvest time and you're rising an hour behind the sun! And you don't plan; you don't care!" Her voice had shrilled but her own words overcame her. Never before had she uttered



The cold was paralyzing and the children cried and shook with terror.

ARE WILDERNESS WOMEN HAPPY?

Yes!

by
**JACK
PATERSON**

OUR new northern development has a noticeable feature in the number of women who are living on the edge of things—in comfort. This is a fact that for some reason has been rather successfully obscured.

A young engineer, leaving to reside in a mining country, hears friends gasp when his wife who has never been out of the city, decides to tag along. The friends at once take charge. They load her up with outing togs, lead her down to a shooting gallery for target practice, increase her life insurance, phone the press photographers, and then implore the husband to make her stay in the city.

They hold teas for the staunch little pioneer. They rally round her with many an "Oh, my dear!" as though she were hopping off on a solo flight to Greenland. Many of the candidates themselves have strange ideas of the North. I have known—I mean heard—of modern girls who, when leaving for the wilds, went so far as to purchase woollen underwear. Incredible, you say. True; but it demonstrates to what length they will go—the girls.

To the city girl a sojourn in the bush looms up as a thrilling life fraught with unceasing danger and hardship. The young woman going there is regarded as having reached the peak of sacrifice and martyrdom. Her friends pity her—for a while. Then, when her letters become more brief and she fails to send all the white-fur pelts promised, they pity her still more and forget her. She's dead. Buried in the bush with a heartless husband.

When a year later she returns for a visit, garbed in present-day brevities instead of mukluks and a caribou parka, her friends pronounce this whole north country business a fake. Their idea of the right thing would be to have her driving a team of half-wolf huskies down the street, while gnawing ravenously at a piece of dried fish.

Actually, there is no reason why the young woman on Canada's frontier today shouldn't be as comfortable and happy as her city sister. Conditions are different it is true, but the days of the woman woodcutter and pioneer are *passé*. To be perfectly fair, an odd exception might be allowed as regards kindling wood.

It has been said that a woman is never happier than when surrounded by a flock of admiring men. If this be true, Northern women should be the happiest on earth. Nowhere is woman idolized and revered as she is in the wilds. A young woman in a new mining district finds herself waited upon at intervals by an army of gentlemen who, after weeks spent on the trail, consider it a great privilege to be in the company of a woman.

Single or married—no difference. Most of them carry a photo in their mackinaw breast pocket, anyway. It is companionship they crave, not a petting party. The girls listed in many of the old city date books of these boys might doubt this. It's true, girls. The wilderness remodels its men.

In the north a woman is treated as a queen. Appearance, education, or nationality makes no difference. If she's on the level she can hold the esteem and honest friendship of scores of real men.

There are gold-diggers. I saw a girl, straight enough, but newly from the city, sneak a date by note with another swain while eating dinner with the one already booked for the evening. Pretty good! Yes, but they don't last long. Someone drops that kind through a hole in the ice and puts the lid on. Northern men are on the up and up and they want their women the same.

AT A hospital far north on the Hudson Bay line I saw an outstanding example of the friendly devotion of many men for one woman. This young nurse was admired by all who knew her. She treated them all alike. They were all "her boys," and she had some queer cronies. Who a man was, made no difference. On one occasion I saw her escorted to a dance by a fireman just off his engine, a Polish section foreman, [Continued on page 48]



The girl of the party
lugged big loads to save
time on the portages.

No!

by
**RUTH
PATERSON**

WHAT Jack Paterson says may all be true, but there's more to it than just that. Men see things but oftentimes they forget. If a man meets an attractive woman he remembers her. One who is hard on the eyes he forgets. Likewise he remembers incidents regarding women that are bright and have a kick. The ordinary, drab, everyday occurrences are forgotten.

It is true men go around like tramps in the bush, very often because they can't be bothered changing. They turn up at dances in breeks and boots. A woman must appear as she does in the city. If not—well, you can guess who would be first to complain. A pioneer woman must never look like a pioneer.

The fact of frontier women being treated with more than average consideration is well known. No matter who or what a man may be he shows proper respect for a respectable woman. The other kind of woman, while not common, may be readily picked out by arm bruises or frequent black eyes. The bush bootleggers have a song parody which might very appropriately be sung once or twice a month—"Her Blue Eyes Are Black Eyes Now!"

"In the north a woman is treated as a queen." Yes, but only so long as she conducts herself as one. Things that are common among city women would be frowned upon by these he-men of the wilds. All make-believe is brushed aside. If they like

you, they say so. If they don't, they say nothing—if left alone.

Men who return from the north will tell you that all the women are crazy about it. Why is this? Simply because frontier women are like women everywhere. They know what they are expected to say, and they say it. An eastern politician on a visit north in his private car will enquire: "Do you like it here?" And you answer sweetly, "Oh, I just adore it!" Back he goes with first hand information as regards the happiness of northern women.

Men are funny. They think because a girl lives where she can wear high heels to a party that she isn't pioneering. You don't have to hoe spuds, chop wood, make your own soap, and raise a family of twelve to be a pioneer. Some of the girls who appear dolled up at these functions work as hard as many of the old-time pioneer women, but like the women of former days they don't broadcast the fact.

It isn't enough for a woman that she have many faithful male friends. It helps; but a real woman must have women companions to be happy. A good old dirt-dishing session can do a woman's heart more good sometimes than a dozen attentive male roustabouts.

What use are the dress and beauty hints of the radio if you have nobody to discuss them with? They become simply a mockery. Sometimes radio is a help, but turn on a dance number and at its conclusion hear a bevy of girlish voices clamoring for an encore. You can picture them—beautiful gowns, invisible hosiery, smart slippers on a floor like glass. Blaring music blots out the laughter.

Does it help? It does not. You look down at your own drab breeks and heavy shoes, then in the glass at a freckled nose and an overgrown permanent. That's when you switch off the machine and stand gazing at nothing, causing your husband or your dozen congenial men friends to enquire, "What's the matter?"

THEN there's the lure of the great open spaces—and the north is entrancing. Ofttimes you fly, but if you want to fill the bill as a regular fellow you make canoe trips as well. Usually every possible comfort is looked after, but always there is the chance of an emergency.

I know of one trip, for instance. My husband might have mentioned it—he was there—but that is one of the things he forgot. Four boys and the wife of one of them went on a prospecting trip. They had a good outfit, kicker engine, and lots of grub. Far from any travelled waters they broke a cylinder and had to paddle. They [Continued on page 48]

Hemlines and Hairpins

Are they heading us back to the tortured elegance of pre-war days?

IT'S the younger generation that is doing it. And the younger generation doesn't know anything about it.

What was needed twenty years ago was a feminine Remarque to expose the horrors of female dress as she knew it, to a generation incapable of seeing anything but its romantic aspect. She could have written about its suffocations, torments, entanglements and eviscerations; its helpless rebellions and pitiful submissions; the steady and continuous trek to hospitals, clinics and operating rooms. It would have been a remarkable and moving human document.

Unfortunately no such arraignment exists. However, there recently came into my hands a lady's diary for the year 1903, parts of which the writer is allowing me to quote.

These extracts are only incidental to the general diary, which deals with social activities, emotional states, sentiments about nature, notes on photography, the doings of the Swinburne Club, etc. The diarist was, in fact, a lady of lively interests and considerable intelligence, no more than normally absorbed in the current problems of dress.

On January 14, 1902, she notes: "Went driving today with A—. He sat on the little seat in front, as there wasn't room beside me, Miss Finch having put three quires of crêpe paper in each of the sleeves of my new frock."

"A— said he was just as glad, as the last time he sat beside me my hat-pin had cut a long gash in his cheek. A— belongs to the new generation that thinks it amusing to be rude."

"Came home with indigestion and went to bed."

"I am very much pleased with my new corsets," she writes on February 7.

"They make my figure

by
**MARY
LOWREY
ROSS**



The fashions of 1902 were for the ladies who enjoyed the swooning delights of Swinburne and Chopin and played tennis without bending the waist.

look exactly like Maxine Elliott's. But it is rather embarrassing when gentlemen ask me to sit down.

"Heartburn all afternoon and evening," is the note on February 27. The writer adds that she must go and see Dr. N—.

ON THE first of March she went to see Dr. N—, who advised her to stop wearing corsets, as they impeded digestion and did a number of things, which she omitted to mention, to the visceral organs.

"I can't help feeling," she writes, "that the members of the medical profession are rather coarse-minded men."

On March 15: "I have just had a most embarrassing experience," she notes. "I was walking through the park when I felt something slipping. As I was holding my muff, my purse, my skirt, my parasol and my card-case, I was practically helpless. Fortunately there was a bench close at hand, so I sat down and remained there till dark. Even then, I'm afraid a policeman saw!"

March 30: "Indigestion."

May 3: "Today I fainted twice while Miss Finch was hanging my skirt. Fortunately she has the lining cut out and the buckram interlining, so there only need to be two or three more fittings."

June 15: "A Chopin evening at Mrs. Y's. I started early to get dressed, which was fortunate as my hair simply refused to go up. I must have done it fourteen times. On the way home E— told me that the end of my switch had been showing all evening."

"It absolutely spoiled the evening for me. And I am devoted to Chopin. He seems to me unquestionably the greatest composer of modern times."

July 1: "Indigestion again."

August 2: "Miss Finch has just finished my new bathing suit—brown lustre trimmed with rows and rows of red rick-rack braid. I like it so much. And the skirt comes just three inches below my knee! However, once you're in the water nobody can see."

September 1: "Mrs. Y—'s tennis tea. A beautiful day with big clouds floating through the blue sky and the birds singing and a little breeze wandering in and out among the trees. I wore my new striped raspberry Shantung with the Alencon coatee and my Tagel straw hat with the glazed robin red-breast in the front. I enjoy tennis as it isn't necessary to bend as much as in croquet."

October 2: "Dr. A— says I should stop wearing spotted veils as it is affecting my sight. I am feeling rather worried about it. How dreadful to be blind!"

October 28: "Today I measured my waist and found it was nineteen-and-a-half inches! By tying the laces to one of the banisters and pulling hard I was able to reduce it to eighteen again."

November 1: "More indigestion. Whatever can be the explanation!"

December 15: "Such a simple accident! Caught her foot in her braid binding and fell down two flights of stairs. Dear old Aunty! She was just like a second mother to me. It will be a very sad Xmas."

THERE were one or two more complaints of indigestion and a reference to a severe cold in the head which, according to the superstitious Dr. N—, was the result of wearing one of the fashionable tight-boned collars with points running up behind the ears.

The diarist, it is only fair to add, survived. The new fashions came in time to save her. Today she is a middle-aged person with a grey shingled bob, a comfortable digestion and a figure that has taken advantage of every opportunity to spread. For the last dozen years she has lived in a state of complete physical comfort; and she at any rate, is not going back to the tortured elegances of pre-war days.

At the same time, she is a little troubled for the younger generation.

"They don't appreciate comfort because they've always had it," she said. "They think it's amusing to dress themselves up in trains and long gloves and corsets and false hair. Before they realize it they'll be back where we were in Nineteen Hundred and Two. Absolute slaves, from hems to hairpins!"

I don't think they will.

The fashions of 1902 were for the ladies who enjoyed the swooning delights of Swinburne and Chopin, and played tennis without bending from the waist. They don't fit into the programme of the young woman of 1930. She has discovered a thousand more interesting things to do, and she won't stop doing them for the considerations of a hem. She may play with the new fashions in the evenings when she hasn't anything better to do. But let Molyneux or Patou or Lanvin try to tell her to wear a nose-veil when she is playing golf, or carry a muff when she is driving a car, or squeeze herself into an eighteen-inch corset when she is planning an evening in the bowling alley—well, let them try and tell her!

Fashion has revolted against common sense. It should be equally simple for common sense to revolt against Fashion.

accusations. Always she had remembered, in time, the reason why he was not the Jack Dair of old.

But the words were like a lash to Dair. The very truth in them doubled their sting. Naomi shrank from the look in his face but he grasped her shoulder roughly. One fierce shake—then his hand fell and his hard cheeks darkened with shame. He turned quickly toward the doorway whence had come the ripple of a baby's laugh.

"Lo Mamma, lo Daddy Hap-um birf-day!" There stood a chubby imp in sleepers, the morning sunlight blending with curly yellow hair and with the smile that played in blue eyes and on ruddy lips.

Naomi was the first to speak. "Whose birthday?" she managed to ask.

"Mine," announced the cherub gleefully.

"My soul, it is!" Jack muttered thickly. "Poor little kid" and turning suddenly he picked up the milk pail and started for the corral.

All through that long bright day—for the fairest day that ever smiled is the Northern day that follows the first frost—Naomi listened to Jack's binder clicking its solemn chant of an abortive yield. Late in the afternoon she rode to the post-office for the weekly mail. Jack was within call and Eleanor, though only seven, was already a little mother to Bennie and Patsy Jo.

The sunlight, mellowed by the first hint of autumn haze, laved the valley like liquid gold. It gave limpid depth to the quicksilver surface of Calling Lake, burnished the emerald of poplar foliage and rested in level bars on acres of lavender fire-flowers and yellow golden-rod. But the loveliness was not balm to Naomi's soul. It was acid upon a wound. She and Jack had quarrelled. They had profaned their sanctuary—the refuge to which she had come with him when he returned from those fire-scarred years in France. How firmly she had believed that here amid the beauty that had once meant so much to both of them she could win back out of this scarred man, so enigmatic and silent, the laughing boy she had kissed good-by through proud though smarting tears.

Now her failure smote her. Dreams were dead and food and clothing only mattered. Jack was right; they should go away. The wild roses had been frosted with the wheat.

IN THE mail was a letter which Naomi opened eagerly. It was from Georgina Grey—in school days her dearest chum—now wife of a division superintendent on the railroad. The bridle hung slack upon her horse's neck while Naomi's hungry heart devoured Georgina's chatter of teas and parties and meetings with old friends. This was her only contact with the old life among her kind, the life for which she suddenly longed.

"Naomi, dear," she read, "I've good news for you. Walter can get Jack a position so you won't have to stay buried there in the sticks—or do you call it the 'bush'—and endure such hardships any more. There is a station-agent vacancy at Barnett on the Crow Lake Line. Jack can fill it, I know. He learned telegraphy, didn't he, when he entered college—before you and he got off on your 'loaf of bread beneath the bough' idea? Tell him to write Walter at once."

Naomi rode on unseeing through the slanting sunshine. Her lips moved: "A way through—a way out," she repeated, "and in the nick of time!" Here then was food and clothing and in addition a chance to live in some semblance of the standard she inwardly had always held. For whatever a station-agent's salary, it would be more than they had ever wrested from their land. Oh, the helpless insecurity of being dependent for existence upon wheat that was sometimes dried out, often frozen! Opportunity also to be near a school—Eleanor was old enough already—and a doctor when there was need. What a sense of security that last thought gave! Security! What else mattered? . . . Dreams? . . . Wild roses seared by frost? At the whirr of a startled partridge Naomi straightened in her saddle, conscious again of time and place. She was topping a hill above their valley, Calling Lake was again before, sunset-stained. Suddenly she saw it all with a pang that took her breath. What had she been saying—good-by? Farewell to this spot where she had struck so deep a root? In place of Calling Valley with its protecting hills, its lake, its little meadows where the spearmint grew, she saw before her a reach of treeless plain, sun scorched, wind swept. She saw their lives like the endless rails of the Crow Lake line stretching to a pin point on the flat horizon of small-town life. Could she endure it? Yes; for security, for the children, for Jack.

But what of Jack? There, down this vista that had opened was Jack, years hence, still station-agent at Barnett; Jack grown soggy from a life of physical inactivity, dull, concerned with little beyond his routine duties and the gossip of the pool hall. Would he bring her roses again at sunrise—thrill with her to the mystic whistle of wild ducks' wings on velvet nights in spring? Would the Jack whose love had once been manifest as dawning ever come back to her—there?

The orange in sky and lake turned violet, the rose to grey. Silhouetted atop the tallest pine a great horned owl pro-

claimed the coming night. A light winked through the shadowy tree trunks and as Naomi rode swiftly toward it a flutter of white bits that was Georgina's letter fell behind her to the trail.

THE fire-flowers turned to slender silky cotton pods, the poplars round the lake to a glory of gold and green splashed by the kin-i-kin-nic's dull red. Leisurely, flocks of sandhill cranes circled the sky; to be followed by querulous, arrow-flying brant. The tang of meadow and muskeg pierced



... half stripped of harness, sped on in terror through the dark.

the air at dusk and deep in the night the clamorous coyotes were awed to silence by the long deep howl of a wolf. Frost sealed the lake and dreary winds brought down the yellow leaves.

"I must hunt a job," Jack said when the barren wheat sheaves were stacked, the cellar filled with the garden truck and two deer had been shot for winter meat. "Reckon you can hold down the ranch alone?"

"Yes," Naomi answered, looking across the whitened valley with a strange chill in her heart as well. "I can feed the stock and tend to things, of course, but don't go far away."

To Wagstaffe's sawmill, probably. That will do for this winter and I can be home every Saturday night. In the spring we'll sell out and get a better job."

Never had the brief December days seemed so long. Never had the woods about the cabin been so empty, so filled with ringing stillness or with a prophetic sighing of the wind. And never had nights been so interminable. A month dragged by. Time was going faster now. There was so much wood to be cut to keep the cabin warm and Naomi had persuaded a rancher down the valley to drive up a score of steers that she might feed them along with their own little band of cattle upon the frozen sheaves. Thus she planned to secure seed to plant the field again next spring. Also she was giving Eleanor reading lessons and devising things for Bennie and even little Patsy Jo to make and games for them to play. On fair days they tramped together, pulling Patsy on a sled. Sometimes they coasted down the long slope and out upon the lake.

Once they tried a new spot where a steeper bank promised a greater thrill. But as the sled shot out upon the ice the children's delighted squeals were smothered in a sudden crash. There was a breath-taking shock of icy water closing about them. The sled had glided over a spring-hole where the ice was only strong enough to bear the snow.

It seemed to Naomi that she died a dozen deaths of terror for her little ones, before her feet struck bottom, though the water rose only to her breast. Frantically she lifted each gasping child and pushed it back upon the ice. But when she tried to scramble out herself the thin ice broke with her repeatedly. If only she had something to grasp except the crumbling edges of the hole!

The cold was paralyzing and the children cried and shook with terror. Then to Naomi came a desperate calm and with it a flash of inspiration. She brushed the snow away as far as she could reach and laid her sodden mittens upon the ice. Almost instantly they were frozen fast. By these she pulled herself out.

Gasping and staggering she reached the house with the children and built up a roaring fire. As she rubbed and warmed their shaking little bodies she prayed with all her might that no harm might come of what had happened, yet in the night her mother-ear aroused her at a repeated cough. Poor little Patsy Jo; her head was hot, her breathing fast. Naomi's nursing brought relief but not recovery. An anxious day crept by. She was thankful that it was Saturday and Jack would soon be home. How welcome his dark unshaven face, though it quickly tightened with concern.

He knelt beside the bed. A tiny hand sought his huge brown one. "Peep-bo," insisted a choking little voice. Naomi listened to his softly rumbling tones repeating the story of Bo-Peep. Yet an hour later he was asleep the moment his weary head was on the pillow.

Naomi did not go to bed; could not. Her heart ached at the sound of Patsy's labored breathing; was wrenched by each dry rasping cough. Between intervals of sponging the fevered little body and crooning lullabies she sat all tense and listened to the wind that sucked round the gables eerily and to Jack's deep and steady breath. "Rest—rest—just—rest" . . . her nerves were growing brittle. Finally she shook him savagely.

"Get up! Get up and do something! Hear her—how can you sleep through that?" She was biting her lip to keep from screaming; striking him impotently upon the breast.

Instantly Jack was out of bed, shaking the sleep from him by a fierce toss of his shaggy head. He bent for a moment above the suffering child, then straightened quickly.

"I'll go," he said in a low tense tone, "to Elk Springs for a doctor. Why didn't you wake me? Why didn't I—" he was too busy for speech donning his heavy clothes.

There were two trails to Elk Springs, the town at the end of the railroad. One followed the open valley past the scattered farmsteads, the other was an old surveyor's trail that led through heavy timber over Calling Mountain. It was rough and seldom used except by men on horseback but it was shorter by eight miles than the valley trail. Jack followed it despite the fact that he had a team and bob-sleigh; despite the darkness and a rising storm. He drove as never before though the young and fretful team, catching the excitement in their driver's voice and feeling it in his hold upon the lines needed no urging; restraint rather after one sharp cut of the whip upon their rumps. Lean white poplar trunks and gloomy blur of jack-pines passed swiftly in the greyness. Up and up, in and out they wound . . . Clink of heel-chain, slur of runner, grunt of bunker against tree trunk or stump!

When the crouching haunch of the mountain was finally ascended, the trail without pause pitched down the farther side, and now the blowing, frost-whitened team was hard to hold. They resented the grip of the breaching, biting savagely at each other's necks. A runner struck a stump, the sleigh-tongue whipped the off horse violently; he staggered, kicked, and both horses plunged forward at a run. Bits in their teeth they careered madly downward and all Jack's tugging on the lines only drew the sleigh with its pounding single-trees more heavily upon their heels. They swung fifty curves successfully; grazed-jarred shiveringly against a hundred trees. The hundred and first . . .

Neck-yoke and sleigh-tongue splintered, traces snapped, the sleigh-box up-ended and fell half a dozen paces down the trail while the team, half stripped of harness sped on in terror through the dark. Pinned underneath the sleigh-box, his head against a stump, Jack Dair lay senseless, his face half smothered in the snow.

THEY had him down, those spike-helmeted, grey-clad devils; felled by a rifle-butt upon the head. Down but not out—not Dair of the "Fighting Fortieth"—though one big-booted Fritz was trampling on his chest. The red light of flares lit their ugly faces . . . Lewis gun's rat-tat-tat some of them were down . . . That message for the Major! He must—must get on . . .

Which way was it to Battalion Headquarters? Flares again . . . shell's whinny overhead. "There's a long, long trail a-winding" . . . long long trail to that cursed Headquarters dugout! . . . into the land of . . . Confound that star-shell—made a bally target of you . . . Blast that trailing puttee . . . blast the wire . . . blast the mud!

Wild-eyed—one red livid cheek above a grime of bloody beard, singing hoarsely "A long, long trail," an apparition burst into Doctor Burton's office in Elk Springs. Drunkenly it saluted.

"Colonel—Colonel. What's 'is name's compliments, sir—" A stupid pause—then:

Will you come right now to Jack Dair's at Calling Lake? His baby's sick. Hear me— [Continued on page 49]

"Constance, my dear, I am afraid we cannot go on any longer. I know you have done your best for me. But I think the most satisfactory arrangement is . . ."

She coughed delicately. Constance looked at her keenly. It was obvious she had been partly prepared for this.

"For us to part," continued Lady Hall-Charrington. "It isn't exactly the job for you, somehow, is it? We don't exactly—well do we?"

From the expression that crossed Constance's face it was plain this was not the reason she had looked for. She said quite cheerfully:

"I think you're right, your ladyship. For some time I have been thinking I had better go."

Lady Hall-Charrington looked at her secretary with surprise at that, for she was convinced nobody ever wanted to leave her.

"Of course, you will easily get another job. I shall give you an excellent reference."

"In the meantime, what plans are you making to replace me. Shall I go round the agents for you?"

"No—no thank you, dear. I have come across a dear little girl . . . the very one to suit me . . . quite by chance, in the waiting room at the Snurriga Hall."

"That's splendid. Then shall I take up her references for you?"

"No. Oh, no thank you. The worldly aspect of it does not interest me. I shall not bother about anything of that kind. My instinct always tells me."

Constance went away, closing the door noiselessly after her. In the hall she came upon Hilary wearing his blue overcoat, waiting while Phillimore brushed his excellent bowler hat. Hilary, looked so handsome, so English, so clean. She wished he was not quite such a dear, as she waited beside the fire for Phillimore to remove himself and his dignity below stairs.

"I've got the sack," she said.

"I've no sympathy for you, darlingest. You know where a situation is waiting, from which you would never get the sack, where every home comfort would be provided."

"Not a job I'm fitted for, I'm afraid."

"So you've said before, with, as far as I can see, the poorest grounds for such a statement. All right. I shall probably get entangled with Fogge—a nature that exudes sweetness as the bee oozes honey. Then you'll be sorry, Con."

"You've got to marry someone of good family. I would feel the worst sort of bounder, darling, if I got all entangled with you, when your mother just took me on more or less out of kindness."

"What has family got to do with it? What has anything got to do with it, except that I love you and want you to be my wife? I'm of age. I know what I want."

She said, unhappily:

"Darling, how do you know it's not just propinquity? We've been thrown together day after day like this . . ."

"I was thrown together with Miss Quilp, Tuck, Crabtree, and Javelin. Did I propose to them all? No. I am about to be thrown together with Miss Pogge. Shall I propose to her?"

But she kept her back from him, and would not laugh.

"Oh, all right," he said softly. "I can play a waiting game, Con."

HE LET himself out into Cadogan Gardens, and went away thinking of her. He had fallen in love with her from the first day of her installation as secretary there. She was gentle and she was good. Neither things you found knocking around London in vast quantities at that time. She was the sort of wife he had always pictured for himself, for though a man may like fascination in life's highways, he wants peace at home.

She wouldn't have him because she said she was not good enough for him.

The night he proposed to her she had cried, saying it would not do. "You don't know what it means marrying into a poor family, Hilary. I can't answer for all my relations. Half of them might want to come and live with us. Most of them would certainly expect us to support them, and I should watch your love for me dying beneath constant petty irritations. Oh, no, no."

At no it remained. She would never discuss the subject with him again. She had intended giving notice and going away, before Lady Hall-Charrington spoke.

Meanwhile, in her boudoir, Lady Hall-Charrington was having a building-up massage and a mud mask, and wondering why on earth Constance herself thought of leaving. Could it be possible there was anything between her and Hilary? That would never, never do. A good thing the girl was going. Lady Hall-Charrington almost wished she had not asked her to remain on to the end of the month to initiate Miss Pogge into the ways of things, but she comforted herself that little could happen under her very eye.

Ruby Pogge arrived the next day at tea time. She was petite and slight and her complexion reminded one of a very good peach just verging on over-ripe. Dark fluffy hair she had, and limpid eyes of a deep velvet blue, which she kept modestly cast down. Miss Pogge's lips were like ripe cherries, and she carried them at the pout. She looked mild, she looked demure and rather wistful. Pretty enough, thought Hilary, but hardly the type he would expect to find doing the job of secretary to his mother. It might be all right, but he felt that she belonged more to the front line of the chorus at the Pantomime.

"You found your way here all right," he said, holding his hands out to the blaze.

"A gentleman friend brought me," said Miss Pogge. If the smile in Constance's dark eyes grew a little more intense, she kept them studiously away from Hilary.

"Miss Pogge has travelled extensively. You ought to talk to her about Italy, Hilary." Lady Hall-Charrington was bent upon drawing her new favorite out.

"You know Italy?"

"Oh, yes. I am partly Italian, as you may have realized from the name. The southern countries appeal to me so much more than the cold and the dull up here. In some mews I really can hardly bear England."

"What parts of Italy do you know?"

"Oh, Rome—and Venice—and—several other places like that." Miss Pogge seemed vague and unanxious to be pinned down to anything in particular, although she said, as she put down her cup, that she liked all that water at Venice.

"No more tea?" Lady Hall-Charrington raised her eyebrows. "But what a small appetite."

"I am not in the mews for fewd," said Miss Pogge, delicately. "If I might go to my room . . ."

"Of course, my dear. Constance will take you."

The two girls went out together. Lady Hall-Charrington said breathlessly:

"What do you think of her? Isn't she all I said? A really beautiful girl."

Hilary said, in the voice so very like his dear father's, "She's certainly a highly colored piece of work. Did you take up her references?"

"I do not need to take up references in a case like this. I know when I see a person, what sort of a soul they have. And here is sheer beauty . . . My instinct spoke."

"Well, darling, let us hope it spoke the truth."

"Wait until you get to know her. You will realize what I mean, then. So very intelligent, too."

Hilary asked, glumly, "Is she to have meals with us?"

matrimony. I have often wanted to warn you. My dear, women without any money or prospects are sharks—absolute sharks. Oh, you may laugh, dear, but I know. I am a woman of the world. Tell me, you haven't got secretly engaged to Constance?"

"Certainly I haven't got secretly engaged to Constance," he said ruefully, without adding it was through no fault of his own. He never argued with his mother.

When the time came, if ever it came, he would be able to handle her. Until that happy moment he did not trouble trouble.

Meanwhile, upstairs, Constance was showing Miss Pogge the secretary's room.

"It is nice, isn't it?" said Miss Pogge. "So you are the one that's leaving?"

"I'm staying on till the end of the month to put you in the way of things."

"Oh." Miss Pogge was thinking if she had known Constance wasn't as she had originally supposed, one of the family, her manner would not have been quite so warm and friendly toward her.

"Ah well, all this changing is tiresome, isn't it? Gets on a girl's nerves. I long to get settled once and for all. I suppose every girl does. I've not been lucky lately. I had such a nice post. The old lady adored me. I can always manage old ladies. I don't know why it is. I once had my fortune told and they said I was full of personal magnetism. I suppose

it's that, shouldn't you? But there you are, her son got too attached to me, and his wife made mischief. It's wonderful the way women are always up against a nice looking girl who has to earn her own living, don't you think it is?"

"I haven't noticed particularly, but perhaps I am not good-looking enough," said Constance.

Miss Pogge made no comment on that, but continued: "Life is hard for a girl with looks, and that's a fact. But I couldn't help it if he paid me attentions, could I? Only that was what she couldn't see, and they all made mischief, so I came away, dear. I always think it's fewish to let yourself be put upon . . ."

She brushed out her silken hair and asked if the work was hard.

"I would say it would suit you admirably," said Constance.

"Would you now? Ta, very much. And the old lady? Difficult, I suppose. Of course, they always are. But I can always manage old ladies. Twist them round my little finger. And the son . . . A lamb, isn't he? I do like sleek dark hair."

THREE days of Miss Pogge's conversation at meals drove Hilary to remonstrate with his mother.

"Look here, darling, I don't object to what you do as a general rule, but must my meals be ruined by this particular conversational vintage? Can't you let the girl feed in her room, at any rate while I'm at meals. I grant you she has a pretty face, and if she would keep her mouth shut I might bear it. But believe me, she hasn't got the mental equipment usually present in a secretary."

Lady Hall-Charrington looked at her son blankly.

"You never objected to Constance? Why do you want me to isolate this poor child? I cannot send her away and let Constance remain with us in the dining room. You are putting me in a most awkward position."

"But, mother, this is quite a different sort of girl to Constance."

Lady Hall-Charrington, however, did not see that, and would not see it.

Hilary went back to the library. If his mother was going to do this sort of thing, he would have to marry Constance by force, as a form of protection. Then the old lady would go and live at Swaffington, where she could make any arrangements she liked. As he passed along the hall, he was suddenly aware of Miss Pogge standing before the fire. She wore a little

demure black dress high at the neck, but her arms were bare. She stood with one arm raised, leaning on the mantelshelf.

He half paused, looking at her. She certainly had a dainty little figure, and in that pose before the bog wood fire she looked most picturesque. She saw him, smiled, and cast her eyes down demurely.

"You've caught me in pensive mews," she said. "Ah well, I suppose I must go and work. I was dreaming of what I would do this

[Continued on page 53]



You've got to marry me, Constance—no man can go around unprotected nowadays.

COLONIALS

by Alan B. Creighton



This life is but an outpost . . . but a chance
To fight gigantic powers and advance
From out ourselves into a wider scope.
And if we turn, dark silence sits, until
We learn to keep from off the easy slope
Within a covered conscience; then we still
Proceed through swift, ascending thoughts, and find
In strange, clear moments, all we left behind.

"Of course. What do you expect? Constance has always been with us."

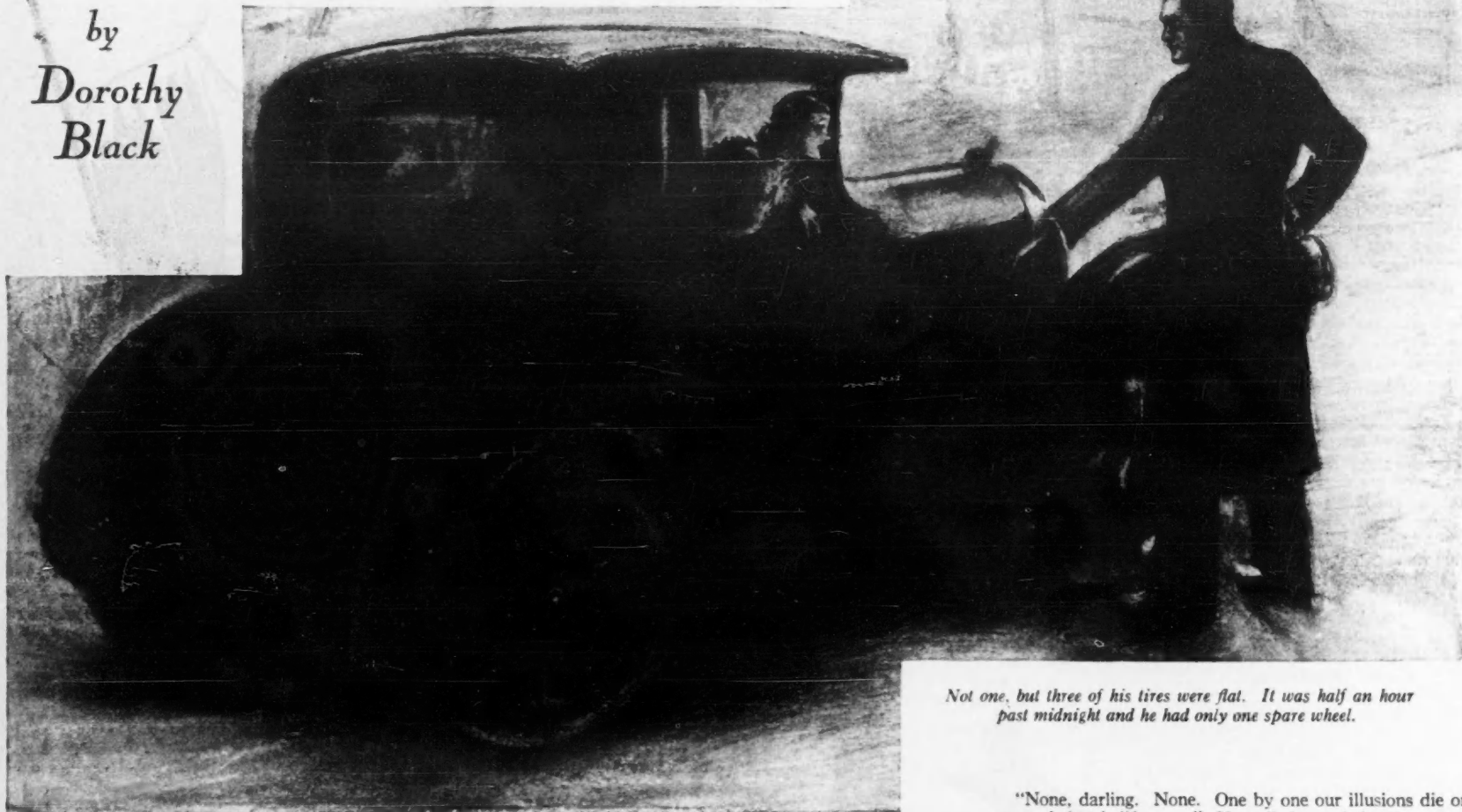
"Constance is different." He wondered where his mother's discrimination had gone to, that this cheap pretty little thing could bamfoolze her into treating her like an equal.

"Oh, Hilary, I do hope you haven't got yourself mixed up with Constance! I feared that from the first. It must have been very difficult for a girl like Constance, with no future before her, not to be tempted to try and inveigle you into

Dangerous Women

No. 2. THE WEB

by
Dorothy
Black



Not one, but three of his tires were flat. It was half an hour past midnight and he had only one spare wheel.

LADY HALL-CHARRINGTON came bustling into the library all bosom and beads. She had been a beauty once. Everybody had forgotten it now, but she never had. Little by little it had departed from her—all but her Titian hair. Of late it had become obvious that she was never going to let that Titian hair lapse. She was, as her friends said, very courageous about her hair.

She came into the library with that air of determined brightness which the particular philosopher and master she followed at that time, impressed upon his pupils; a fixed determination not to be downed by the unspeakable annoyances of every day.

"I've found her at last, Hilary. The very girl, darling. I have found her."

Her son looked up from his book, which he read before the fire in a chair so comfortable as to be almost a caricature of a chair. He turned a page very slowly, before he said:

"And whom have you found at last?"

Hilary took after his dear father. It was one of Lady Hall-Charrington's greatest trials, and one that she needed all the assistance and philosophy of Herr Snurriga to help her to bear. It was, she thought, just like Valspar to have left a son behind him to go on exasperating her in exactly the same way he himself had so painstakingly exasperated her, now that he could do it no more. But she bit all those disturbing thoughts back, and smiled at him kindly, as she removed her gloves.

"I have found the perfect secretary."

Hilary waited about two seconds, turned another page and read a bit of it. Then said, "Oh." Read a bit more, and then said, "And what is her name this time?"

"Her name is Ruby Fogge. Yes dear, I quite knew you would laugh, but you do not understand. It is from the Italian and pronounced with the g soft, as in Stoke Foges—well, you see what it is. Not a bad name at all. Rather distinguished. It is the poor girl's misfortune that her family became anglicized."

Hilary turned his book sideways to have a look at an illustration, and said:

"There, at least, I am with you."

"I do not think I have come across such a beautiful nature, or such a wonderful disposition, for many years."

"No? There certainly is a paucity of beautiful natures in Cadogan Gardens. I've noticed that myself. We are all he-men here, darling."

Lady Hall-Charrington looked at her son, exercising with great difficulty that control her spirituel master had ordered. But she could not suppress a wild wish that Hilary could, for one moment, be a little boy again, and that she could as of old chastise him across her matronly knee. All she said was:

"And an accomplished secretary into the bargain."

Hilary got up and stretched himself. He was a long, lean, dark, good-looking young man, but she feared she had spoiled him when young.

"And where did you find this paragon, darling?"

"In the lecture room, quite by chance. It seems she has always felt strangely attracted to the teachings of Herr Snurriga. She was turning over the papers, and I was so much struck by her general appearance, I spoke to her. It really does look as if it was all providential. Perhaps I am preordained to be her teacher and initiator into Herr Snurriga's wonderful philosophies. For he always says as soon as a soul is ready, a teacher is forthcoming."

Hilary said nothing, but lit a cigarette.

"So now there is nothing for me to do but to speak to Constance. Poor Constance. I was always sure it would not be a success, having her here as secretary. She does not fit in at all."

"Which being interpreted is that she does not agree blindly with everything you say, darling."

"I often find it hard to remember what a dear little boy you once were."

He slipped an arm round her waist and kissed her.

"What nonsense. I have improved beyond measure."

"No. You laugh at me. I know you laugh at me. A son should not laugh at his mother. But what is the good of worrying . . ."

"None, darling. None. One by one our illusions die on us, and that is life . . ." He pulled a curl that hung artlessly against her cheek. "But, darling, don't forget one thing. Titian is Titian, but marmalade is marmalade, dear heart. Go slowly with the juice . . ."

"How dare you. You dreadful boy. I never do a single thing to it . . ."

He kissed her, saying, "Darling, darling, remember the angels . . ."

The door closed behind him.

Lady Hall-Charrington went to the glass and looked at herself. Impossible boy . . . Of course it was just a shot in the dark. He could not really notice anything. No one, she felt quite convinced, could ever guess that she used *Pompouresurrecteur*.

One must not mind these little pinpricks. One must not worry. The dear master made a great point of that. "Never the flurry make . . . Always the calm, the cool . . ." Such spirituel insight . . . So little English.

IT WAS really rather agitating having to speak to Constance, but she supposed she had better get it over. She had known from the first it would never answer, this taking on the daughter of an old friend as secretary. It wasn't that she was not a good secretary. The trouble really was that she was too good. She had an insatiable desire to be doing something, and Lady Hall-Charrington usually had great difficulty in finding anything for her to do. She wanted a secretary who would tactfully appreciate this. She did not really require a secretary at all, but a chance remark of Herr Snurriga's had made her engage the first one. "You will then tell your secretary to make the leetle list," he said, "of all your engagements, hein . . . So that into your days the order must now come, is it not?"

She did not like to tell him she had no secretary. If he expected her to have one, it was obvious there must be a reason why she should have one. That was what started the coming of those perfect secretaries that succeeded one another with such rapidity at 999 Cadogan Gardens, to culminate one day with Miss Ruby Fogge.

Constance Chilworth was a quiet girl in a dark dress. She had no startling beauty, but her pale face had the charm of carved ivory, and she had beautiful hands and a low voice.

What was the mystery? The exciting conclusion of this popular novel

"My friend, the ghost!" said he pleasantly.

There were two other lamps hanging from the roof, each over a large tarpaulin-shrouded, amorphous lump of furniture. There were also chairs, a bed, two tables and a stove, and a gasoline-run electric generator which had automatically begun to hum busily when the light went on. But Vibart had merely a glance and a nod for these. What held him was the figure of the rather meagrely made man, in a dark frowsy long coat and a three-cornered hat.

Vibart sat as nearly at ease as the toils permitted, regarding him with interest; but what struck him with extraordinary force was that his oppressor, with all the advantage of freedom of movement including the manipulation of a very serviceable pistol, was obviously ill at ease.

"Let's have a look at you," said the colonial gentleman, coming nearer. "One of the tenants, ain't cha? Been prowlin' round too much fer yer own good, bo."

"My spectral friend," said Vibart cheerfully, "having employed considerable valuable time in discovering that there was a cellar here, and having also discovered to what uses it was being put, I am forced to the conclusion that it is not my future but your own which is liable to go bad."



"Yeah?" said the other. "Well, I won't be here to see it and you'll be here some time." He began tearing up a cloth that lay on a nearby table, a bit of napery which Vibart eyed with marked disfavor.

"If that is a gag which you are preparing," said the prisoner, "I beg that you will refrain from using it. It appears to me of a flavor I could scarcely be expected to relish. Why not take my word for it that I will not call out? Deeply as I regret giving up any chance of bringing you within immediate clutch of the law, I should infinitely prefer that you go scot free than that I should suffer that ancient fustian against my palate."

"Fer tripe's sake," said the ghost, "I never seed a man I'd liefer gag than you."

"My unfortunate prolixity," murmured Vibart. "But, seriously, my friend, the possibility of my making myself heard from this entombment seems fantastically remote. If I yelled all night I couldn't be heard."

"Unless there's some guy comin' after you," amended the other, busy with his very dirty wadding.

"It is unlikely that anyone will do so for a long time," said his prisoner, calmly. "I shall doubtless remain here, far more on than off, long after you have made yourself what is so picturesquely known as scarce."

The jailer approached him with the unsavory bandage in his none too clean hands. "Before I put a plug in you," he said, "whatja mean by findin' out wot we use this cellar fer?"

"I am afraid that is a long story," said Vibart sweetly. "Let us first agree that you accept my word of honor that I will not cry oyez. I haven't the slightest doubt that you are capable of judging my trustworthiness in that respect. You look, although a trifle nervous, like a man with common sense."

Vibart observed that the hands holding the gag sagged as if the man's intention slackened.

"I wuz never one to trust a gabby guy," said the ghost somewhat uncertainly.

"Besides," said the pinioned one, "we have, as you must see for yourself, some matters of interest to clear up between us, an *éclaircissement* that would be considerably hampered by your being reduced to soliloquy."

"Aw, cut it!" cried the other desperately. "Awright, I'll trust yer. You come alone, and nobody else ain't found this place in years. You're safe enough, too—the last man who sat in that cooler yelled till he croaked and no one heard him."

"An unpleasant association with this primitive article of furniture," said Vibart. "You asked me a question. Since for some reason I cannot fathom, you are remaining here."

"I begin to think they done me," growled the man, dashing the rags from his hand. "Don't fret yerself, I'm staying till nightfall, no longer."

A faint gleam shone in Vibart's eye, but he very idly remarked, "You are leaving then? Not to return?"

"I'm likely to tell ya wot I'm going to do! I wouden be here now with tenants in the house, only—this dump is bust. Whatja mean about findin' out about this cellar?"

"Ah, yes," said Vibart. "Well, 'twas thus. The purpose of the secret stair in the house was to be very inadequately explained by the presence of that small room upstairs, though doubtless it had its convenience. The original owners of this house were slave smugglers in the underground railway, and it gradually came to be impressed upon me that it was highly unlikely that they, unloading blacks from secret boats, should march them up the hill and offer them such superlative hospitality as their own wine cellar. The room upstairs was doubtless used for their accommodation. Do I make myself clear?"

"Durned if ya try to," grumbled the ghost. "But I getcha. You doped out there was another way in."

"Another way in to a larger room," agreed Vibart. "I regret to say it was some time after I solved the simple secret of the panel into the wine cellar and had given up trying to move the stone wall yonder, that I bethought me of this old icehouse built into the hill."

"I wisht you'd been drownd a pup," averred his host fondly.

"It was not until a bare quarter of an hour before we so pleasantly met that I thought how likely it would be that, with a cellar underneath this verdant hill, there should be an outer entrance. From a boat in the inlet to the icehouse was a mere dozen paces in those days, before the partial draining of the marsh."

"Gaw! Get on, willya?" said the nervous one.

"From the icehouse to the secret cellar in back of the wine room can be drawn an approximately straight line. I

Illustrated by
W. V. Chambers



"Now come!" she cried, and drew herself away from him. "I did that beautifully."

only saw this tonight. Ergo, I marked it X, and leaping like a fireman down the bridge, I utilized my knowledge of the other secret door to win my way to your presence."

"Yeah," said the other. "You talk like a radio but you ain't said nothin' yet."

"I have not forgotten your very natural question," Vibart assured him courteously. "Day before yesterday, when I was engaged in examining the granite foundation for an entrance here . . ."

"What th' heck made you do that?"

"I knew there was one, you see, having seen your most amusing shadow cast from within this room. When? A night or so ago. I came down the secret stair and saw it for a moment. I really wish you had time to show me how to open and shut those stones, but I can understand your reluctance."

"Get on, willya?" snarled his listener.

"I went over in my methodical way what course our burglar might have pursued on issuing from the house, the other night, obviously going from the gallery down the stone stairs. Supposing for a moment that it had been impracticable to seek refuge here, was there another bolt hole in the cellar? I abandoned for the moment my attempt to open the stone wall and went into the wine cellar. And poking about there before proceeding elsewhere, I came upon a mislaid packet of very new money. Very, very new money."

"H—!" cried the ghost, springing to his feet. He went as white as an orthodox ghost should be. "Just that once! Tom carried a stack outa there to the car in the blizzard. He couldn't get to this end."

"Quite," said Vibart. "Well, Tom carelessly let a deck of it fall. No sooner had I glimpsed its vernal pages than I unstrung all my lights and flitted away to the authorities, where I was confidently assured the money was worth nothing more than a sentence in gaol." [Continued on page 37]

LORD VIBART'S VALUABLE TIME

by BEATRIX
DEMAREST
LLOYD

LADY WEYLIN, her son Jervis, and Lord Vibart, a friend, have rented The Old Moody place for the summer. This old house which has been vacant for years, is supposed to be haunted by a ghost in a three-cornered hat. It has been under the charge of an old negro servant, Jotham.

Joan, Lady Weylin's niece, is spending a few months with Lady Weylin, as the latter feels that she can introduce her into society. Joan has been living with her father at his popular health and training resort for men, and has resented the patronage of Lady Weylin. She pretends to be of the sophisticated and haughty type uninterested in any of her favorite sports, golf and riding.

Lord Vibart discovers a secret cellar with a wall that falls flat on the working of some simple mechanism. He takes Joan down, and they see the shadow of a man in a three-cornered hat—but the cellar is empty.

That night a maid comes screaming downstairs while the household is at dinner and declares that she saw the ghost in his three-cornered hat. Later, Lady Weylin's jewels are stolen and a private detective is sent for. Lord Vibart has gone away on a private expedition without saying what he is doing. Jervis, who has proposed to Joan and has been kindly rejected, suspects that the girl is in love with Lord Vibart and tells her that he is always rushing off to far corners of the earth on wild adventures.

LORD VIBART, of whom such tales were told in his absence, returned to the Moody Place the following evening. In his own light fashion of handling matters that engaged his attention, he had gone to Ottawa, it being his conviction that if one wanted action, headquarters was the place to get it. And he had finally succeeded in winning the ear and interest of a pleasant-faced gentleman occupying a position of trust and importance.

It was not so much Vibart's conversation, though Mr. Dattero enjoyed that very much; nor his impressive personality, to which Mr. Dattero yielded with quick appreciation, but a small packet that Lord Vibart carried that made him most thoroughly welcome.

Vibart lunched with Mr. Dattero and an associate at the New Willard and left with the latter for an afternoon train. In the station just before this departure Vibart amused his companion and astonished the purveyor of magazines, candy, celluloid ducks and miniature automobiles by buying a full half dozen flashlights. These he disposed about his person with the absorbed air of a pleasant lunatic.

"I have learned that I should never be without one," he genially explained. "You might mention to the manufacturers that any testimonial I could write for them."

Mr. Cotter dragged him forth just in time to catch the train.

In Toronto they were for a time detained but finally parted, Lord Vibart in a taxicab headed for Occumtown and Cotter off to attend to some matters of routine. He was to follow by train.

It was not surprising that the taxi-driver should lose his way, but in doing so he caused an abrupt alteration in Vibart's plans. Missing the shorter cut into Little Occum, they drove farther than need was, and made a swing into the main village which necessitated a return toward the peninsula from the east. This brought them over the bridge that spanned the marshy end of the inlet where, once across, the road swung to the right up the little hill crowned by the Moody Place. The taxicab was open, and Vibart could gently prod the driver in the back with his stick. The chauffeur, wondering if they were again off the right road, brought his car to a halt and gave attention to his fare.

"This will do very nicely," said that gentleman. "I'll get out here."

"Drunk again," said the taximan, cheerfully if inaudibly. There seemed no apparent reason to get out of a comfortable vehicle in the middle of a bridge, but years of conveying post prohibition fares had steeled him to greater surprises than this. He accepted unemotionally an agreeable tip with his lawful charge.

Lord Vibart then gravely presented him with his hat and stick. "As a memento of our last ride together," he said.

The driver gave him a frowning look. "If you're going to do a Brodie, I'd rather not take 'em. They'll get me in Dutch."

"Inscrutable as your remarks may be to one from a foreign clime," said Vibart amiably, "I perceive that you harbor some fears as to my intentions. I am quite sane and safe, and these bits of haberdashery are merely going to be in my way."

"You certainly got it," remarked the other, as Vibart tossed the articles in question into the cab. "I've seen some shrill ones in my time, but you top 'em all." He made no further protest and rolled away.

Vibart went over to the rail of the bridge and looked northward.

Nearly on a level with his eye lay the green lawn of the Moody Place, a neatly clipped and profusely trimmed carpet, green even in the evening light to the very edge of the cliff. He looked at the old icehouse underneath the drop and back to the house. "Now why," said he, "did I not think of that before?"

The late twilight was thickening in, and lights were gleaming in the humble dwellings below him even as Lady Weylin's present abode loomed like a lighted Jack-o'-lantern. It was dinnertime and well he knew it, having missed his tea. But something more alluring even than food and drink beckoned him.

At the end of the bridge, with the loose agility of a forest animal, he slipped over the rail and let himself down, swinging like a monkey along the iron trestle. He landed in a scrubby patch of grass and ashes, brushed his hands against his coat, and, taking a detour around Jothamville, struck into the old rutty road. He had an idea that he would rather go this, unobserved.

The road led him on under the dirt cliff where the black rotted walls of the icehouse seemed only upheld by the timbers still socketed in the earth behind. Overhead the old hoist stuck out like a moldy gibbet.

One of the pair of doors of this attractive ruin had fallen athwart the other, but he lifted it easily and slipped between. It was dark as pitch inside and smelled like a grave, but a rising sense of adventure made him impervious to any such gloomy suggestion. He took one of his lavishly purchased flashlights from a pocket, and ran it over the back of the place. If it proved to be no more than an earthen blank he was at fault. But it was not. The boards of a well built wall rose before him.

The little spot of light began travelling methodically up and down at about shoulder height, picking at each seam. Then it paused. One of the planks showed two cross-cuts, and Vibart put his nails into the crack. The little panel was loose.

With a sigh of utter satisfaction, setting aside the bit of wood Vibart illumined the little pocket in the wall. Here it was, practically a duplicate of the secret door into the wine cellar, workable from either side. He released the chain and obediently a section of the wall lowered away till it lay level

with the floor. Being a tidy person, he replaced the little panel, and for a moment he stood, looking into a cavernous blackness along the pencil beam of his torch. Then he moved forward upon the drawbridge.

JUST as he did so, a voice at his elbow said with a venomous distinctness, "Stick 'em up."

"Quite," agreed Vibart with a sigh. His hands rose into the air, and the ray of light, now pointed upward, shone with a significant steadiness.

"Gimme that glim," said the unseen. And having achieved it, "Getta move on and lemme close up."

Vibart obeyed. The door rumbled back into place and the flashlight took an apparently parallel bead on him with the dimly seen revolver that covered him.

"Get over there," was the next order, and the flash indicated an ancient wooden structure against a farther wall—an old stocks, superlatively well designed to dispose of unwelcome investigators.



Joan was trembling and her lip quivered, but she managed a little laugh. Though her knees seemed suddenly to have become loose in the hinge, she stepped forward into the cellar and picked up the pistol.

Under the double prompting of gun and torch, Vibart deliberately took a place in the clumsy timber frame, twitching up the knees of his trousers before resting his ankles in the depressions allotted for one prisoner. A bar closed above them, and his hands were then confined in a corresponding adjustment above his feet.

"Very neat," said Vibart, "though unfortunately it precludes smoking. I had no idea there was anyone here tonight, you know."

A mere grunt replied to him. The flash blinked out, and he could hear the other moving away. A moment later a large electric bulb in a reflector swinging from a beam bloomed out at a little distance, and Vibart after one look toward his captor, chuckled aloud.

HOWEVER, few people crossed the prairie in those days without encountering danger, as the Peraults were soon to discover. One day, a great buffalo herd was seen approaching in the distance, and in no time bore down upon the travellers. The herd seemed to stretch for miles on either side, and Henri the guide, seeing that there was no way of eluding them, shouted back to those behind to close in and stand still and allow the herd to pass. Nearer and nearer came the enormous brutes, galloping clumsily toward them, their shaggy manes flying in the wind, and their feet converting the turf into a cloud of dust. The herd was almost upon them when suddenly Marie's horse took fright and reared. Jacques was the first to see the danger his mother was in, and riding off to her rescue succeeded in catching hold of her horse's bridle and holding it fast. By this time, however, the buffalo were so close that there was no chance of Jacques and his mother rejoining the others. They must stand alone. As you may imagine, poor Marie was very frightened indeed, and Jacques, although he was a very brave little boy, was also afraid, and they both wondered how long they would be able to hold in their horses. On and on came the buffalo, mile after mile. Would they never cease? Finally, the end of the herd was in sight; and shaking and trembling, Marie breathed a prayer of thankfulness as the last passed by.

NOT many days after this adventure they came to the emerald waters of Floes Creek, and so to the end of their travels. After a night of rest the trappers bade the Peraults farewell and resumed their journey. Henri, however, before returning to Fort Garry, remained with Jerome long enough to help him collect all the logs necessary for the building of his cabin.

You may imagine what a busy time our friends had in the making of their new home. After the cabin was built they piled earth round its base, stuffed the cracks between the logs with moistened clay to keep out the cold winds, and thatched the log-covered roof with long grass. Finally, after two months of hard work the Peraults moved into their new house, proud of their labors and grateful for its protection. That autumn passed quickly, and almost before

A cut-out story by Jean Wylie

they knew it, winter had descended upon them. The bitter north winds swept across the prairie, the whole land was covered with snow, the trapping season had come, and the time for Jerome to go into the wilds in search of furs.

Then Jacques took over his father's duties and became the big man of the house. Whenever opportunity offered he would go into the woods in search of game, and sometimes have the luck to shoot a rabbit which he would proudly bring home to his mother to cook for their dinner. Sometimes he would make a hole in the ice of Floes Creek and catch trout for supper. At evening, when the long day's work was over and the supper dishes had been washed, he would sit by the fire with his mother while she sang to him or told him stories.

With the return of spring Jerome also returned, laden with furs and rejoicing to find his little family safe and well.

Toward the latter part of the summer, and much to the annoyance and anxiety of the Peraults, a number of Indians came and pitched their brightly-painted wigwams on the shores of Floes Creek, immediately opposite their cabin. At first the newcomers were quiet, and contented themselves with paying many visits to the Peraults' house. Their good behavior however was not to last long, for one night, to Jerome's horror, two young braves arrived in camp with a keg of rum, which they lost no time in sharing with their companions. From that moment Jerome greatly feared for the safety of his household. All that night while the Indians continued their revelries, the Peraults kept a strict watch. Marie and Jacques each took their turn and shouldered their guns. As morning sent its first golden beams across the sky, Jerome saw a number of young Indians approaching the cabin, some carrying torches and others firearms. Kicking the door with their boots the Indians demanded to be let in. Jerome, however, was prepared for the worst, and having strongly barricaded the door, he shouted back that if they did not return to their camp at once he would shoot. His threat seemed to have the desired effect, for the Indians withdrew a little from the house. They were, however, not to be thus easily frightened away, and after a moment or

two of consultation, one of the young braves hurled his lighted torch upon the thatched roof of the cabin. In a moment the whole roof was ablaze, and soon the smoke came pouring down into the room below, telling the inmates only too plainly of the Indians' violence. Staggering through the smoke, and dragging with them any bits of furniture or clothes, which they could lay their hands upon, the Peraults, wearied from their long vigil and almost overcome with the fumes, groped their way into the fresh morning air. Realizing that there was nothing they could do to stop the fire, they stood silently and sorrowfully watching their little home burn down before their eyes, while the Indians danced and shouted around the flames.

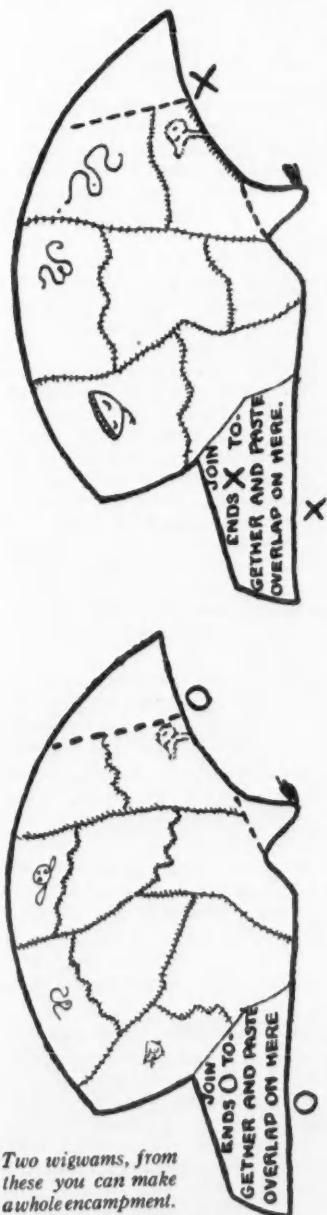
IT WAS in this dangerous situation that the Peraults had friends and help nearer than they knew. The Northwest Mounted Police Force, which had been sent to enforce law and order for the first time in the western Canadian provinces, were then crossing the prairie on their march west, and that night had struck camp not many miles from the Peraults' cabin.

As Marie gazed sadly into the east, which seemed to be a reflection of her burning home, she saw what seemed to her a vision of mounted men in red coats and white helmets riding up the valley. But the vision soon became a reality, and before long a number of Northwest Mounted Police rode into camp, to the utter amazement of the Indians and the great delight of the Peraults.

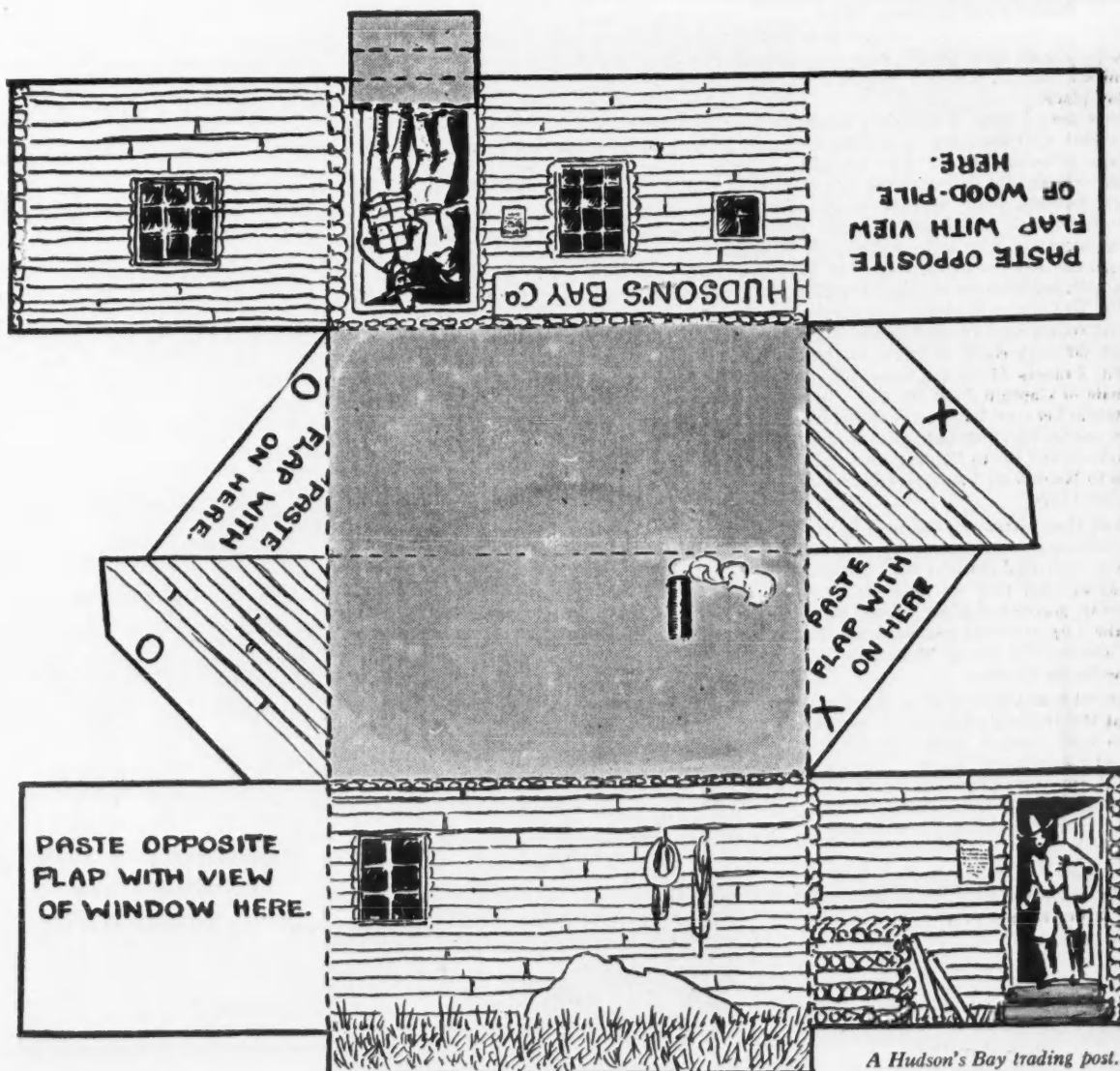
After many years of antagonism between the white and red men in the west, the Northwest Mounted Police, as representatives of Her Majesty's government, had come to enforce the law, and bring justice and retribution to the red man as well as the white.

So it was that the Indians who set the Peraults' house on fire were tried and punished, while none of the tribe were allowed to leave Floes Creek until they had cut down logs for a new cabin, and given what assistance they could in the building of it.

Before winter set in the cabin was rebuilt and the Peraults comfortably lodged. There Jerome and Marie and Jacques were to live for many happy years in peace and prosperity, and, thanks to the vigilance of the Northwest Mounted Police, in safety.

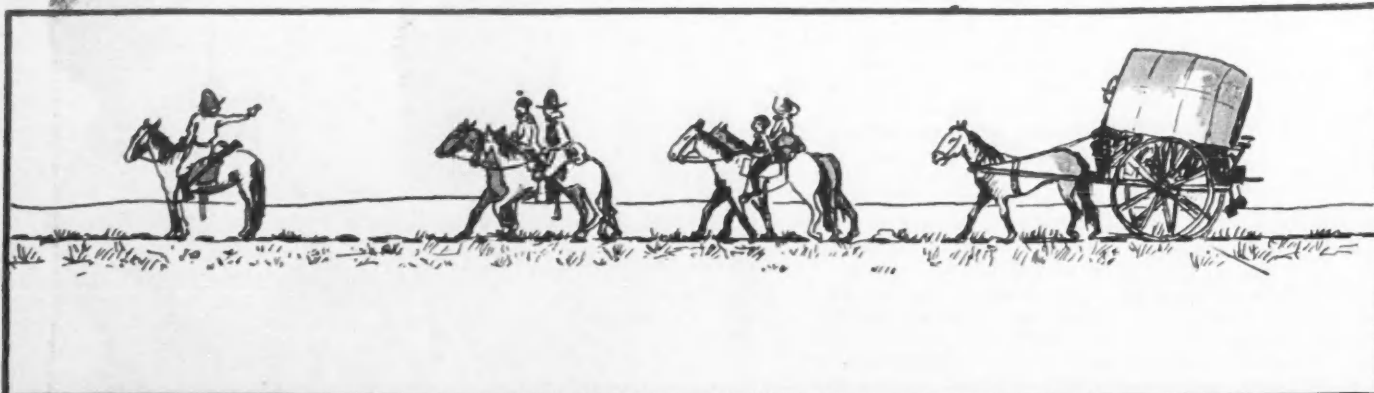


Two wigwams, from these you can make a whole encampment.



A Hudson's Bay trading post.

Making a New Home in the West



Before the
coming of
the
Railroad

NOT so very many years ago, there lived in the province of Quebec a little boy whose name was Jacques Perault. When Jacques was twelve years of age, his father, Jerome Perault, who was a trapper by trade, decided to take his pretty wife Marie and their only child out to the Northwest in search of a new home and fortune. So it happened that one fine morning, to his great delight, Jacques found himself for the first time in a train and heard the porter call "All aboard for Chicago."

Perhaps you will be wondering why Jacques and his parents travelled by way of Chicago instead of along the north shores of Lake Huron and Lake Superior as we would today? In those days, however, there were no railroads farther west than the shores of Lake St. Clair, so people travelling to the west had to cross into the States and go by way of Chicago to St. Paul, from where they journeyed by stage into western Canada.

The trains of those days were not nearly so comfortable as ours of today. Instead of soft plush-covered seats, the passengers sat on hard wooden benches. As there was no dining car, everyone brought their own food and prepared and ate it in the coach, which, as you may imagine, soon

became very close and stuffy. To make things worse, the road was very rough—Jacques thought it was like driving over a bed of stones—and the passengers got plenty of exercise picking up their packages and bundles which kept tumbling off the racks on to the floor.

At last, after many weary hours of travelling St. Paul was reached. Here the Peraults were to leave the train and proceed north by stage coach. If our friends found the train uncomfortable they found the coach still more so. After two days of rain the roads became so muddy that the coach sank to its axles and refused to move. The passengers were forced to alight and saw down young trees from the surrounding woods to make a corduroy road. During this performance Marie Perault lost her shoe in the deep mud, and had to go away without it.

However, after the rain appeared sunshine and blue skies, and before long they found themselves upon the prairie where the bright yellow marigolds, roses, astors, and bluebells spread a multi-colored carpet before them and made them more eager than ever to press on into this glorious new land. Soon the white walls of Fort Garry—which you made into a cut-out last month—were to be seen in the

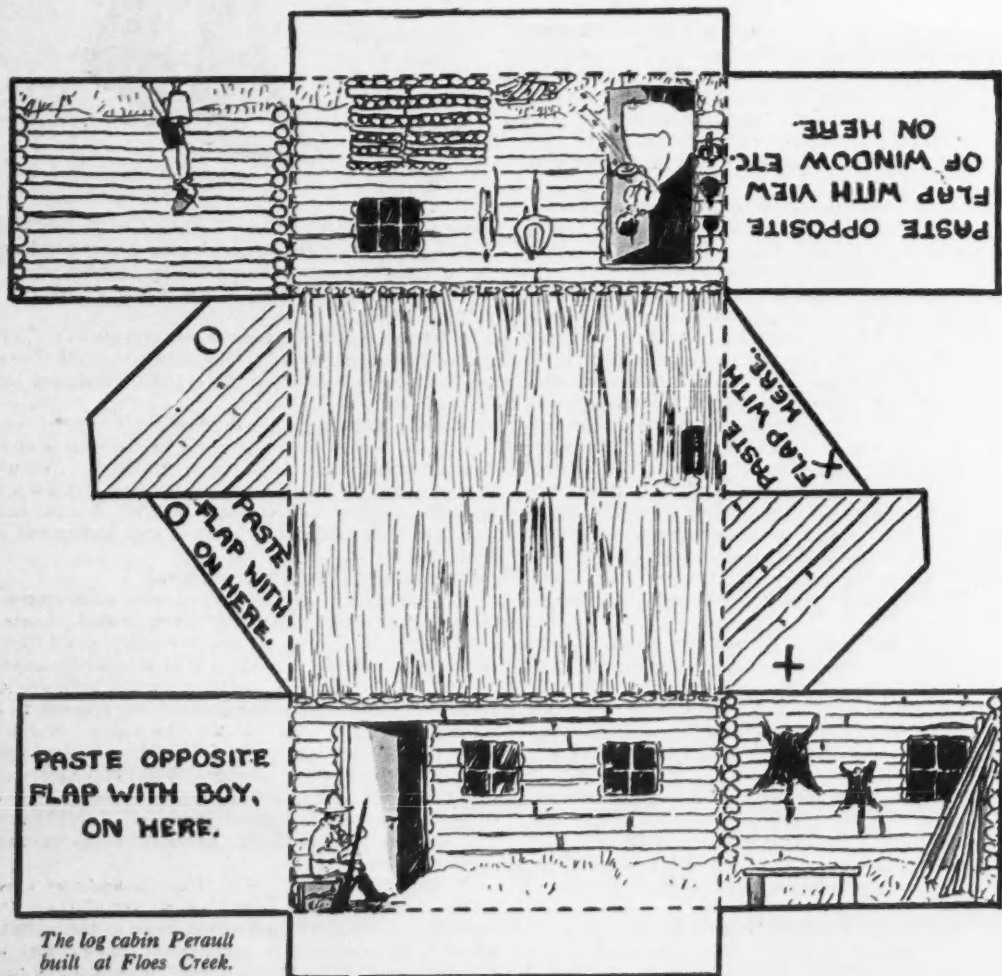
distance, and everyone was glad, most of all little Jacques, for his father had promised that upon their arrival he would buy him a horse which was to be his very own.

Fort Garry, now known as Winnipeg, was a Hudson's Bay post and there the Company had its largest trading station. Jerome Perault therefore was able to buy furnishings for his new home, and all the things he would need for the rest of his journey. There were many of them, for Floes Creek, whither he was bound, lay fully fifteen days travel across the prairie, and Fort Garry was the last available source of supplies. Besides household necessities, food and ammunition, he also bought three horses and a Red River cart in which to carry his stores and baggage.

After three days preparation Jerome was ready to start forth again upon his travels. He himself was to drive the cart, while Marie and Jacques were to ride their own horses. To this little company had been added a guide engaged by Jerome to lead them to Floes Creek, and two fur traders, who were also journeying in the same direction, and whose company he was only too glad to share, having heard many tales of the savagery of the Indians.

As they left the fort behind them and slowly wound their way across the prairie, Jacques was very happy. He thought he had never seen anything so beautiful as the rolling, flower-studded grass stretching for miles and miles on every side of him as far as eye could see. He was very proud, too, to be riding a horse of his own.

Every afternoon as the sun descended into the west, the little cavalcade would stop and make their camp. Then after tea when it grew dark and the great stars began to come out, little Jacques would crawl into the tent, and throwing himself down beside his mother, pull the buffalo robe around him and soon be fast asleep. When the first rays of the sun tinted the eastern sky, the guide would rise, and lighting the fire soon have breakfast ready. Before long our friends would be on the trail again, the morning breeze blowing cool upon their faces.



The log cabin Perault built at Floes Creek.

How to make this cut-out

Here is a cut-out illustrating this exciting story, which you may color yourself. When you have colored all the pieces, cut along the heavily inked lines and bend all the dotted lines. Follow the directions given with each cut-out and you will have Jerome and his party riding across the prairie, a Hudson's Bay Company post, the Perault's cabin, Marie sighting the N.W.M.P. and two Indian wigwams. By drawing outlines of the latter you can make a whole Indian village. The hole in the top of the wigwam is for the smoke to come through.



Early Moonrise in September
by William Brymner



Mrs. Catherine Schibert, the first white woman to cross the Rocky Mountains to the coast. Centre, Mrs. Robert Dunsmuir, wife of the head of the Dunsmuir family in British Columbia.



One of Canada's last surviving pioneers of trading days—Mrs. John D. Manson, daughter of "Little Yale," Chief Trader, Hudson's Bay. Mrs. Manson is over ninety years of age.

Pioneer Women of British Columbia

Some of the most heroic and thrilling stories of Canada's settlement come from the west

by N. de BERTRAND LUGRIN

THE earliest stories we have of the pioneer white women of British Columbia are shrouded in tragedy and mystery. Figures emerge from out the shadows of the past more like ghosts than realities. One gets only a fleeting glimpse, hopelessly tantalizing. A brief line, a short paragraph pictures them—some of them beautiful, brave, young, fascinating. Then they are muffled up in masses of historic data, as though they should have no more place in early chronicles than an unveiled woman of the seraglio in the market place.

There are all sorts of legendary stories of Spanish ladies who sailed with their lovers or their husbands in the picturesque galleons of Drake's day and after. There are more definite accounts of daring young women who, disguised as sailors, followed their recreant sweethearts to this coast. There is one tale of a beautiful white girl, the bride of a young surveyor, who with a party of prospectors came through the Rockies about 1800, and after quarrelling one night with her husband drowned herself in the rapids of the Miette, just where it enters the Athabasca. But the first historic record we have of a white woman actually landing on the far west coast, is found in the diary of that lady herself, Frances Hornby Trevor Barkley, seventeen-year-old wife of Captain John Barkley. Her reminiscences are written in her own hand and contain a fascinating account of her journeyings from Ostend all around the oceans and up to Behring Sea; then down to Nootka on Vancouver Island in the year 1787.

More than sixty years elapsed before any women colonists came by ship to what is now called British Columbia; and it was in 1862 that we have the first authentic account of white women making the long overland journey from the east, through the Rocky Mountains and to the Pacific Coast.

Viewed from the distance of the years, life at the Hudson's Bay posts seems to us to have been a most colorful and romantic existence. There is no doubt that the women of the forts found it so, and that they played a much more important part than history would have us believe.

Because Fort Vancouver figured so largely in the early history of this province, a description of that fine outpost

would be interesting. From 1825 to 1843 it was the metropolitan establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company. It had been built on the Columbia River in Oregon, for in those days British territory embraced far more than it does now. New Caledonia which belonged to us, ran from the far Yukon down to southern Oregon and stretched from the Rockies to the sea. Fort Vancouver was enclosed by an upright wall of pickets over twenty feet in height, secured by buttresses from the inside. It was one of the finest factories the Company ever built, and it was dear to the heart of all of them.

Doctor McLoughlin, for so many years in charge of this fort, was one of the most magnificent characters in the history of the west. He stood six feet four and was broad in proportion. He bore himself like a soldier. His features were proud, but his smile kindly. Born in Quebec of Irish parents, he was educated as a doctor in Paris. As a very young man he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay, and was himself the founder of this fine fort. His own marriage was thought by his friends to have been unfortunate. But

he loved his wife devotedly and remained faithful to her in spite of strong persuasions that he should renounce her and marry a white woman. She was an Ojibway, the widow of Alexander McKay. McKay was lost on the ill-fated *Tonquin*, the ship which John Jacob Astor sent out to claim Oregon for the Americans. On her journey up the west coast of Vancouver Island, the *Tonquin* fell into the hands of hostile Indians, and all on board perished with the exception of the Indian interpreter. One can imagine the sequel. McKay's widow was at Fort Vancouver, broken-hearted over the tragic death of her young husband. In those days the lot of an Indian widow was too sad to be described. Among other things she became an outcast from her tribe for seven years. No one was permitted to speak to her or offer her food. What would have become of this poor girl if the doctor had not befriended her? His pity for her moved him to tenderness. He had not seen a white woman in years. He was lonely for a home. Hence the sequel. Later on, when the S.S. *Nereid* brought an English chaplain and his wife to the fort, we learn of how the pious Mrs. Beaver, wife of the clergyman, refused to associate with Mrs. McLoughlin, and tried to insist that the doctor and his wife be married over again by her husband, although Hudson's Bay marriages were considered to be quite as legal as those performed by the Anglican church. Doctor

McLoughlin haughtily refused to consider any other ceremony and thereby incurred the severe displeasure of the Beavers who wrote voluminous letters "home" about it.

The arrival of the fur-traders was the great day of the year. Then the gates of the fort were thrown open and preparation made to welcome them. Long before their arrival, a courier, sent out a day or two before, had come back post haste to report that they were on their way. At once excitement ran high. The flag was run up to the top of the pole, and women and children dressed themselves in their brilliant best. Husbands and fathers, lovers and brothers were returning. They held their breath to listen to the boatmen's song which would herald the arrival.

While yet the bateaux were two miles up the river they could hear the singing keeping time to the oars. Then began a general exodus from the fort and the cottages, led by the governor himself. Down to the landing they went, and shouted their greeting as the boats swept round the last bend.

Such a gay, [Continued on page 41]



One of the first two farms to be built in British Columbia—the first primitive building at Langford.

The Meaning of a Magazine

And the Answer to a Haunting Question

EDITORS are queer birds, as everybody knows. Only this morning the fact was pointed out to me again by a woman who has been diligently sending me manuscripts for months. We are delighted to receive her stories. We read them carefully. But, unfortunately, up to present, the stamped, addressed envelope has had to function. This morning she told me, via a purple sheet of note-paper, that she, plus all her friends, relatives and neighbors for miles around, considered it remarkable that editors should develop to such a degree a "blind spot" for sensing public interest.

The complaint struck me at a particularly opportune time, since I have been haunted for weeks with a question which arose when I was analyzing the contents of your magazine for 1929, in order to review in brief just what we had given you in exchange for your dollar bill.

The results were interesting. But a question has dogged me ever since.

Just what part should a woman's magazine play in the lives of its readers?

What should you expect from us; and, equally momentous, what should we expect from you? For you cannot escape your responsibilities in the development of *The Chatelaine* any more than we can.



LET us pass swiftly over the obvious replies. Let us take it for granted that you want entertainment and instruction, romantic fiction and inspiring articles. We know you want that and we are laboring incessantly to give it to you.

Let us go deeper and come down to the proverbial brass tacks.

One woman writing from a tiny shack somewhere in our northern prairies expressed one interesting rôle for us:

"I like to feel," she says, "that through *The Chatelaine* we are finding out what problems women of other provinces are fighting, and so are able to understand, and perhaps help in some way. I like to know what the women on the coasts are working for. I want them to know what we, so isolated and handicapped, are trying to do."

Here, undoubtedly, is one of the basic thoughts for the magazine. That is why you will sometimes find an article in our pages which seems localized to one province. When you consider that *The Chatelaine* enters over 100,000 Canadian homes every month, it is obvious that the magazine must form a strong connecting link across the Dominion. To bring a knowledge and understanding

among the women of our provinces is, therefore, an absorbing task in itself.

AGAIN, consider this:

It was recently discovered that the percentage of malnutrition cases in one of the best schools in a Canadian city was by far the highest of any part of the city—including the slums!

These were the children of parents with plenty of intelligence, plenty of time, plenty of money perhaps. Yet they furnished the most cases of malnutrition.

Why? Obviously because the mothers do not know the basic rules of proper feeding. Thousands of women do not know. Thousands do not have an opportunity of learning.

Watch the audience at any cooking lecture or demonstration; at any night school of household science. You will see a surprising number of young wives—slim, swagger, flapperish. Apparently the type who like best to live on the delicatessen store and park the baby with a neighbor while they go to the matinée.

Apparently—yet here they are, eager and enthusiastic to learn something of home making. They have never had an opportunity. Business life and an early marriage have thrown them into a home without the faintest idea of the duties required of them. The one career which every girl expects to follow, is the one for which she is never trained.

That is why we have paid such a great deal of attention to the home-making articles in *The Chatelaine*. This business of making a home successfully is growing harder year by year. For all the fact that our mothers and grandmothers had to scrub wooden floors, while we press a button and push a polisher over satiny woods, our job is harder today than ever before.

That is why we are so particularly delighted to be able to announce our Chatelaine Institute (page 22) after many, many months of planning. We feel that this marks one of the most momentous steps we have taken since *The Chatelaine* "set her light in the window" two years ago. We like to feel that your interest and enthusiasm are behind us in this new service.



ONE more point, if I can squeeze it in—your responsibility with some of the big investigations we have made for you.

Take the question of the high cost of sickness, for instance, which, as the writer of the articles said, is a problem "sitting on every woman's doorstep."

Here is a situation which took us over a year to investigate and survey. We made a review of the situation far, far more comprehensive than any group of women could have made. Yet the articles were not complete when published; nor when you read them.

The most important part lies in the development of an intelligent public opinion. Women must understand the problem, talk about it, discuss it at their clubs, and work with understanding to achieve some definite progress.

That is the ideal. *The Chatelaine* is intensely interested in everything that affects the welfare of the Canadian woman and her home. We will do all in our power to help her with her progressive ideas, her reformations. We want to be the voice of Canadian womanhood. But it can only be achieved by a real sense of co-operation. By your following up with your interest, discussion, and understanding, the articles on public questions which we will publish from time to time. Between us, we've a big work ahead!

Byrne Hops Sanders.

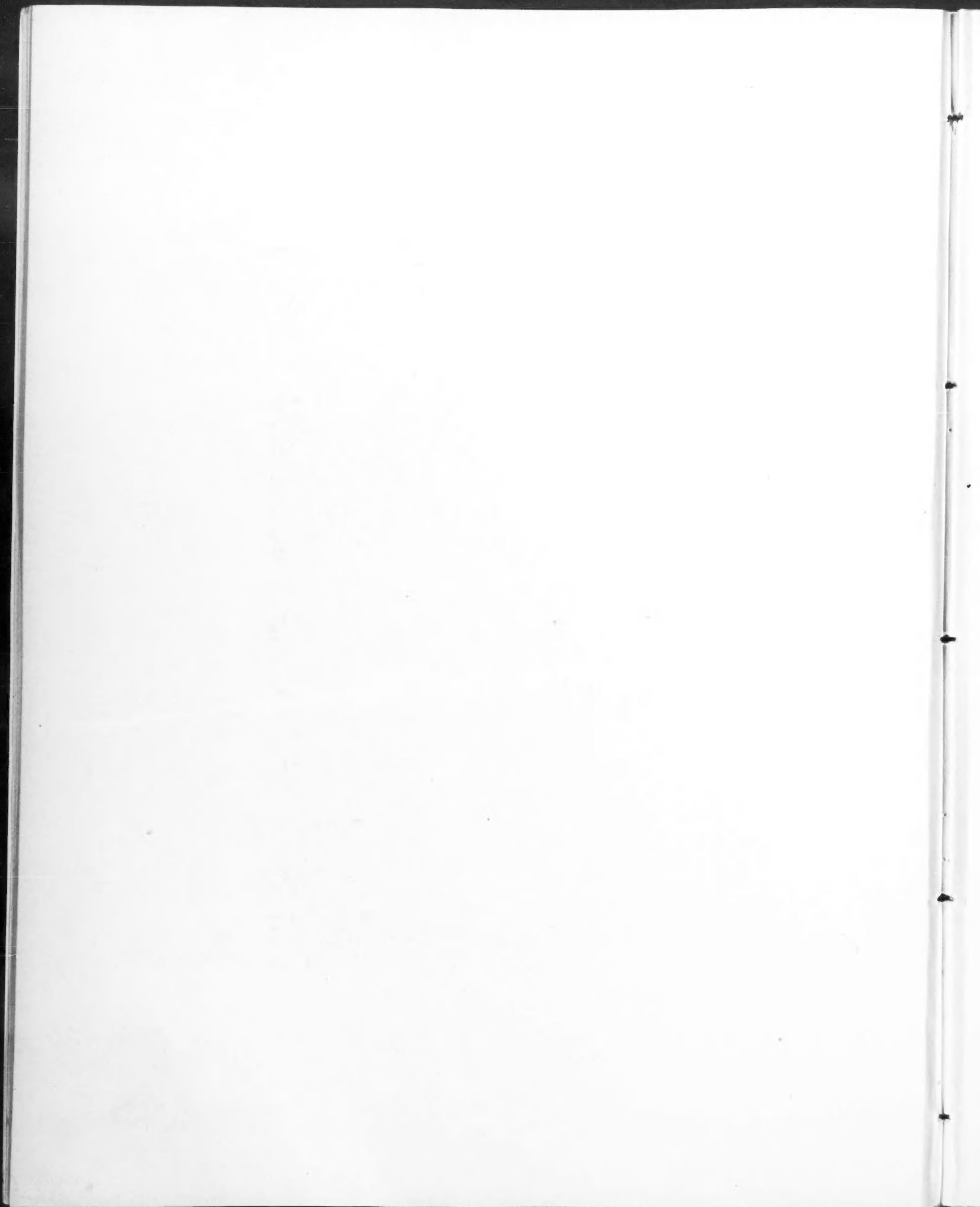


HARBOR

by Mary Gordon Fraser



Crested harbor-water, and a salty, free wind blowing;
Surge and boom of driven surf far out beyond the bar.
Wheel and dip of gulls that mark a stately vessel's going—
Stencilled on a leaden sky the shape of mast and spar.
Lilt of bell and chantey from the crowded lines of shipping;
Slack and strain of hawser, and the rasp of anchor-chain.
Reek of tar and oil and smoke, of green bilge-water dripping;
Wharves' harsh outlines softened by a sudden drift of rain.
Tug's important puffing and a siren's shrieking clamor,
Snap of taut'ned canvas and a schooner's graceful sweep.
Dusk! and gray clouds lifting, and a crescent moon's pale glamor;
Silence, and warm harbor lights, and swaying ships asleep.





A modern dressing table which can be copied in cheaper woods.

Adapting the Futuristic to the Present

by BLODWEN DAVIES

YOU have no past—but you have a future," says Reni Cera, the noted French designer, who has recently come out to Canada, under the auspices of one of the big departmental stores, to interpret modern ideas in housefurnishings. "And since you must build anew, why build on what is already old in Europe? Create for yourselves." "I come to bring you the motives that are at work among the designers of Europe," he says, "but there is nothing final in anything that I do or create. If here I find artists who have advanced beyond me, who have produced a better thought, I welcome them most gladly. Nothing that I design myself is finite. Always the next will be the best."

For twenty years Reni Cera has been wanting to come to the New World. It was a fantastic moving picture comedy that first gave him the urge. In it was a house where everything was done electrically at the push of a button. It was merely intended to be funny. Monsieur Cera, then a youthful and visionary man, saw beneath the comedy. In a new country, he told himself, where life can be so easy, there must be many new things in the home. These houses in which so much drudgery has been eliminated, must be different homes to those we know in old-fashioned Europe. So when he came here a year or so ago he was hugely disappointed. Here were people with vast new resources at their command, and they had not yet created homes to measure up to the advancement of their sciences.

That is undoubtedly true. We, in Canada, have been successful pioneers in the practical and scientific things. We have forged ahead in matters of research, and in the application of discoveries in industry, agriculture, engineering, medicine and other lines of endeavor, until we are in the front ranks of world achievement. But, curious as it may seem, while we hurl ourselves onward in these things, in matters of everyday life we are curiously reluctant to adopt new ideas. It is in war-weary, aged Europe that the modern home is being created, where modern architecture is advancing in seven-league boots and where the furnishings of the home are being revolutionized.

We have been unlucky in having the modern home misrepresented to us, first as a matter of high art, and then as something unreal and fantastic. We are afraid of Art with a capital A. Then, too, the first examples of the modern note in furnishings came to us by way of New York where only the most bizarre and the most sensational were adopted. They were shown us not as discoveries in human comfort, but as novelties. They were reproduced by furniture makers who thought that the use of angles and unrelated colors comprised modern art.

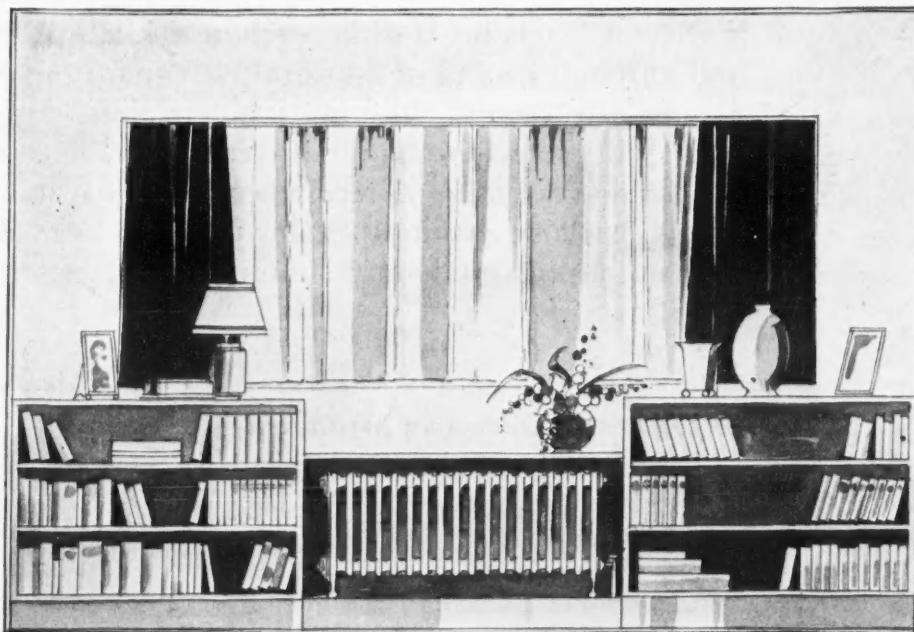
Every new idea, artistic or scientific, is grasped at by the sensation mongers as a means of tickling public humor. Radio broadcasting, the almost divine transmission of thought through ether, has become largely an advertising medium. Modern art provides subjects for humorists and cartoonists. Imitators and exploiters, the dread and curse of all sane and honest artists, seize the ideas so carefully cultivated over so many years, and adapt them to commercial uses, and so, oftentimes, sicken the public mind some time before the true

exponents of the original idea could say Jack Robinson. That all happened with the art of the modern home. Yet stripped to its essentials, the principles of modern art are comprised in these three words: simplicity, utility, beauty.

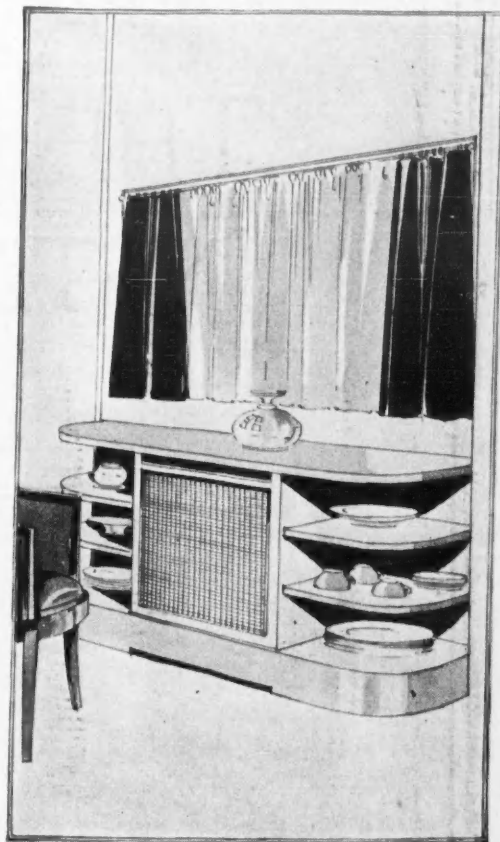
WHENEVER an opportunity comes your way to see a room or a house designed on the principles of modern art, be sure to see it. Look at it with unprejudiced eyes. Clear your mind of preconceived notions and discover for yourself the sense of restfulness that a properly designed and executed modern room emanates. Then consider the details one by one. Will you find anything outrageous in these plain, restful surfaces, in these gracious shadows, in these rhythmic lines?

For instance, there is a hallway with quite unbroken walls. There are no moldings, no baseboard to catch the dust. The stairs curve upward behind a low wall of material like the walls. There are no balustrades to gather dust; no door-frames. Under the curve of the stairs there is a low corner seat, built in, and over it a little recess to hold a few books and a bright, amusing ornament. It is more beautiful by far than the average hallway, yet it is no harder to achieve and it is much easier to keep fresh and interesting.

Then there is a dining room with several interesting features which can be copied with the greatest ease by the builder of a new home. For instance, there is a radiator under the window. Horrid things, radiators, when one comes to arranging furniture. But this one has a long wide shelf that extends far beyond it on each side. Beneath it at the ends of the radiator the space is filled up by shelves with curved ends to hold dining room treasures. On another wall, in a slight recess, are several more shallow shelves with rounded ends, and over it, in the place once sacred to the buffet mirror, is an interesting piece of batik, or some other colorful and beautiful fabric. In the corners of the rooms are cupboards built into the walls, with plate glass doors. The new house must have glass to prove its modernity, for glass in Europe is no longer confined to windows, but has a thousand new practical uses.



Simplicity, utility and beauty are the essentials of modern art



A new treatment of the ugly radiator which may be built into any house.

Furniture of the modern lines and uses need not be regarded as expensive impossibilities. Very fine and beautiful examples of it are now being designed and made in Canada, but it is also possible to adapt the principle in ways to suit slender pockets. A few months ago, to my amazement, I discovered in three or four little cabinet-making shops along the highways of the lower St. Lawrence, that French-Canadians were turning out beautiful specimens of modern art furniture. These things were beautifully made in fine woods, with that loving craftsmanship that we

still find in fragrant, wood-working shops, in quiet by-streets and country villages. I am quite sure that these simple wood workers had never heard the phrase Art Moderne. I expressed my surprise over their designs, and the men, with fine wood dust on their hair and shoulders, rummaged about their benches until they retrieved clippings from sophisticated English magazines, whereon the originals of their pieces of furniture were illustrated. They were making these things, they explained, to order for the English visitors from all parts of Canada and the United States, for these wise summer residents were well aware that the French-Canadian wood-worker had the skill to reproduce these things out of the printed pages. I know a celebrated New York interior decorator who was having modern furniture made for her [Continued on page 50]

Is this not an interesting treatment for a casement window and its inevitable radiator? This can be copied with ease in any home.

The MODERN CHATELAIN

A department for the housekeeper



REDUCING THE MEAT BILL

by MARGARET E. READ

ECONOMIES in meat may be achieved either by purchasing inexpensive cuts in the first place, or, having indulged in the luxury of the more expensive meats, by making the best possible use of left-overs.

Possibly the greatest single factor contributing to the success of any dish is the way in which it is served. Consequently, it is just as necessary to cook inexpensive food carefully and to garnish and serve it attractively as it is to spend the time we frequently do on more expensive dishes. In fact, it may be even more so.

The following meat dishes, attractively served, will be not only a boon to the thrifty housewife but a pleasant surprise to all the family.

Stuffed Birds

Stuffed birds are prepared from beef or veal flank. Cut the flank in pieces about two and one-half inches by four inches.

Prepare the following stuffing. Finely chop one-eighth of a pound of salt pork and one small onion. Mix these together and add one-half cupful of bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper, one-half teaspoonful of celery salt, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of sage and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Moisten with a very small amount of hot water. Spread each piece of meat with a thin layer of the stuffing, roll up tightly and fasten with toothpicks. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and fry in hot bacon grease or butter until well browned. Then place in a bake dish or casserole, half cover with milk and cook slowly until the meat is tender. Serve with white or brown sauce.

Spiced Meat Balls

Sauté four thin slices of bacon until they are crisp, and then chop them in very small pieces. To one pound of freshly minced round steak add the chopped bacon, one teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of pepper, a pinch of celery salt, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of sage, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of allspice, two tablespoonfuls of onion juice and one-half cupful of bread or cracker crumbs. Mix thoroughly, then stir in one well beaten egg and mix again. Form into balls and roll each in flour. Sauté well on all sides and serve with brown gravy.

Beef Stew with Dumplings

The making of appetizing stews is almost a lost art, and consequently they have slipped into disrepute and ill-favor. But when properly made there is nothing more delicious on a cold blustery winter's day, and it is well worth one's time and trouble to prepare a savory brown stew with dumplings. Purchase meat surrounding the aitchbone and weighing about five pounds. Wipe the meat, cut out the bone and then cut the meat in one-half inch cubes. Sprinkle each with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Melt dripping in a hot frying pan, add the meat and stir constantly, quickly searing the surfaces. When the meat is all well browned, turn it into a kettle, rinse the frying pan with boiling water and pour this over the meat. Add some of the fat trimmings, and the bone sawed in pieces, to the meat; cover it with boiling water, quickly bring to the boiling point and then cook at a simmering temperature until the meat is tender, about three hours. Add onions, chopped carrots and turnips an hour before it is time to remove the stew from the fire. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Half

Reducing the Meat Bill, 20
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an hour before removing from the fire, add potatoes. When the meat is cooked remove the bones and large pieces of fat and skim off as much fat as possible. Mix four tablespoonfuls of flour with enough cold water to make a thin paste, and add it to thicken the stew.

To make the dumplings, mix and sift two cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Work in two teaspoonfuls of butter and gradually add three-quarters of a cup of milk, or just enough to make a biscuit dough. Roll out on a floured board to one-half inch in thickness. Cut in any desired shape and place closely together in a greased steamer. Place the steamer over a kettle of boiling water, cover tightly and steam from twelve to fifteen minutes. Pour the stew into a deep platter and arrange the dumplings around the edge.



Sausage Timbales

Cook one cupful of egg noodles in boiling salted water for ten minutes. Then drain and season with butter, salt and pepper. Line greased custard cups or timbale molds with the cooked noodles and fill in the centres with small pieces of cooked sausages. Pour into the molds as much of the following mixture as each will take up: Mix one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cornstarch with one-third of a cupful of milk until quite smooth. Then add the beaten yolks of two eggs and stir well. Scald one cupful of milk, stir it into the cornstarch and egg yolks, and cook for five minutes. Season with one teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne and two tablespoonfuls of chili sauce. Cool slightly and fold this mixture into the beaten whites of two eggs. Place the timbale molds in a pan of boiling water and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Turn out and serve immediately with tomato or Spanish sauce.

Beef Tongue Virginia Style

Scrub the tongue thoroughly and then cook slowly until it is tender. Remove the skin and trim the root end. Reserve one cupful of water in which the tongue was cooked, and to it add one cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of cooked cranberries, one tablespoonful of whole cloves, the juice of half a lemon and three tablespoonfuls of butter. Mix thoroughly, add the tongue and cook slowly for twenty minutes. Remove the tongue, thicken the sauce slightly, and then pour it over the tongue. Garnish with hard cooked eggs and sprigs of parsley.

Tripe Roll

Thoroughly wash two pounds of tripe in three waters, adding to the last water one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda. Then place the tripe in one piece in a kettle, and cover it with boiling water, unsalted. Cook until it is tender, which will be approximately one hour. In the meantime boil and mash four large potatoes. To them add one small onion very finely chopped, one pimento finely chopped, one teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of pepper, a pinch of paprika and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Stir in one and one-half cupfuls of bread crumbs and beat the mixture until light. Place the tripe on a board and spread it with the above mixture. Roll tightly and tie it with a string. Roll in flour and place on a trivet in a roasting pan. Cover the top with thin strips of bacon, and bake for one hour in a fairly quick, but not a hot oven. Serve with a savory sauce

Ham Pie

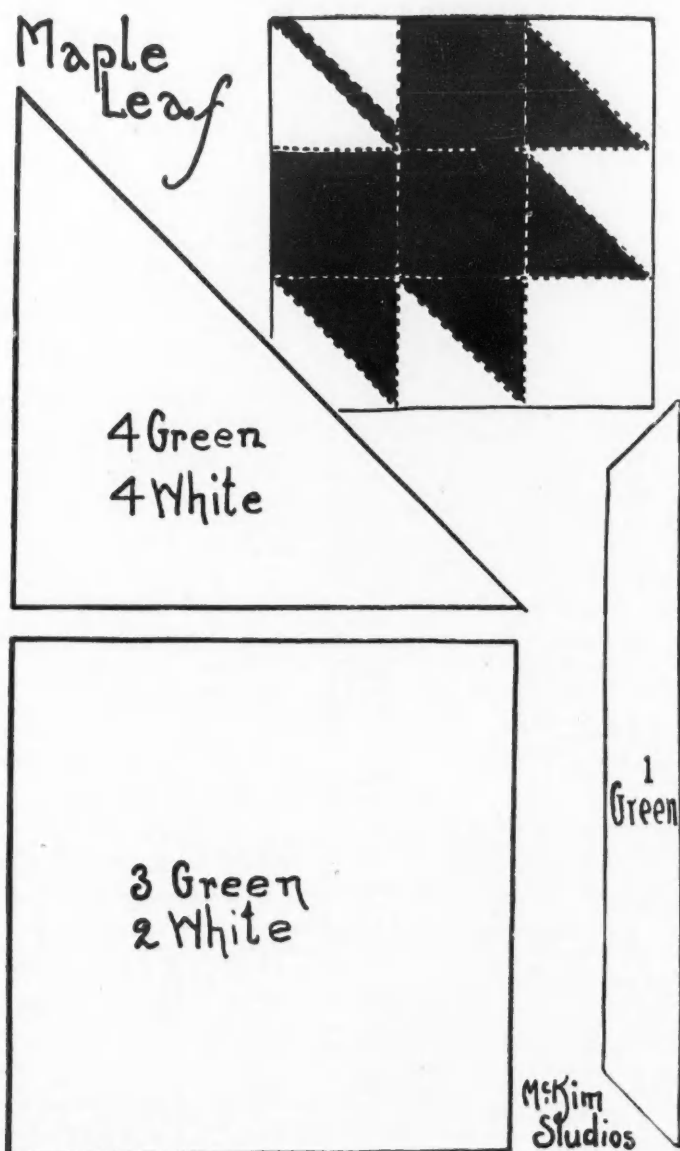
Pare, boil and then mash six or eight medium-sized potatoes. Season with butter, salt and pepper, and beat well until quite light. Butter a bake dish and put into it about one inch of the mashed potatoes. Cover the potatoes with a layer of chopped cooked ham, so that the ham is about half an inch deep. Sprinkle a tiny bit of dry mustard over the top of the cooked ham, and then repeat these layers until the dish is filled, covering the top with mashed potatoes. Dot generously with bits of butter and bake in a moderate oven until golden brown.

Brains à la King

Cover brains with cold water and soak for one hour. Then cook in boiling, salted, acidulated water for twenty minutes. Plunge immediately into cold water. When cold, drain and skin them and separate into small [Continued on page 46]

The Chatelaine's Patchwork

One of a series of traditional quilt patterns in actual size



The Maple Leaf



A charming treatment of Canada's national emblem from squares and triangles placed symmetrically together

The Maple Leaf is one of the best examples possible of a charmingly naturalistic pattern from squares and triangles simply placed together. Of course the applique stem does help too.

While green is suggested and usually used, there is no reason why gay leaves of yellow, orange, red and brown tones would not make a wonderful quilt. Maple leaves always set together with alternate plain blocks, checker-board fashion so that the

stems all point in one direction diagonally across the quilt in a sort of formal blown effect.

Patterns here given are to transfer to cardboard; they do not allow for seams, so cut about a quarter of an inch larger and sew back to your pencil line. Stem does not have to be turned in at ends if it is appliqued on to its small square first, before the block is pieced. This makes a nine inch square block.



Your Skin will Respond at once to this Simple Treatment

Use these Harriet Hubbard Ayer Creams overnight and you will awake refreshed and lovely

The Harriet Hubbard Ayer night treatment is extremely easy and extremely pleasant; it takes very little time, yet it does wonders for your skin. Each one of the three creams used in it performs one definite function, and is so perfectly adapted to that function that the results are almost immediate. After performing the treatment only once, your skin will feel soft, rested, yet glowing with life. After a week you will see quite a new face when you look in the glass; a skin that looks utterly clean, utterly fresh, and fine-grained as the petal of a flower.

Every night before you go to bed, cleanse your face and neck thoroughly with *Luxuria*. *Luxuria* not only removes all the buried grains of dust and grime that soap cannot reach, but enriches the natural oil which lubricates the skin and makes it satin-soft. After removing the *Luxuria* and its collection of impurities, smooth in the rich transparent *Skin and Tissue Builder* which tones the muscles and feeds the tissues below the surface. *Skin and Tissue Builder* makes your contours firm and clear-cut and also helps the new skin underneath to form as smoothly and transparently as a child's. After massaging for some minutes, according to the instructions enclosed with each jar, remove the *Skin and Tissue Builder* and spread a light film of *Beautifying Face Cream* all over your face and neck. This delicious cream not only whitens the skin, but makes it fine and close-grained. When you wake in the morning, your face will be clear and smooth and fresh, without a trace of greasiness.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations are obtainable throughout Canada

Write for the fascinating little book—"All for Beauty." In it is a complete list of all Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations and instructions for their proper use. A copy will gladly be sent to you. Address Harriet Hubbard Ayer, 323 East 54th Street, New York.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

NEW YORK INCORPORATED LONDON PARIS

Announcing— THE CHATELAIN INSTITUTE

IN ADDITION to the many new services made available through The Chatelaine to the women of Canada, the publishers make preliminary announcement of their plan for the establishment of a still greater service to the home—The Chatelaine Institute.

Enlarging its present policy of testing every recipe presented, The Chatelaine will establish under its own roof a fully equipped demonstration and experimental kitchen and household research bureau.

Under the direction of one of the best qualified dietitians and cookery experts in Canada, The Chatelaine Institute will present to readers of The Chatelaine the practical results of its investigations. It will test recipes under all possible varying conditions. It will create new dishes, work out menus based on certified standards of nutrition and use its resources in the solving of the hundreds of problems that daily confront the home-maker.

The Chatelaine Institute will test kitchen equipment and, through its seal of approval, safeguard the purchaser against extravagant and unjustifiable claims. By the same seal it will protect the manufacturer by recommending what is good and declining to recommend what has failed in test. The Chatelaine Institute Seal will make our advertising pages a buyer's guide to guaranteed products.

Full details concerning this new service will be announced as soon as the necessary arrangements have been concluded.

God's Roses

Continued from page 8

advance with two companies to—man, why don't you move? Jack Dair's baby—my baby, I tell you—is goin' t' die if you don't get out there quick!"

WHY—why didn't he return? The haggard dawn had come at last to reveal windowpanes. Naomi's ears were keyed to aching, listening for the grind of runners and the clink of harness outside the door. A hundred times she had gone to the window from which she had scraped away the rime though she could see not a dozen paces down the trail. Daybreak had brought a slight relief to the little sufferer but now again it was night—black night. The children at last were in bed asleep. How could they sleep! The very air seemed tight, brittle. No wonder the baby could not breathe!

SECURITY! . . . How long the mocking word had rung in Naomi's ears, burned in her weary brain! Ever since that night—could it be only two weeks ago—time was all a blur—when they had brought Jack home to her unconscious in the bottom of a sleigh. Through the nights of watching and the days of toil the southing wind had taunted the word "Security!" Security of a life among her kind where a doctor would have been at hand and Jack would never have needed to make that dreadful journey. Security . . . And she had chosen—had chosen this!

Her fears had now abated for Patsy Jo; she was nearly well, though Doctor Burton had scarcely left her for a moment that first night and it had been a week before he pronounced her out of danger. But Jack—on him their efforts had but small effect. The gash on his head was healing but his gaunt frame burned with a wasting fever. For hours he would lie in a deep stupor, rousing suddenly to wild delirium. Only Naomi could calm him. Sometimes he hurt her brutally, sometimes he clung to her with the terror of a child. And to Naomi, looking into those eyes that stared back, it seemed she had never before dipped but finger-deep in agony—or love. Never had she known the hundredth part of how she could suffer with him, of how she needed him—Jack with his patient strength, his unspoken gentleness. She couldn't let him go—she couldn't! Oh, where was that strength she had prayed for, the strength of soul born of this great clean land, that strength she had drunk like wine till her heart hurt and her body tingled on many a flaming dawn? She must give that to him now to hold him, to win him back! Sometimes she felt him slipping—no, not from her but both of them together—as toward a precipice. Sometimes, in those little moments when God seemed so near, she thought they struggled back.

Surely it was all a nightmare! She'd wake soon and hurry out in the splendid dawn to find the cattle. No, pitiful God, it was real, real! See him there now in the sickly lamp-light—pinched, white, muttering thickly, groping for her with unseeing hands . . . Jack, oh Jack! forgive me. Come back; come back to me . . . Jack!

He was calm now; sleeping. A chance to prepare things for the morrow. In a minute she'd go. Or to rest just for a moment . . . just one little . . .

Her head dropped. She was exhausted, numb.

Fingers were caressing her cheek, twining themselves in her hair. A voice from far away was saying "Naomi, dear." That was a dream. Yes, an old sweet dream returned to taunt her, to prove there were even yet unplumbed depths of pain. Naomi shuddered but opened her eyes.

Sunlight was streaming in at the window, the first beams of a vast bejewelled dawn. She raised her head quickly from Jack's bed on which it had been resting. She looked straight into his eyes. They held her, drew her toward him. They were clear, with

points of light far in their depths. They smiled.

AGAIN and again Naomi told herself during the weeks that followed that she could ask no more of life, no richer joy than came to her in the deep throb of Jack's heart against her own. Content was she to revel in his love, to rejoice at the sight of little Patsy Jo at play, to thrill at the warm kisses of each one of her children. What did it count how hard she must work for them? She was happy—unbelievably so.

Came at last the chinook wind, the first returning crow, the north-bound geese. Vast skies of velvet blue. Cottony clouds. Never before such meaning in a bluebird's song! And yet must beauty ever bring forth pain? With each thrill at the reawakened wonder of the land came a pang that they must leave it all.

So now, to say good-by to her dark pines, to the dryads that breathed in the white birches Naomi was abroad in the morning day. For Jack had said last night that he must go now, that he was strong enough and could wait no longer to begin his search for work. A steady job this time; one far away. They had stood beside the lake in the misty moonlight as he said it, the pulsing spring night bending like a wondrous woman above them, so close they could hear her heart beat, feel the brush of her hair.

"I must go before this gets the better of me," was the sober way that he had spoken. And Naomi had tried to say that she was ready, that happiness was not a product of their surroundings but of the core and fibre of their hearts.

Her feet now, unguided, took her to the clearing. The wheat field was grey beneath the weathered stubble of last year's barren yield. Cloaked in dead dreams, Naomi thought; and yet, what was that sharp black line across it? A furrow! Naomi stared.

She crossed swiftly to it and stood wondering. In her nostrils was the raw moist smell of fecund earth. There was the soft thud of horses feet, the creak of harness, the heavy breathing of an approaching team. A voice said, "Whoa, Larry."

Naomi wheeled and started toward the plow.

"Jack! Why are you . . . I thought today you were going to hunt a job!"

"Got one, haven't I?"

There was a smile in his eyes as he came toward her. Her own eyes glistened for she saw a poise to his head, a set to his jaw she had not seen for years. He put his big hands on her shoulders.

"Show me a bigger job than licking this homestead. We've only scratched it. Now we'll make it pay. It don't frost every crop, and when frost does come we'll have cattle of our own to fatten on the sheaves. Yesterday at the store I learned that the railroad is building up the valley. I thought then only of a chance to sell. Now I'm thinking of what it will mean in a closer market, a doctor near, a school."

"But something happened to me last night," he continued after a moment. "I felt the beauty of our valley, the strength of it so—through feeling you. Then that time I went for the doctor all came clear to me. I remembered how I was licked and down—and then just got up and kept a-going on! Like it used to be, when all the gun-fire couldn't stop us. Somehow I'd forgotten how to do just that. But last night I couldn't sleep—I couldn't wait to get to work, to get to fighting again!"

Was it in a dream she heard it? Jack—it was truly the old Jack who was saying that! Suddenly Naomi sobbed and clutched him, in her heart fiercely glad for all her pain if only for the greater power it had given her to feel now.

He was stooping for something in the stubble. Something he plucked and pressed against her lips. Deeply she drank its perfume, its ineffable sweetness. It was the opening bud of the summer's first wild rose.



Needless Pain!

Some folks take pain for granted.

They let a cold "run its course."

They wait for a headache to "wear off."

If suffering from neuralgia or neuritis, they rely on feeling better in the morning.

Meantime they suffer unnecessary pain. Unnecessary, because there is always an antidote. Aspirin offers immediate relief from various aches and pains we once had to endure. Rely on these tablets to relieve almost any pain, but remember that only a doctor can cope with the *cause*.

You may take Aspirin as often as there is any need. Never hurts the heart. At druggists, with proven directions.

ASPIRIN

TRADE MARK REG.



Are Wilderness Women Happy? Yes!

Continued from page 6



Pebeco's Tang Has a Meaning!

If you buy a tooth paste simply to taste pleasantly, and polish your teeth, you deceive only yourself. You are getting cheated. Pebeco tooth paste offers triple value. It cleans. It whitens. It checks "acid-mouth," forerunner of tooth decay. Pebeco is not a candy; it is a scientific dentifrice. Use it persistently at least a week. Then you'll note the difference and like its sharp tang.

Distributed in Canada by
LEHN & FINK (Canada)
Limited



and a famous New York explorer-journalist. Rank or position were levelled in her company and she was worshipped all up and down the line.

That girl was happy. When ordered back to her native city for a rest, she was perfectly miserable. She tried hard, but couldn't stick it. She's back north again.

Many of the frontier hardships have disappeared. A ten days canoe trip is whittled down to a couple of hours by plane. A woman may travel as far and as easily as a man. Then there's the question of food. Instead of a continued diet of bacon and beans, planes now deliver fresh meat, fruit, vegetables, and even milk.

THERE are certain things a woman is sure to miss on the frontier. The chance of gracing occasional big functions, wearing gorgeous gowns, attending the theatre, and—well, that's about all. Then, when it comes to a showdown, the artificialness of the big function gets on her nerves, and even gorgeous gowns may be worn only on occasion. Shows she may miss, but in many cases to her own advantage.

So far as dress is concerned, the northern woman has a wide choice. She may wear anything from a bathing suit to overalls or snappy sports costume. Outing is the general garb, but in case of a party or dance there is never a shortage of well-dressed women. Their escorts may of necessity be regaled in breeks and hobnailed boots, but the girls themselves show that they have lost none of their cunning in clothes.

Many of them could be instantly switched from the corn-mealed floor of a log school-house to the sleek hardwood of a hotel Rose Room without casting any reflection on the up-to-dateness of northern women.

Men are taking their wives everywhere in the north. Dozens of bride and groom teams have gone in by plane alone. There are some who cannot afford to go by plane, but new railroads are making transportation easy and in winter the frozen lakes and rivers are being made use of as natural roads for motors as well as dog teams.

It is not necessary to be out of touch with the rest of the world. The radio brings the latest in news, music, plays, and beauty hints. Great numbers of northern homes, even those far from a railroad, boast of pianos. Hundreds of miles from a railroad you will hear the latest jazz and opera numbers on radio or portable phonograph. Cabins are comfortably furnished, the latest books and magazines delivered by plane, and regular mail the same way.

If escape for a spell becomes imperative a woman can hop in a plane—family, too, if she has any—and run into town. Of course, there are some women who are tied right down, who couldn't find time to go out to civilization if they could afford the price. The north is not to blame for that. Every city, town and district on the globe can show many more women no better off. And that's that.

The north has a tough name, but actually you will find less real hardship there than in any so-called civilized city. In the north such things as family starvation or common privation are not allowed to exist, once they are discovered. There is a kinder feeling on the edge of things that does not allow people to suffer. That feeling exists, too, in the city, but on a much smaller scale.

Look around you. Stop feeling sorry for the wilderness woman. In nine cases out of ten she lives in more comfort and greater contentment than the majority of her city sisters.

Are Wilderness Women Happy? No!

Continued from page 6

were caught in a bad storm, upset and lost the rifles and grub-box. They were three days from a camp and had only two cans of beans and five raw onions.

The girl of the party lugged big loads to save time on the portages. She did what cooking there was to do—men are so wasteful. She doled out the grub—men are so hungry. She helped to find clams, and located a partridge nest with four young. Her husband was disappointed that she hadn't managed to nab the mother one. No grub is no fun, but the men admit they didn't hear a cheep out of that girl the trip.

Did she enjoy it all? Was she as happy as she appeared? The boys think so, but I helped the poor kid bathe. She was black and blue from head to foot!

Things like that are all you have to do to earn the admiration of these dozens of men. They have no use for any kind of a quitter. The nurse up the Bay line was beloved by the boys, and why not?

Why shouldn't they like her—she's a peach! But does she ever long for a night's decent sleep, or a chance to unload to other girls? She does. I met her. She unloaded. We both did.

Even a timid girl will swallow a horrible fear rather than let a man think her a weak sister. I knew a bride of a month, straight from Montreal, who watched her husband soar away for a two weeks' separation because she was terrified of a plane.

The thought of being left behind when he made numerous trips by air made her very unhappy, but the thought that he would think her a piker was much worse. Each day we watched planes coming and going with the safety of ordinary ships. The day before her husband's return, a flight was suggested. I hinted at how surprised and

pleased her husband would be if he found she had been up. The womanly desire to please her mate overruled her fear. We flew two hundred miles that day, and after a brief period of nervousness she was crazy about it. Her husband doesn't fly half enough to suit her now.

While on the subject of flying, there's the pilot's wife with the baby. Although northern passenger flying is unbelievably safe, there are times when the lot of a pilot's wife is no easy one. Many ordinary things may delay a pilot, a change in his passenger's plans, or sometimes weather. With no means of communication all the wife of an overdue pilot may do is wait—a woman's appointed but hardest task.

She waits, running outside a thousand times a day to scan the sky; starting up with a glad gasp at the sound of a motor, and sagging back when it develops into the staccato rattle of a kicker; wandering the lake shore, the rocky paths, the settlement streets, anywhere to escape the stifling oppression that is inescapable; standing on the docks shivering in nervous excitement as she waits for an approaching plane that may bring her man, or may bring only news . . .

Men mean well, but they don't see these things. In their presence frontier women must be brave. A woman may be pining away, or heartbroken, but mustn't show it.

I have seen women, who before had owned beautiful things, sobbing out their gratefulness at being given a ragged blanket or a cast-off sweater.

The wilderness is great! There are genuine people, glorious accomplishments, and happy days. But when it comes to the lack of hardship there, or the happiness of northern women, don't let any mere man kid you. Ask a woman.

How to Obtain Vogue Patterns

Vogue Patterns may now be obtained in all of the leading Canadian cities. They may be purchased in the shops listed below, where one may secure expert fashion advice about personal clothes problems, and see the colored sketches of all the new models.

How to Order by Mail. Vogue patterns may be ordered by mail from any of the distributors listed below, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

In Ordering, state the full pattern number of the pattern you select. When ordering skirts give both the waist and hip measure; when ordering misses' or children's designs state age.

How to Send Money. No provision is made for charge accounts or C. O. D. delivery. When ordering, please enclose cheque, money order or stamps. Remittances should be made out to the store or office from which you order.

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Modern Mothers prefer-



EXTERNAL TREATMENT

for COLDS

In most families, it seems that the children are forever catching cold. These colds must not be neglected, of course; they too often "pave the way" for serious ailments—bronchitis, ear-trouble, or even the dread mastoiditis. And yet, they must not be "dosed" too much, either. For constant "dosing" is so apt to disturb children's delicate digestions.

Used Freely on Young Children

That's why modern mothers prefer the vaporizing ointment, Vicks VapoRub, for the colds of all the family. As Vicks is applied externally, it cannot possibly disturb the digestion, and may be used freely and often even on the younger children. You just rub it on the throat and chest at bedtime, and it attacks the cold two ways at once:

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(2) At the same time, it acts through the skin like a plaster, "drawing out" the tightness and soreness, and thus helping the inhaled vapors to break up the congestion.

For Adults' Colds, Too

It is an obstinate cold indeed that can resist this double direct treatment. It has been found best for adults' cold troubles, as well as children's, in millions of homes, for over twenty years.

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LAMPS IN HANDY PLACES

—lamps that add to the convenience of the home as well as to its beauty—that's the modern idea. Laco Mazda Lamps meet every requirement of economy, durability and efficiency.



ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM



"Let's build a snowman

RIGHT IN THE YARD"

GRAND SPORT—but, such painfully chapped hands afterwards! Cover them gently with soothing Hinds Cream and the sting leaves instantly. The chapping soon heals. Better still, rub a little Hinds Cream on the youngsters' hands—and on your own, too—before going out into the cold. Hinds Cream not only relieves chapping—it prevents it! It keeps hands (and ankles, too, in these days of sheer stockings) smooth and lovely, free from any trace of roughness or redness. You'll find Hinds Cream at the nearest drug counter—or we'll gladly mail you a generous sample bottle.



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Honey & Almond
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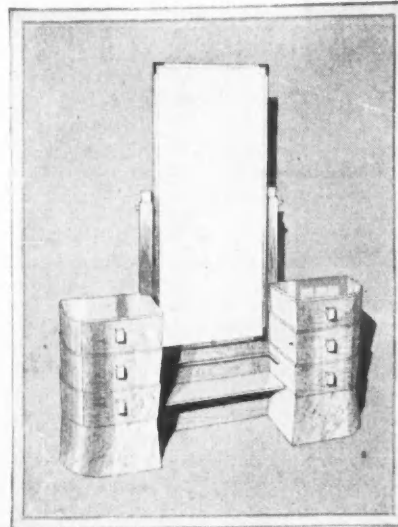
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A graceful dressing table designed in modern manner by Reni Cera Made in Canada.

Adapting the Futuristic to the Present

Continued from page 21

personal use by a country cabinetmaker on a historic highway in Quebec.

So, if you have caught the spirit of the modern movement, and if you want these simple, practical ideas applied to your own home, you may have them easily enough.

ONE of the sketches illustrates a very good example of a modern dressing table designed by Reni Cera and made in Canada. Something along this line is quite within the scope of a clever and interested cabinetmaker. If you do not want to have expensive woods such as were used in the original, you may have it made up in wood which is to be painted. Indeed, it would be quite practical to have the mirror hung upon the wall instead of having it swung upon the pedestal as in the original, which would simplify the making of it still further.

As for a dresser, there is a charming one, a segment of a circle against the wall into which it is built. In the original this was painted in silver.

House designers of today are gradually breaking away from old restrictions as new building materials relieve them of the necessity for sticking to traditional forms. There was a time when the window was limited by the need for wall strength. Modern forms of construction take the stress off the wall and permit of new and very interesting window forms. They may be as long and unobstructed as the wall surface within demands, so that the wise home-maker can make use of a beautiful outdoor view as part of her interior decoration.

Innumerable cupboards and shelves and recesses are all part of the dream of the modern house designer and decorator. You may now have a little shrinelike recess for a very favorite bit of statuary or pottery, where it can be seen at its loveliest, casting shadows that form part of the decorative scheme of the room.

But all these little accessories to a room are merely a matter of planning, and any number of them can be introduced in your plans for the new house or the renovation of the old. This is a form of art and decoration not reserved for the professionals. It is a conception of comfort and beauty in which one and all may share. If you have a pet idea of your own, you need no longer hesitate to suggest it to the builder, after you have asked yourself three questions: is it simple? Is it useful? Is it beautiful?

The governing principle of modern art

reduces itself to this: ease and comfort within the home. This world of ours whirls on faster and faster every day. The very pattern of our life becomes more and more vivid and violent. We travel at a speed which our grandmothers would have considered at once impossible and immoral. Not even the nerves and muscles of our eyes have yet caught up with the rhythm of our new existence and they weary at the swift panorama of the streets through which we travel. So when the day's work is done there must be in the home, quiet, simplicity, and peace for ragged nervous systems.

"Why," asks Reni Cera, bewilderment in his dark eyes, "are people afraid to approve these modern ideas of comfort and beauty? The very ones who scorn the modern in decoration use motor cars and radios. If they insist upon a drawing-room in the mode of Louis the Fifteenth, why do they not go to work in sedan chairs? Why do they not play upon a clavichord?" As an example of the absurdity of clinging to old traditions in the home, Monsieur Cera points out the case of the molding. Once, these were beautifully made by hand, and whenever a door opened to admit a candle-bearer, the molding threw up lovely, lacey shadows against the wall. We buy our moldings from a factory and we have a brilliant searching light that laughs the old candle tradition to scorn. With great volume of light we need correspondingly greater lines of light and shade. Today, the shadows must be provided by the very contours of the room itself.

SO, TOO, with lighting fixtures. All our old designs were based on the principle of the flame. There is no longer any flame, and consequently no danger or any need for shades and screens against chance draughts. But only the modern designer has had the initiative to adapt the wonders of electric lighting to modern uses by the principle of flood lighting against walls and ceiling.

So after all, the modern artist is not an ogre. The honest advocate of the modern art is a very simple, very earnest person, with an idea so immense and so simple that he is obsessed with the desire to get it across to the maker and keeper of the home. He has begun as a voice crying in the wilderness of tradition, but irresistibly we will be drawn into the influence of these simple lines and into the joy that comes from the union of beauty and utility.

Your Part in World Peace

Continued from page 3

he is, a savage. But if the same man says with a catch in his throat, 'My country first; my country right or wrong; he is still known as a patriot.'

We must change that. We must elevate

our national morals to put the good of all before the good of any one nation, in order that finally the higher good for each shall be reached.

Dangerous Women

Continued from page 11

afternoon if I could by chance suit myself." Hilary pointedly did not enquire what that was, and Miss Pogge went off whistling rather defiantly under her breath.

It seemed to him that from then onward he was haunted by Miss Pogge. She was forever coming into the library to verify something, or to look up an address, to ask, ostensibly on his mother's behalf, for advice. Never had he known his mother with such a thirst for advice. Constance was still there, supposed to be assisting Miss Pogge until the end of the month. But Miss Pogge never went to her. Once, testily, Hilary said, "Why don't you ask Miss Chilworth? She could tell you all these things."

"She doesn't like me," said Miss Pogge in a little frightened tone.

"Whatever makes you think that?"

"I don't know. I expect she's jealous. Your mother putting me in her place. That's what a girl on her own has to fight against—all the other girls, who are jealous."

Miss Pogge departed with an air of suffering untold humiliations in brave silence. Hilary looked after her, wondering just what was at the back of her mind, just why she was posing as anybody's secretary, when she so obviously had no heart in any work of any kind. As for accusing Constance of being unkind to her from motives of jealousy—he laughed shortly.

The funny part was that Lady Hall-Charrington did not appear to see through her new secretary's wiles. Even after three weeks of her incompetence, she was still vocal in her praise of Miss Pogge. She now treated the girl entirely as one of the family, and discussed private matters freely before her, to Hilary's extreme annoyance.

"I don't think it was at all necessary to let her hear all about Willie and his unfortunate marriage, mother. These things should be kept in the family."

"You are both most unreasonable about the girl. She has a breadth of character and understanding rarely found in a young girl. I like to discuss things before her. I like to have her opinion."

The subject in point had been Willie, young Willie Chance, Lady Hall-Charrington's graceless nephew, who dallied unceasingly by the matrimonial wayside, but not all the entreaties of his mother and other relations could make him take the plunge. Willie was a blonde youth, lacking in vitamins through unskilful feeding when young. So Angela took him in hand. Angela was a girl of character. She sent the announcement of their engagement to *The Times* before Willie asked her, and Willie, so fixed, thought it easier to marry the girl than get out of it.

"Although it may seem humorous to us, we do not want people outside the family to share the joke," said Hilary. "And, in any case, her views on the subject were unenlightened."

Miss Pogge had laughed her little silken laugh, and said, "I'm sure I think it was very nice of him. He could have written in and contradicted the story after all. It was rather saucy of the girl, I think. And as for thinking of her feelings, I have never come across men with such noble ideals, I must say. All the men I have ever met have thought of themselves all the time and never bothered what anybody else might be feeling; so that it's rather wonderful to hear about someone with real chivalry."

The thought of Willie coupled with chivalry spoilt Hilary's breakfast and increased the irritation with which he spoke to his mother afterward.

"I only hope you don't discuss me and my matrimonial prospects with her," he finished up.

Lady Hall-Charrington said nothing whatever, because she did. Only the previous evening she and Miss Pogge had had a long cosy talk on the terrace.

"If only dear Hilary would settle down and get a nice little wife. It is my one

dream, but he won't. Modern young men are so restless and I cannot get him to be interested in Herr Snurriga's philosophy, which, as you well know, brings spiritual repose as nothing else can."

"Yes, indeed," murmured Miss Pogge. "Indeed, yes."

In the morning room, after his irate conversation with his mother, Hilary was saying good-by to Constance, who was going that day.

"I don't know how I am going to endure this house without you."

"Hilary, I think I am doing the right thing, dear."

"I know that, bless your heart. But how wrong you are . . . I may come and see you, Con?"

"It will only make it harder. Mother will begin asking questions and hoping hopes. Let's leave each other quite alone, at any rate for a while, Hilary."

"I'll make a bargain with you. I won't come near you for one month. If at the end of that time I still want to, just the same—can we talk then? May I come then?"

She said he might. Only not before.

"Unless it's something very, very urgent," he amended.

"It couldn't be anything urgent, darling. You must be good. I know so well what it would mean, if you married me. You'll find someone else."

"Who knows? I may even fall for Pogge," he laughed.

After Constance had gone, life seemed unbearable. He became morose and dull, and so gloomy that even his mother felt worried about him.

"You ought to go out more, Hilary. It isn't good for any man of your age to do nothing but work. Why don't you see some theatres? Dance again?"

He would have danced if Constance would come with him, but he had to keep away from her for a month.

"I can't dance alone," he said. "I'll go to the theatre with you tonight if you'll come."

"I can't. Positively impossible. I'm due at one of Herr Snurriga's lectures at nine and would not miss it for worlds. Ah, Hilary, if only you could take an interest in him and his teaching, life would open out so marvellously for you. But listen, why not take Miss Pogge?"

"To the theatre?"

"Why not? Such a pretty girl. And she's had so little fun out of life. She'd simply love it. It would be such an event for the girl. I think you might consider it. She's a girl any man might be proud to take out, too. So pretty."

Hilary laughed suddenly. It would help to pass this month as well as anything else, to study the wiles of Miss Pogge. He often longed to know just what was in her mind. "All right," he said. "Tell her to be ready at half-past seven."

"Do you all the good in the world, dear boy," his mother said, delighted.

Miss Pogge was an inoffensive partner for the evening, as long as she kept her mouth shut; but he found her conversation, as ever, distinctly trying. No matter what topic he started, she always took it by the hand and led it around to herself. It seemed to him that they talked of nothing the whole evening but Miss Pogge's "mewds" and her various gentlemen friends. But he was also aware that she was subtly paying him compliments. Saying little quiet sugared things from time to time that pleased his vanity. She wore a pink tulle frock trimmed with diamante trimming, and was easily the prettiest girl in the theatre that night. She leaned her arms on the rail of the box, and asked him about all the people he knew in the stalls.

"Who is that lady with white hair?"

"That's my aunt, Lady Farnborough."

"And the young man next her, who smiled at you just now?"

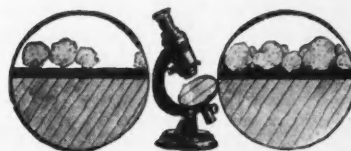
"That's Lord Algernon Crewe."

She repeated the name, slowly. "I've heard about him."

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In addition to the Trade Commissioners' Offices throughout the world, the Department of Trade and Commerce maintains at Ottawa a highly specialized Commercial Intelligence Service. The sole duty of this organization is to assist exporters. If you have an export problem, first write the Commercial Intelligence Service. Up-to-date information will be provided and your business will be facilitated in every way possible.

Comparative Figures 1928 and 1929

A perfunctory glance at the export figures of Canada during the past year gives the impression of a general downward trend. Analysis shows, however, that the reverse is true.

Due to conditions which no one can control, the export of raw material, mainly grain and grain products, shows a decrease of \$70,700,000.

But, on the other hand, exports of goods, manufactured or partly manufactured, show an increase of \$46,500,000, which is at the rate of 9.4%.

The trend of the year's activity in export trade is clearly in the direction of increased exports of manufactured or partly manufactured goods, while the export of raw materials has declined considerably.

Exports for First Ten Months of 1929 Compared with First Ten Months of 1928

	1928	1929	+increase -decrease
Goods, fully or partly manufactured (except flour).....	\$470,582,601	\$514,985,409	9.4% +
Other commodities.....	209,767,048	224,789,418	7% +
Wheat.....	304,170,889	200,310,311	51% -
Other grains.....	34,944,278	18,842,430	85% -
Wheat flour.....	51,444,533	45,707,655	12% -

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Belgium.....	Jean I. Guay, Brussels	Mexico.....	C. Noel Wilde, Mexico City
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Some Unusual Recipes

THERE are many occasions when something that is just a little different from the daily fare makes a welcome change in the family menu. Most wives and mothers know that at times appetites require tempting, and are hard put to it to find some dish that is simple and inviting.

Fish, for example, if fried in the Italian fashion loses its dullness. Filleted haddock or any white fish lends itself to this form of cooking, and the batter is simplicity itself.

Italian Batter

Add a pinch of salt to half a cupful of flour, and stir in a dessertspoonful of salad oil. Work this into a batter by adding four tablespoonfuls of warm water, stirring at first until it is quite smooth, and then beating until very light. Put in the refrigerator until wanted and just before using add the stiffly beaten white of an egg. This quantity will cover fish sufficient for four people, and a similar batter may be used for fruit fritters.

In soups there is a very delicious one that is native to Rome and is prepared as follows.

Roman Soup

Have ready three pints of good brown stock, a small saucerful of finely grated stale bread crumbs and a similar quantity of grated cheese. Any scraps of strong dry cheese may be used for this but Parmesan is the best of all. Mix the cheese and crumbs in a basin with a raw egg, heat the stock and a few minutes before serving stir in the bread crumbs and cheese. Let it boil up well, stirring all the time, and serve very hot.

Danish Soup

To every pint of white broth or stock add a good teaspoonful of fine sago and simmer till cooked. Beat up an egg for each pint with a little of the cold stock, and just before serving add a small cupful of the hot stock soup to the beaten eggs, stirring well. Remove the boiling soup from the stove, stand the saucepan on the table, and as quickly as possible pour into it the egg mixture, stirring steadily to prevent curdling. Serve at once.

French Potato and Leek Soup

Cut three or four leeks into pieces an inch long, slice five or six potatoes, and put both leeks and potatoes into a stewpan with a good lump of dripping or butter. Let them simmer gently keeping the pan covered to prevent them from browning. When soft add two or three pints of cold water and cook until the vegetables are quite tender. Then add about a pint of milk and boil up before serving. If the soup seems too thin, mix a dessertspoonful of cornstarch with a little cold milk and stir it in. Just before sending to the table drop in a few morsels of butter to improve the flavor.

Any vegetables such as peas, beans, artichokes or parsnips can be used to make soup of this kind, the main point to remember being to simmer them with the lid on in order to keep the soup white. It is a matter of choice whether the soup is strained before serving or not.

Cauliflower Pie

A cauliflower pie makes a change on meatless days. To make this boil the cauliflower in the usual way, cut it into four pieces and lay it in a deep pie dish. Pour over it a thick white sauce to which grated cheese or, if preferred, chopped hard boiled eggs have been added, and cover with a light pastry. Bake until brown and serve hot.

Potato Pie

Remains of meat or chicken may be tastily served in the following manner:

Mash about one and a half pounds of cold boiled potatoes, and beat them up with an egg and a tablespoonful of butter or fat. Well grease a plain round baking dish, and line it with the mashed potato, leaving a hole in the centre—this is best done by standing a tumbler in the cavity and piling the potato

round it. Brush over the potato with egg and milk and bake about forty minutes. When brown remove the tumbler and fill up the hole with finely minced and flavored meat which has been heated up with half a cupful of thick brown sauce. Serve in the dish in which the potato is cooked.

Chocolate Junket

Many children do not like the ordinary junket, but this can be made to assume quite a new appearance if it is made with chocolate. To do this dissolve two tablespoonfuls of chocolate in a little milk, and bring to blood heat in a saucepan with a pint of milk. Pour the mixture into a dish, and stir in a teaspoonful of good rennet, and sugar to taste. Serve plain or with whipped cream. Coffee junket may be made in the same manner but the quantity of milk must be reduced if a strong flavor is desired.

Lemon Sago

Those who do not like ordinary sago prepared with milk will find it quite palatable if the sago is cooked until it jellifies with some white sugar and the juice of a lemon. When served—it is best cold—it should not be quite set, and can be eaten plain or with custard or whipped cream.

Treacle George

Treacle George is a west of England pudding which appeals to those who like something fairly solid. It can be made with golden syrup. Grease a deep round cake tin, and lay on the bottom a round of biscuit dough, or a light pastry rolled very thin. Spread this with syrup keeping it well away from the edge, and sprinkle with finely grated bread crumbs and lemon juice. Lay over it another round of pastry and repeat the process until the tin is three parts full. The last round is left plain. Bake in a fairly hot oven, and serve hot or cold with cream.

Cornish Heavy Cake

Cornish Heavy Cake is also a dainty of the more substantial type. To make it sift a cupful of flour with a pinch of salt, and rub in a tablespoonful of butter and one of lard, add a dash of cinnamon, nutmeg and mixed spice, half cupful of raisins and the same quantity of currants, and a little thinly shredded peel. Mix all these ingredients thoroughly, and moisten to a stiff dough with an egg beaten up in milk. Turn the dough on a board, and roll into a flat round cake not more than two inches thick. Bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour.

Cornish Teacake

A Cornish teacake that is much appreciated in winter is made by blending one cupful of self-raising flour with a dessertspoonful of brown sugar and a pinch of salt. Rub or cut into it about two tablespoonfuls of good beef dripping. If this is very hard it may be slightly warmed but not melted. Add a little warm milk to work it into a stiff dough, turn out on to a board, and shape into a round cake rather more than an inch thick. Bake on a greased tin for about five minutes until it is just set. Then remove from the oven, and brush over with a little milk in which a teaspoonful of white sugar has been dissolved. Return to the oven and finish baking which should take about ten minutes. Cut the cake into triangles and serve hot with dabs of butter on the top, or split and butter.

Devonshire Potato Cakes

Devonshire potato cakes are very good for winter teas, and are not much trouble to make. Boil and mash a pound of potatoes and rub them through a sieve. Beat in two tablespoonfuls of butter or shortening, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and the same of flour. Put in a handful of currants or seedless raisins, and work into a dough. Turn out on to a floured board and roll about an inch thick, cut into rounds and bake in a fairly hot oven. Split and butter while hot.

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Miss Fogge took a long interested look at Lord Crewe, but the lights went out and the play continued. She did hope Constance was somewhere in the theatre to see her. She moved her rounded arm a little way, so that it touched Hilary's elbow.

All the way back in the car she snuggled against him. He thought suddenly, "She's only a child." She had the ways of a child, and the mind of a child. From this he felt that one ought to be sorry for her, rather than annoyed with her. He told himself in the past he had probably been rather hard on Miss Pogge. She wasn't designing. She was utterly futile, and worthy of protection in her futility.

So that the following morning, when his mother said, "I'm so pleased that you have promised to take Miss Pogge to the Wattenborough's dance, darling," although he was rather taken aback he said nothing. He was sure he had never promised to take her. She had asked him if he was going, and he had told her he might be. The rest of the conversation he could not remember. But if he had given the poor little thing the idea he was going to take her, she might as well come along. It did not matter to him one way or the other.

The Wattenboroughs lived between London and Hertford, and the drive out, under a moonlight sky, made him wish his companion had been Constance instead of Miss Pogge. She was very quiet, snuggled up against him in the car. He looked down at her and smiled, and Miss Pogge half put up her face and made a little grimace at him. He thought, lazily, "She half expects me to kiss her." He felt largely tolerant toward her, as a man may feel toward a pet dog. Amazing that his mother should have taken such a fancy to a little thing like that.

The Wattenboroughs' dance was a ghastly affair. So ghastly that half way through he was yawning with boredom. He had found Miss Fogge a dozen immature partners, and danced with her himself twice. When midnight struck he felt she must be ready to come home.

He found her in the picture gallery, alone, her partner having just left her. She looked very pretty in her rose net frock, and very friendly and inviting. Before he knew what he was about he had kissed her heartily. It was the sort of dance at which a man is driven to kissing almost any girl within reach.

Miss Pogge threw herself into his arms. "Oh, you do care? I knew you did. I've felt it. In some mews I was sure you did, and in other mews I felt life had no hope for me, and I meant nothing to you."

Hilary hated himself for his sudden impulse, although the girl had been asking for it all the evening.

"Steady," he said. "The kiss was brotherly, you know."

"But I love you. I have loved you all the time. Right from the very first day. Only I hardly dared hope... But now I know it's the same with you. And I don't think your mother will mind—she being so fond of me..."

He looked at her with horror, appalled at this avalanche which the impulse of a moment had brought upon him.

"My dear Miss Fogge, you don't know what you are saying. You have been trying to get me to kiss you all the evening, now haven't you? Well, I've done it, and that's all there is to it. I meant nothing whatever beyond that."

"Oh, you aren't the sort of man to kiss a girl and mean nothing. Don't tell me. You are a man of ideals. You do care, I know you do. And I can make you care more... because I love you."

He thought it was a sticky business, and the best they could do would be to get out of it and go home. He would talk to his mother in the morning and explain the situation. It was her fault for throwing them together again and again. He patted her on

the shoulder, sorry for her and hating himself.

"Get your cloak and we'll go home. Come, stop crying."

Side by side they drove through the night, Miss Fogge snuggling against him and sobbing gently from time to time.

"You do love me. Say you do?" she whispered once to him. There was a sinister bumping and a drag on the wheel. He got out, cursing. Not one, but three of his tires were flat. It was half an hour past midnight and he had only one spare wheel.

The flowerlike face of Miss Pogge peered out of the window.

"Oh, dear. I suppose we shall have to go to a hotel for the night. Isn't that sickening? But there is one just down the road. I remember it on the way up."

IT TOOK them some time to convince the sleepy boots at the George they were not a married couple. Hilary deposited Miss Pogge in the empty dining room to wait until he arranged accommodation. When he came back she was seated at the writing table.

"It's all right. I've got you a room. I'm going to ring up a garage now. The car will be ready first thing in the morning. Sleep well."

The telephone stood on the writing table. As Hilary sat telephoning to the garage he noticed the clean blotting paper was scarred with recent writing, and idly picking out the letters as he waited for the garage to reply, he came upon his own name. When his call was finished he picked up the blotter, whistling between his teeth softly, and carried it to the looking-glass.

There he read in Miss Pogge's flowing hand: "Marriage... arranged... place shortly... Ruby Eileen Pogge... and... Hall-Charrington, Bart... Swaffington Hall... and... uggan Gardens..."

So that was her game. She was trying to work the same trick on him that had been worked on Willie. The whole discussion came into his mind again. He called the boots. Had he posted a letter recently? Yes, he posted one for the lady while she was waiting in the dining room.

Whistling softly between his teeth, he waited until they roused the landlady. She appeared in red moulted flannel and curlers, and was much touched by his delicacy. Of course she would see to the young lady.

Hilary walked out into the night, whistling softly between his teeth. When Miss Fogge awoke, they brought her a note with her early tea.

"Did not like to run the slightest risk of getting you talked about, so am walking toward London, hoping for a lift or an early train. Will send someone down to fetch you back tomorrow. I also want to tell you that my engagement to Constance Chilworth will be in tomorrow's Times."

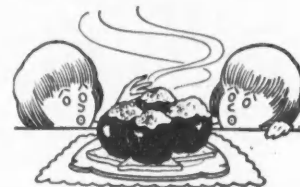
He felt the worst sort of cad when at eight o'clock in the morning, still in evening dress, he arrived at Constance's boarding-house. Constance came down, a little surprised, in her dressing-gown in answer to his urgent message.

"No, I know the month is not up, darling, but this is something very urgent. I came to tell you our engagement will be in tomorrow's Times. I rang the office up at four o'clock this morning to tell them. You've got to marry me, Constance. I want some home life. Besides, no man can afford to go around unprotected nowadays."

She asked, "Has Pogge...?"

"She has..." In her hands a weak man would not have a chance. She has been really extremely trying. Like a fool I kissed her at the dance. Whereupon she construed it into a proposal of marriage and sent an announcement to *The Times*, thinking, I suppose, that I could not get out of it. And when I took the car along to the garage I found the tires had been punctured with a hatpin. That girl deserves a bit of luck; she's so thorough. But I don't want her to

Continued on page 56



Sausage apples—
better with

MAPLEINE

You can tell this is good from reading how it is made!

Core 6 apples, score skin around center. Mix 1/2 teaspoon Mapleine in 1 cup water; moisten 1 cup sausage meat with part of liquid. Season to taste. Stuff sausage meat into centre of apples, place in baking dish; pour remaining Mapleine-water in bottom of dish. Bake in moderate oven, basting until apples are tender. Serve each apple on slice of buttered toast, pouring liquid over.

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Dennison-craft

Vegetable Soup

- 1/4 Cupful of diced carrot
- 1/4 Cupful of diced turnip
- 1/4 Cupful of diced celery
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of onion
- 1 Cupful of diced potatoes
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 4 Cupfuls of boiling water
- 1/2 Tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley
- 1/2 Tablespoonful of salt
- 1/8 Teaspoonful of pepper

Cook the vegetables, except the potato, in the butter until light brown. Add the potato, cook two minutes more, add the water and simmer for one hour. Add the seasonings and parsley. Keep the liquid up to one quart.

SOUP garnishings will add to the deliciousness of your soups and are quickly prepared.

Egg Balls

- Yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs
- 1 Teaspoonful of melted butter
- 1/8 Teaspoonful of salt
- Cayenne

Press the yolks through a strainer; add the butter and seasonings. Add enough raw egg yolk to make a paste. Shape into small balls, roll in flour and sauté in hot fat.

Egg Custard

- 2 Egg yolks
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of milk
- 1/8 Teaspoonful of salt

Beat the egg, add the salt and milk. Put in a small buttered cup and steam until firm. When cold, cut in fancy shapes to serve in clear soup.

Royal Custard

- 3 Egg Yolks
- 1 Egg
- 1/2 Cupful of clear soup
- 1/8 Teaspoonful of salt
- Cayenne

Beat the eggs, add the stock and seasonings. Cook as for egg custard and cut in fancy shapes.

Entertaining on St. Valentine's Day

Continued from page 24

duck brought on the table with one of Cupid's arrows through its breast and served with crisp temptation—fried apples; red jelly; winged cake—angel cake; and heart-shaped mints—a complete Valentine meal!

Another appropriate menu would be:

- Hearts for Sale
- Consommé Valentine
- Boiled Salmon
- Roast Pork and Apple Sauce
- Creamed Potatoes, Baked Stuffed Onions
- Dinner Rolls
- Heartbeet Salad
- Heart-shaped Cake
- Ice Cream
- Nuts
- Heart Mints

Here you have hearts for sale, oysters laid on their heart-shaped shell; jellied consommé with beet or carrot cut in hearts for decoration; red again in the boiled salmon; apple sauce with roast pork; salad with beet in heart shapes; and hearts again in cakes and mints.

NOW the worry of what to eat is over, you can go on to the most enjoyable part of the preparations—making the table pretty.

Carry the red and white scheme throughout, of course. There is no other quite as attractive or appropriate. Round the hem of a snowy white cloth paste a border of cut-out hearts of crêpe paper. Just three dabs will hold the hearts to the cloth, and you can buy a harmless white paste for a few cents a bottle that will not hurt your linen. At each corner paste a big red heart—at intervals if your table is round—and if your table is large you can have a ring or square of smaller red hearts round the centre where stands Cupid.

A celluloid baby doll, preferably one with saucy eyes, can be Cupid. He is not a modest young man, so he needs no clothes. All he wants is a bow and a quiver full of arrows, and perhaps he would be grateful for a pair of wings. You could make his quiver from an empty five cent tube of pastilles. Arrows can be cut from a postcard, and the bow could be a flexible knitting needle and a piece of cord.

For the buffet table a runner of white and red paper decorated with red and white hearts could take the place of a table cloth. Red candles would make a centrepiece if there were no flowers, or could be used as well as flowers. "Signs" to indicate the contents of the sandwiches can be cardboard hearts labelled "Cheese and Pimento" or "Tomato and Lettuce," and stuck on tooth picks.

INSTEAD of the usual place cards on the table there is a score of novel ways of pairing your guests at a Valentine party. Print hearts on cardboard or stiff paper, one for each guest, with the names of famous lovers or partners, like Samson and Delilah, Romeo and Juliet, Adam and Eve, Jack and Jill, Anthony and Cleopatra, Harlequin and Columbine. Put the men's names in one hat and the girls' in another, and before going in to supper ask each guest to take a name out of the hat and find the partner.

The same could be done with duplicate pictures of birds cut from cigarette pictures and magazines. This would be in keeping with the old myth that birds mate on St. Valentine's Day.

Perhaps you have decided who shall sit next to each other. Combine, then, your individual serving cups for salted nuts with the place cards. Use No. 48 serving cups—they are fifteen cents a dozen—and red crêpe paper—fourteen cents a roll. Cut a strip of paper sixteen inches long by two inches deep; fold into about two inches and fringe one edge by cutting about one-half inch down all along the edge. Stick the uncut edge round the bottom of the cup; turn some of the fringe into the cup and some to hang outside. Print your guests' names on heart-shaped pieces of card; paste a toothpick to each by sticking a gummed strip of paper over the pick, and stick the other end of the pick to the inside of the serving cup.

Supper over—still no wrinkle on the hostess's brow! Mixing gay young people and their more sober elders, and desiring to entertain both at the same time is the next problem. A little give and take from both sides, however, can be induced by the hostess who has already prepared a full programme.

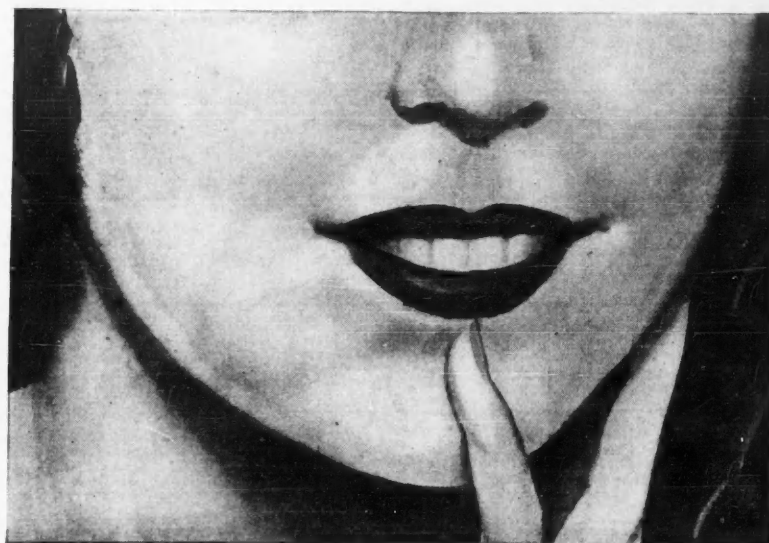
Perhaps the young folk could be sedate enough to play bridge for part of the evening if their elders would be sporty and join in the more frivolous games afterward.

Supposing you sent out the invitation requesting your friends to "Come with your uke and your big music book," play the old love songs like "Passing By," "Who is Sylvia?" and "The Moon hath Raised Her Lamp Above," as well as the modern ones.

Alphabetical Hearts is a game to play around a table. On each of twenty-six cardboard hearts print a letter of the alphabet, from A to Z. Place face downward on a table, and as the hostess turns one up, the first person to shout out a name beginning with that letter is given the heart. The girls must shout out a boy's name and the boys a girl's name. A little reward could be given to the one who at the end of the game had won the most hearts.

Gather up all the pencils you can find for your next game—Rhyming Hearts. Give a

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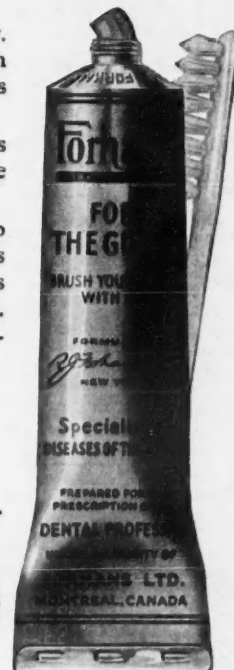
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"My Housekeeping Money seemed to Melt... but now... this clever economy actually improves the meat dishes I serve!"

"Well, I've been wondering how you manage—you seem to be able to afford little helps and luxuries that are beyond me."

"Not a bit; but I spend it differently. At first, I was so anxious to have nice meals and plenty of variety for Tom, that I bought too much expensive food. My money seemed to melt! When I had paid the butcher's bill each week, and for the fancy fish and fowl to give variety, I had very little left."

"Then I read an article on using the less expensive meat cuts; I learned that careful cooking, along with clever seasoning, would produce the most tempting meat dishes at small cost."

"I knew just how to do the flavouring—Lea & Perrins was an old friend; in fact, it was partly the serving of this wonderful sauce with our

expensive steaks and chops and prime roasts that had made us enjoy them so much. I knew that Lea & Perrins would give me that "clever seasoning" alright."

"So I started right in to build up a group of recipes for delicious ragoûts, stews, meat pies, boiled dinners (how men love them!) and no end of ways of using left-over meats and vegetables in dishes 'as good as new.' I cut my bills down marvellously. My budget now fits all my housekeeping needs quite comfortably—and I serve a reasonable number of expensive meats with a free conscience and the same old Lea & Perrins to make them taste good!"

"Thanks, my dear. I see just what I must do. I'll get Lea & Perrins on my way home—and start right in correcting my menus tomorrow. I know the table you set is fine enough for anyone—even my Billy!"



Beef Loaf with Hidden Eggs

1 pound minced beef
1 1/2 cups soft breadcrumbs
1/2 onion, chopped fine
1/3 teaspoon salt
Pepper
2 teaspoons Lea and Perrins
3 Hard-cooked eggs

Combine the chopped beef, crumbs and seasonings, sprinkling in the Lea & Perrins; or for a loaf that will slice smoothly, hot or cold, moisten the mixture with a slightly beaten egg to which the Lea & Perrins has been added; if meat is not very juicy, a little milk, stock or water may be used. Put half the mixture into a loaf pan, and press the shelled hard-cooked eggs, end to end, into its surface. Fill up with remaining meat, and bake in a moderate oven, 3/4 to 1 hour. Meat may be moulded with the hands into a loaf, if preferred, and cooked in the roasting pan; baste frequently with plenty of dripping to give a nut-brown surface.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

Dangerous Women

Continued from page 54

get it through me, darling. And now, seeing how desperate the situation is, you can't leave me alone any longer."

THEY had breakfast together in the shabby little sitting room at the boarding-house, providing it with a thrill that has never been experienced in South Kensington before or since.

It was nearly noon when he got back to Cadogan Gardens. Midday, and himself in evening clothes still, unshaven and horrid to look upon.

Lady Hall-Charrington came into the hall to meet him, flushed and accusing.

"Hilary, what have you done to Miss Pogge. She has come home in a state of collapse and insists on leaving at once. The best secretary I have ever had..." She cried a little. "I thought you could be trusted to look after a young girl. She has returned quite broken down."

He examined his beard in the hall glass. "So have I, mother. Look at your boy."

"I think it is despicable of you to joke. You have trifled with this girl's affections, evidently, and then treated her very badly. I never thought a son of mine..."

Upstairs on her bed Miss Pogge lay, lost in a flood of tears.

"No, Lady Hall-Charrington. I can never tell you. But it is what I have always known. No man is honorable, and there are no men left with any ideals. They are just sharks, after unprotected girls. No, Lady Hall-Charrington, I will not tell you. Ever... I have my own idea of what is honorable and right..."

"Did he make love to you?"

Miss Pogge only sobbed.

"Did he kiss you?"

"He did. It might have all come right if it had not been for Miss Chilworth. She hated me from the beginning, and has been working against me all the time. She's going to marry him. That's what she's been working for."

Downstairs Lady Hall-Charrington said,

"I must say, Hilary, that you have behaved disgracefully. The child has such a high sense of honor, she will tell me nothing. She won't give you away. But she has confessed that you kissed her. And now you are going to marry Constance... If you had to marry some girl without money, I would much have preferred Miss Pogge as a daughter-in-law. That's all I can tell you. But now you have thoroughly upset her, and she will go, and the hunt will begin all over again, and I shall never find a girl I like so well. Why have you behaved like this?"

"Like Miss Pogge, darling, I prefer to say nothing. Battered as it is by force of circumstances, I have my own sense of honor."

He dried her eyes gently on his own handkerchief. He felt suddenly soft-hearted toward his mother. He had never realized how much she had aged. He was desperately sorry for having upset her plans and worried her.

At the same time, he was immensely relieved to know that Miss Pogge was seeking another situation.

(Another story of Miss Pogge's adventures will appear next month.)



Soups from the Stock Pot

Continued from page 23

Or if preferred, brown the cheese on the toast under the flame and place one in each dish of soup served in the usual way.

Turkish Soup

5 Cupfuls of brown stock
1 1/2 Cupfuls of strained tomato
2 Tablespoonfuls of onion
6 Pepper berries
1/2 Bay leaf
2 Tablespoonfuls of rice
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
1 Tablespoonful of flour
1 Teaspoonful of salt.

Cook the tomato with the onion and seasonings for twenty minutes. Cook the rice in the stock until soft and combine with the first mixture. Rub through a sieve. Melt the butter, blend in the flour, and add the strained mixture. Cook until smooth.

Pepper Pot

4 Slices of bacon
1/4 Cupful of diced onion
1/4 Cupful of diced celery
1/4 Cupful of diced green pepper
1 Cupful of potato cubes
1/2 Teaspoonful of black pepper
4 Cupfuls of brown stock
3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
1 1/2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
1/2 Cupful of cream.

Dice the bacon and cook until crisp. Add the vegetables except the potatoes and cook five minutes. Add the flour and when blended add the stock, potatoes, and seasonings. Simmer until the vegetables are tender; add the cream and serve.

Minestrone

4 Tablespoonfuls chopped carrots
4 Tablespoonfuls chopped onion
2 Tablespoonfuls of bacon fat
4 Tablespoonfuls of chopped cabbage
1 Cupful of strained tomato
4 Tablespoonfuls of dried peas
4 Tablespoonfuls of cooked macaroni
4 Cupfuls of brown stock
5 Tablespoonfuls of grated cheese

Cook the onions and carrots in the fat until slightly brown. Add to the stock and tomatoes, and add the cabbage and the peas which have been soaked over night and measured after soaking. Simmer until the peas are tender; add the macaroni and sprinkle each dish with the grated cheese.

Here is a soup which, while not made with meat stock, is sometimes used to take the place of a meat soup in an emergency.

Entertaining on St. Valentine's Day

Continued from page 57

pencil and a piece of paper to each guest. Ask everyone to write for the first line something ending with heart, such as "John loves Joan with all his heart." After writing the first line each folds over the paper a little to hide what has been written and passes the paper to the left neighbor, who adds something to rhyme with heart, such as, "But Joan sat on a red currant tart." Fold over the paper again after the second line, and keep up the game until everyone seems to have exhausted their stock of rhyming words. Ask each guest in turn to read aloud what is on the paper he or she holds when the game stops.

A similar game can be played without pencil and paper. One person in the ring starts by asking his right neighbor, "Where's your heart?" The reply may be, "My heart is in the garbage can." Then the one who asked the question must reply in rhyme and says something like this, "I thought you kept it in a pan." The second person in the ring then turns to his right neighbor and asks, "Where's your heart?" and so on.

Take your guests back to childhood days for Soapy Hearts. Each must try in turn to blow soap bubbles from a clay pipe and a bowl of suds through a heart frame cut out of cardboard. Wrap the frame with red crepe paper cut on the bias, and suspend it in the middle of the room by a ribbon or cord from the ceiling. While a poor girl is trying hard to put a bubble through the heart and so be worthy of a husband within a year, all the other guests who are armed with paper fans or folded newspapers waft the bubble away from the heart. You will need forgiving neighbors when you play this game, for it is guaranteed to be noisy.

As an antidote to the noisy game, take all the hearts out of two packs of cards, or if you have four packs all the better. Call this game Concentrated Hearts. Lay the cards face downward on the table in no form or order, but not overlapping each other. Each person turns up a card and lays it on its back just where he found it. Suppose it is a Jack! Leaving it there the player turns up another card which he thinks is another Jack. If it is he picks up the two cards, scores one point and has another try. If the second card turned up is not a Jack, then he must turn both cards face downward again and the next person takes his turn. This is where the concentration comes in: the player with a good memory for the places and numbers of cards after a few players have failed to score, of course, soon gains a few points.

When you have played all these games it will be nearly going-home time for your guests. To round-off a happy evening in the true Valentine way have a distribution of Valentines. If you intend to do this on February 14, a little note should accompany your invitation requesting each guest to bring a Valentine—the girls to bring something suitable for a man, and the men some little gift for a girl. As your guests arrive they place their mysterious packages in a basket in the hall. The girls should label their gifts, "To My Gallant," and the men, "To My Lady Love." Persuade someone to don a long white beard, a black cloak or academic gown and scull cap, and be the old martyr of the third century—St. Valentine. Ask him to hold up each gift in turn and say, "Here's a Valentine for 'My Gallant.' What will you bid for this?" The highest bidder, in this case among the men, takes the package. He probably bids a ride home in his automobile, a box of candies, or as high as a visit to the "movies" to the girl whose hand addressed the label on his package.

While this is going on, hot chocolate and biscuits appear from the kitchen to make hearts, already spiritually aglow, physically warm, and to keep out the night's numbing cold. As for the hostess—"I can cancel my appointment with the beauty parlor tomorrow," she says. "The wrinkles I thought would have to be removed never came."

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Meals of the Month

Twenty-eight Menus for February

Compiled by Margaret E. Read, B.A., M.Sc.

BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
1 Cinnamon Prunes Cornmeal Porridge Grilled Kidneys on Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Baked Beans Hot Biscuits Honey Tea or Cocoa	Swedish Steak French Fried Potatoes Creamed Carrots Raisin Bread Pudding Coffee	15 Orange Juice Rolled Oats with Bran Liver and Bacon Toast Coffee Jam Tea Cocoa	Cream of Pea Soup Croutons Strawberry Preserve Tea or Cocoa	Brains à la King French Fried Potatoes Diced Turnips Carrot Pudding Coffee
2 Grapefruit Cream of Barley Cereal Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea Cocoa	Cinnamon Toast Sandwiches Small Cakes Tea or Cocoa	Stuffed Birds Boiled Potatoes Spinach Apple Pie Coffee	16 Baked Apples Cream of Wheat Jelly Omelet Toast Coffee Cocoa	Lettuce Salad Roquefort Dressing Cake Tea or Cocoa	Stuffed Shoulder of Veal Roast Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Strawberry Bavarian Cream Coffee
3 Bananas Rolled Oats Fried Mush with Syrup Tea Coffee Cocoa	Oyster Stew Crackers Baked Apples with Cream Tea or Cocoa	Spiced Meat Balls Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets Apricot Tapioca Coffee	17 Sliced Oranges Grape Nuts Pancakes Coffee Syrup Tea Cocoa	Salmon Loaf Canned Peaches Macaroons Tea or Cocoa	Veal Curry Waldorf Salad Ginger Pudding, Hard Sauce Coffee
4 Orange Juice Post a Bran Boiled Ham Toast Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Italian Spaghetti Canned Plums Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Beef Stew with Dumplings Jellied Tomato Salad Prune Whip Coffee	18 Prunes Cream of Barley Fried Ham Toast Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Corned Beef Creamed Cabbage Muffins Honey Tea or Cocoa	Filipino Roast Au Gratin Potatoes Buttered Beets Apple Betty Coffee
5 Stewed Figs Cream of Wheat Small Steak Toast Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Baked Sausages Canned Cherries Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Mock Duck Roast Potatoes Creamed Onions Cottage Pudding with Chocolate Sauce Coffee	19 Grapefruit Roman Meal Creamed Eggs on Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Welsh Rarebit Black Currant Preserve Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Hash Boiled Potatoes Creamed Carrots Mince Pie Coffee
6 Whole Oranges Puffed Rice Fried Liver Muffins Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Cheese Souffle Canned Blackberries Drop Cakes Tea or Cocoa	Sausage Timbales Buttered Cabbage Canned Peas Raisin Pie Coffee	20 Bananas Porridge Oats Small Steaks Tea Coffee Honey Cocoa	Corn Pudding Gingerbread Tea or Cocoa	Baked Sliced Ham Mashed Potatoes, Canned Peas Snow Pudding Custard Sauce Coffee
7 Baked Apples Quaker Oats Poached Eggs on Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Potato Salad Raspberry Tart Tea or Cocoa	Fried Halibut Steaks Creamed Potatoes Diced Turnips Steamed Fruit Pudding Coffee	21 Orange Juice Cornmeal Poached Eggs on Codfish Cakes Toast Tea Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Creamed Peas on Toast Apricot Preserves Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Fried Smelts Mashed Potatoes, Lima Beans Roly-Poly Pudding, Fruit Sauce Coffee
8 Sliced Oranges Roman Meal Lamb Chops Popovers Tea Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Creamed Fish on Toast Canned Blueberries Macaroons Tea or Cocoa	Beef Tongue, Virginia Style Boiled Potatoes Fried Sauer Kraut Caramel Custard Coffee	22 Stewed Figs Cream of Wheat Fried Sausages Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Lima Beach Chowder Baked Apples Tea or Cocoa	Baked Spare Ribs Potatoes on the Half Shell Creamed Parsnips Cornstarch Pudding with Grape Jelly Coffee
9 Fruit Cup Cornmeal Porridge Fried Sausage Coffee Ring Cocoa Tea	Oyster Patties Frozen Custard Small Cakes Tea or Cocoa	Baked Ham Au Gratin Potatoes Canned String Beans Peach Shortcake Coffee	23 Canned Sliced Pineapple Rolled Oats Bacon and Eggs Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Crackers and Cheese Muffins Jam Cake Tea or Cocoa	Braised Bee Roast Potatoes Creamed Canned Anananas Butterscotch Pie Coffee
10 Stewed Prunes Cream of Wheat and Bran Boiled Eggs Toast Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Parsley Omelet Canned Peas Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Cold Sliced Ham Baked Potatoes Creamed Parsnips Fig Pudding Coffee	24 Whole Oranges Rice Krispies Scrambled Eggs Toast Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Toasted Hamburgers Stewed Rhubarb Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Beefsteak and Kidney Pie French Fried Potatoes Glazed Onions Sago Cream Coffee
11 Whole Oranges Rolled Oats Chipped Beef on Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Bouillon Waffles Syrup Raw Fruit Tea or Cocoa	Tripe Roll Lyonnaise Potatoes Scalloped Corn Lemon Pie Coffee	25 Baked Apples Puffed Wheat Creamed Fish on Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Rice Croquettes Tomato Sauce Canned Plums Tea or Cocoa	Stuffed Heart Hashed Brown Potatoes Canned Corn Pineapple Mousse Coffee
12 Bananas Cream of Barley Cereal Boiled Bacon Muffins Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Spanish Rice Canned Pineapples Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Ham Pie Glazed Lima Beans Celery Chocolate Walnut Blanc Mange Coffee	26 Sliced Oranges Cream of Barley Fried Liver Muffins Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Fried Oysters and Bacon Canned Raspberries Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Spanish Short Ribs Scalloped Potatoes Mashed Turnips Apple Dumplings Coffee
13 Grapefruit Corn Flakes Scrambled Eggs Toast Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Club Sandwich Apple Sauce Drop Cakes Tea or Cocoa	Breaded Lamb Shoulder Chops Mashed Potatoes Spinach Fruit Gelatine with Whipped Cream Coffee	27 Prunes Muffins Boiled Ham Toast Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Corn Fritters Canned Strawberries Tea or Cocoa	Hungarian Goulash Lyonnaise Potatoes Spinach Coffee Macaroon Sponge Coffee
14 Stewed Figs Shredded Wheat Coffee Ring Cocoa Tea	Mushrooms on Toast Sliced Bananas and Oranges with Coconut Tea or Cocoa	Boiled Salmon Scalloped Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Buttermilk Pie Coffee	28 Grapefruit Roman Meal Omelet Jam Toast Coffee	Noodles and Cheese Muffins Grape Conserve Tea or Cocoa	Smoked Fillets of Haddock Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Fruit Salad Coffee

Recipes for Brains à la King and Rolled Tripe may be found in Margaret E. Read's article on page 20

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672
34 to 42



941

36 to 48



266

34 to 42



691

36 to 46

Frock No. 672

A double row of flared tiers at back and front bring grace to this distinctive frock. The tailored neckline is tied with a soft bow which is repeated at the cuffs. Sizes 34 to 42.

Price, 25 cents.

Frock No. 941

This type of frock has proved the most ideal for larger figures. The full length vestee, the pleats at the skirt front, and the tailored waistline, are interesting features of this style, which would be equally successful in a plain or printed fabric. Sizes 36 to 48.

Price, 25 cents.

Frock No. 266

The coat frock is still proving particularly attractive especially in such a smart version as this. The slenderizing lines of the neckline, the two groups of pleats at each side and the straight lined back are all interesting features. This frock would be very attractive in one of the new light weight wools. Sizes 34 to 42.

Price, 25 cents.

Frock No. 691

Equally effective in the light weight wools for street wear in crêpe satin for afternoon, or in cottons for house wear, this type of frock is always good looking, and is particularly adapted to the larger figure. The front line sweeps to a group of pleats set below the row of buttons. The frock may be made with either long or short sleeves. Sizes 36 to 46.

Price, 25 cents.

The CHATELAINÉ PATTERNS

*Made in Canada from
Paris and New York
Styles. Every pattern
guaranteed.*



34 to 42

34 to 42

Frock No. 390

The double tiers of this frock arranged in a diagonal line, tend to slenderize the figure, thus making this dress a particularly attractive one for the larger figure. The diagonal lines of the neck and the soft bow tied at one side, are attractive features.

Sizes 34 to 42.
Price, 25 cents.

Frock No. 395

An interesting use of the cascading jabot which follows the lines of the flared diagonal tiers in the skirt brings a distinctive grace to this style. The broad girdle and the slightly bloused effect at the back make it a becoming frock.

Sizes 34 to 42.
Price, 25 cents.



264

34 to 44

Frock No. 277

This frock is ideal for home wear. Its interesting use of two broad pleats in front with a narrow belt set at the natural waistline and its long scalloped collar make it very attractive indeed. It can be made with either short or long sleeves. Sizes 34 to 47.

Price, 25 cents.



277

34 to 42



494

34 to 42

Frock No. 264

The tailored notched collar with its soft tie, the straight slenderizing lines, and the natural set waistline are interesting notes in this frock, which is particularly attractive for the business girl. Sizes 34 to 42.

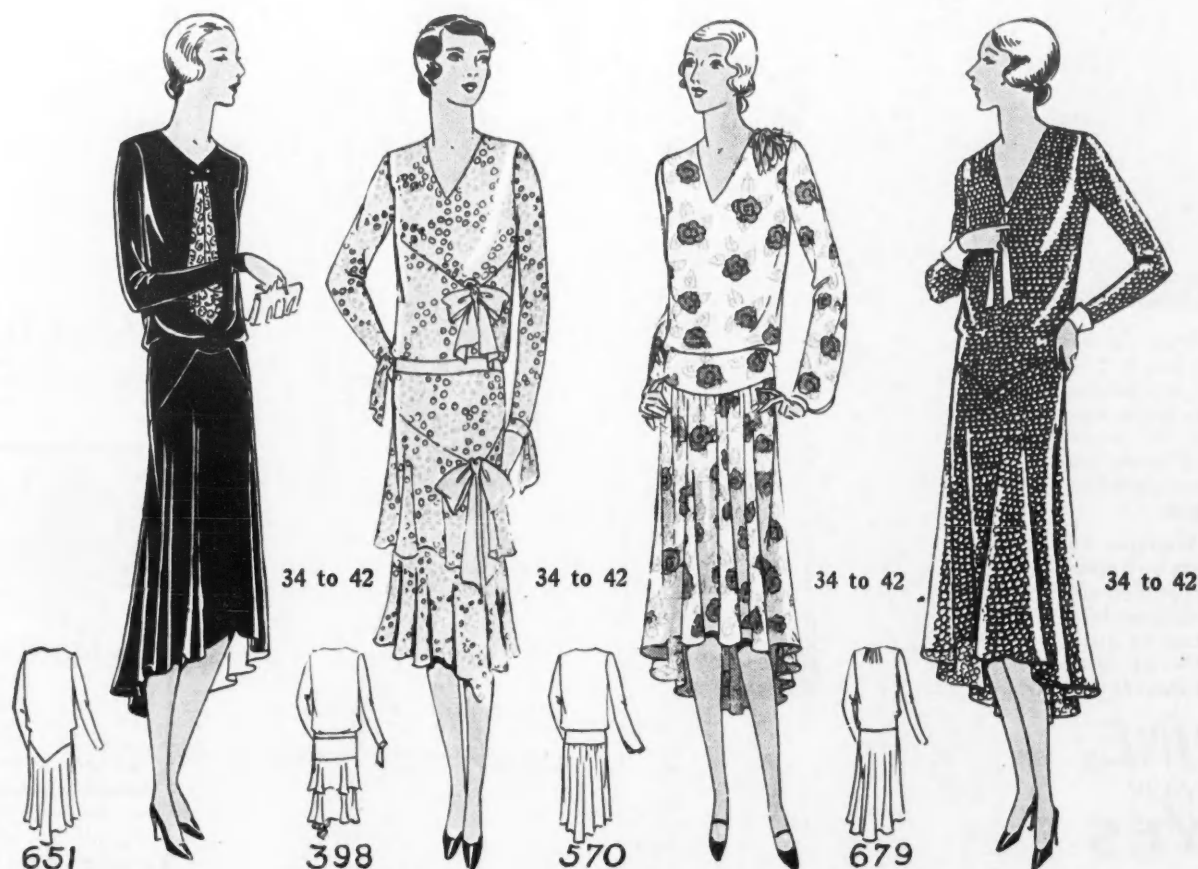
Price, 25 cents.

Frock No. 494

A smart development on the front skirt flares is this new style with its surplice closing, its diagonal front line and its narrow vestee. A very popular style for the larger as well as slim figures. Sizes 34 to 42.

Price, 25 cents.

THE CHATELAIN PATTERNS



Frock No. 651

This frock showing the new downward flare at the back has a becoming jabot in front and follows the new lines of the mode. Sizes 34 to 42.
Price, 25 cents.

Frock No. 398

The double tiers on the skirt and the use of soft bows makes this frock very distinctive. The waistline shows the new high setting. Sizes 34 to 42.
Price, 25 cents.

Frock No. 570

This useful and very becoming style has a high set waistline, interesting sleeves and the downward trend at the back of the skirt. Sizes 34 to 42.
Price, 25 cents.

Frock No. 679

A tailored model that is very charming to the youthful or mature figures is this new style with a high set curving waistline, the tailored neck and narrow cuffs. Sizes 34 to 42.
Price, 25 cents.



Frock No. 577 Child's Ensemble

One of the prettiest costumes for little girls is this coat and dress. The coat is straight lined and banded at cuffs and collar. The dress is sleeveless and shows the new use of soft bows at neckline and waistline. Sizes 6 to 14.
Price, 25 cents.

Child's Coat No. 664

To complete the season for small boys is this pretty and serviceable coat with double breasted front, soft roll collar and two pockets. Sizes 2 to 6.
Price, 25 cents.

THE CHATELAIN PATTERNS

Frock No. 393
The graceful lines of the skirt with its double flare and the soft cascade of the fabric falling from the shoulder makes a very youthful and attractive dress. The gathering at the natural waistline is an interesting feature. Sizes 34 to 42.
Price, 25 cents.



393



501



412



660

Frock No. 501
In this new model the narrow use of a flare below the swathed hipline, the graceful drapery of the skirt and the interesting neckline with its soft bow are new notes. This frock is particularly attractive for youthful figures. Sizes 34 to 42.
Price, 25 cents.



945

Frock No. 412
A very attractive frock that might be developed in a printed fabric has the new swathed hipline and an interesting collar that falls in two long scarves down the back. The flaring drapery of the skirt gives a graceful note. Sizes 34 to 42.
Price, 25 cents.

Frock No. 660
Particularly attractive is this good looking frock with its flaring over-skirt in front which is echoed by the graceful cape collar that falls from its becoming neckline. Sizes 34 to 42.
Price, 25 cents.

Girl's Frock No. 945
This is the type of frock which should be in every schoolgirl's wardrobe. It is made in a one-piece effect, with grouped pleats below each of its pockets. A narrow belt and soft collar. Sizes 6 to 14.
Price, 25 cents.

Child's Dress No. 312
This very pretty little dress in the English manner has short puffed sleeves, round collar, and a touch of smocking at the shoulders with matching bloomers. Sizes 2 to 6.
Price, 25 cents.



312

2 to 6

The Chatelaine Patterns



Child's Ensemble No. 658

Nothing could be nicer for the school girl than this two-piece ensemble with a long sleeve dress and straight lined coat with raglan sleeves. Sizes 6 to 14.

Price, 25 cents.

Girl's Frock No. 871

Every school girl would love this pretty frock in the popular one-piece style with narrow belt, threaded through the two buttoned panels and inverted pleats at the skirt front. Sizes 6 to 14.

Price, 25 cents.



Boy's Suit No. 606

The first years at school are happy in such a suit as this which might be made in wools for winter and light weight fabrics for summer. Sizes 2 to 6.

Price, 25 cents.

Girl's Dress No. 537

The frock with the short jacket is as popular with the daughter as with her mother. This ensemble is particularly attractive. The dress has a two-piece effect and long sleeves. Sizes 12 to 20.

Price, 25 cents.



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519

Small
Medium
Large

Costume Slip No. 387

A pretty costume slip with shaped top and side pleats in sizes for 16 years and 36 to 46.

Price, 25 cents.

House Apron No. 519

This very pretty apron is tied at each side with bows and has a yoke top. In small, medium and large sizes.

Price, 25 cents.

Girl's Frock No. 361

A very smart frock for the school girl with flared skirt and bow at the back would be very effective in wool crepe or crepe satin. Sizes 6 to 14.

Price, 25 cents.



361

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How To Treat.

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed and food sours, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestants are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from any druggist some Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful of powder or four tablets in water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and is the most efficient form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.

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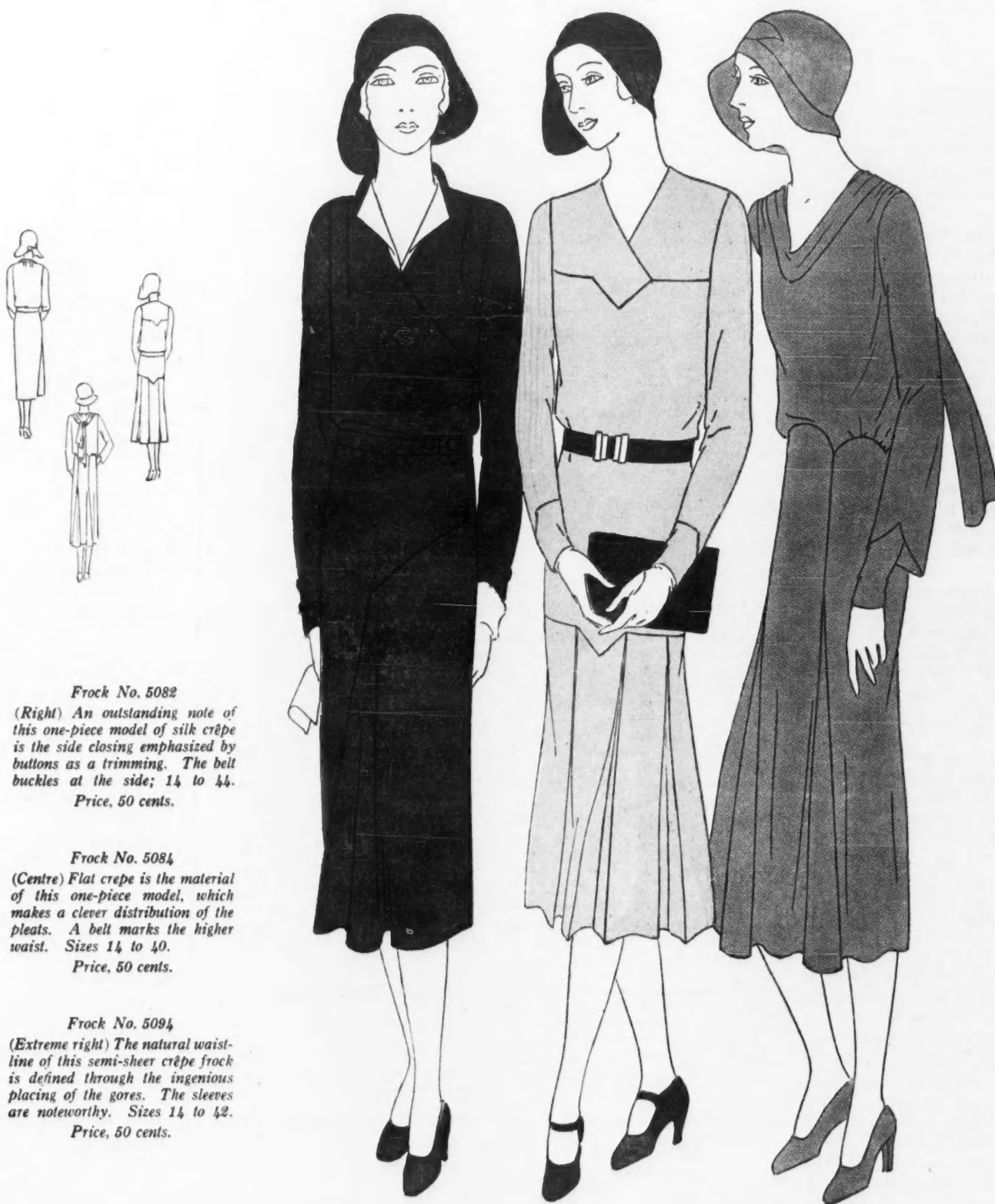
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FLARES, GODETS AND PLEATS CONFORM To Modern Lines (Vogue Patterns)



Frock No. 5082

(Right) An outstanding note of this one-piece model of silk crêpe is the side closing emphasized by buttons as a trimming. The belt buckles at the side; 14 to 44.

Price, 50 cents.

Frock No. 5084

(Centre) Flat crepe is the material of this one-piece model, which makes a clever distribution of the pleats. A belt marks the higher waist. Sizes 14 to 40.

Price, 50 cents.

Frock No. 5094

(Extreme right) The natural waist-line of this semi-sheer crêpe frock is defined through the ingenious placing of the gores. The sleeves are noteworthy. Sizes 14 to 42.

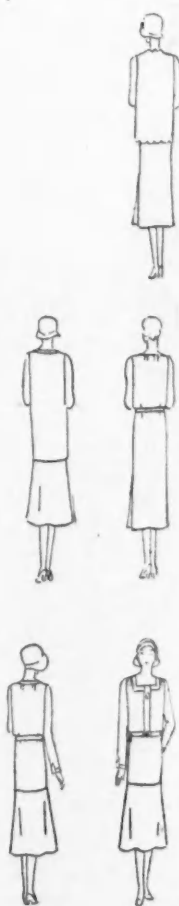
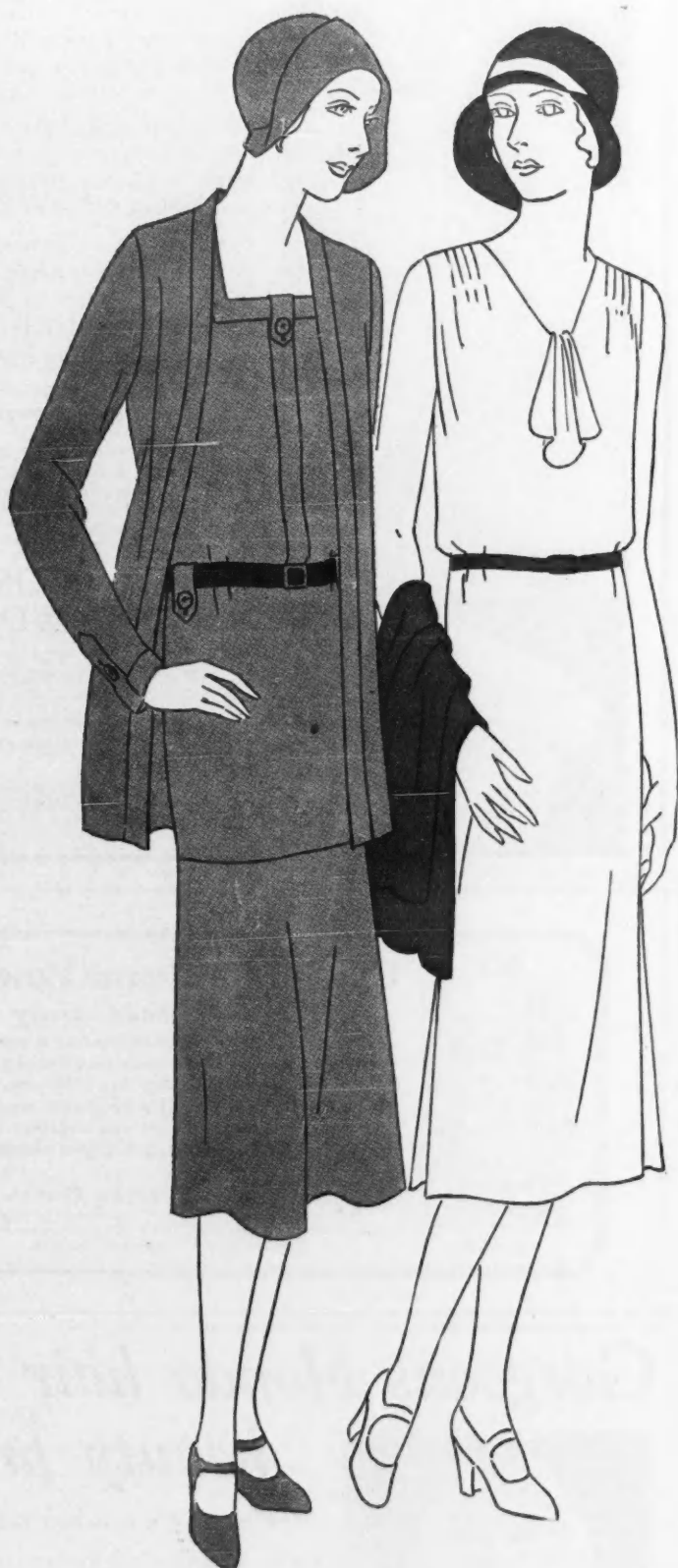
Price, 50 cents.

NEW SILKS FOR SMART DAY WEAR

THE ENSEMBLE RETAINS ITS FAVOR

In Fashion's Wardrobe

(Vogue Patterns)



Ensemble No. 5096

The scalloped edges of this jacket, completing the frock at the left, are an attractive finish. The jacket, like the frock, is of silk crêpe, in a color to contrast; 14 to 44. Price, 75 cents.

Ensemble No. 5096

(Left) Of simple construction is this one-piece frock with a silhouette that is typically in the new mode. There is a jacket in a contrasting color. Sizes 14 to 44. Price, 75 cents.

Ensemble No. 5093

(Extreme left) An extremely smart ensemble for early spring or for resort wear is this model of linen, which includes a frock and a sleeveless coat; 14 to 42. Price, 75 cents.

DRESSES THAT ANTICIPATE THE SPRING

SOUPS from the STOCK POT



by
**Ruth
Davison
Reid**

THERE is nothing quite so variable in its quality as the soups that are served to us from time to time. We are too familiar with the watery broths and the thin stock soups with the same assortment of vegetables that appear day after day on the table. But what more delicious beginning is there to the dinner than a soup that is rich with meat flavor and delicately seasoned? The art of soup making is a very familiar one to the French, who seem to know how to add the subtle flavor that gives real distinction and at the same time practise the art with real economy.

Of the two main classes of soups, the milk soups and the stock soups, we are concerned only with the latter. Cream soups, purées, bisques, and chowders are made without meat stock and contain milk. Soups from the stock pot are classified as brown soup stocks, white soup stocks, bouillon, consommés and broths. Brown soup stock, which is the foundation of so many soups, is made of beef—part of which is browned—vegetables and seasonings. White soup stock is made of veal or chicken and is delicately seasoned. Bouillon is a beef soup which is cleared, while consommé combines beef, veal, and chicken stock vegetables and seasonings. By simmering, it is reduced in volume for strength and is cleared. Broths are meat soups served with the original meat and vegetables contained in them, while all the others are strained. Once these stocks are prepared, various other ingredients are added to make the dozens of soups with which we are familiar. Some soups are associated with particular countries—France gives us *pot-au-feu* and *petite marmite*. Mulligatawny belongs to India, Bortsch to Russia; Scotch Broth and Cockaleekie come from Scotland. Pepper Pot was originally Spanish, and black bean soup is typical of that country, too. Soups served with grated cheese and containing the Italian pastes—spaghetti, macaroni, vermicelli—and Minestrone are associated with Italy.

In making soups we cannot expect to have both good soup and meat full of flavor from the same piece of meat. The juices are drawn out by soaking in cold water and then slow simmering; just the opposite to searing it with boiling water and high temperature which is the procedure when we want to retain the juices in the roast or stew. The tougher cuts, which are the juiciest, are the best for soup, combined with vegetables and seasonings. Any bits of leftover meat or fowl, bones and trimmings from a roast, and

vegetable waters which have been boiled down may be added to the stock pot. The knuckle and the shank are commonly used for soup, though if these are too bony, some of the tougher meaty parts such as the brisket are added. The winter vegetables are the usual ones for the soup pot, onion, celery, carrot, turnip. Only the coarse outer stalks of the celery with the tops and leaves are needed, while the choice inner parts are kept for salads and relish. Salt, pepper berries, whole cloves, parsley, bay leaves—sparingly used—are the seasonings most often used.

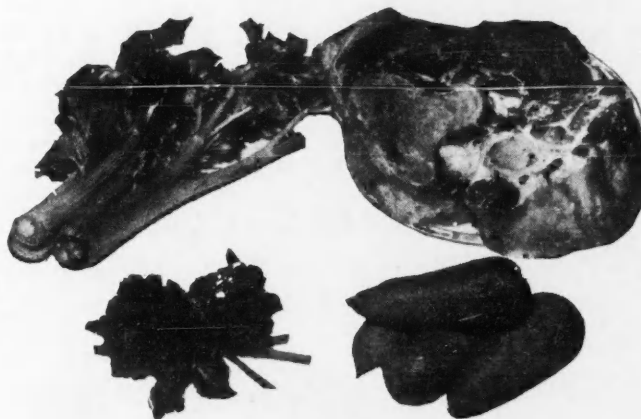
After purchasing and weighing the meat and bone—twice as much meat as bone is a good proportion—it is wiped with a damp cloth and the meat cut into small cubes in order to expose the greatest amount of surface. To give color and flavor one-third of the meat cubes are browned in a little hot fat although this does sacrifice some of the juices. Cold water is added to the meat and bone—two to three cupfuls of water to each pound of meat and bone. After soaking for one half-hour it is simmered gently for about five hours; then the diced vegetables and seasonings are added when it is cooked for another hour and a half. It is then strained and cooled quickly. Before using the stock the congealed fat is skimmed from the surface, but until ready for use the fat should be left on to exclude the air and act as a protection. If there is no cold place to keep the stock it should be brought, to the boil at least once a day to prevent the growth of putrefactive bacteria. When strained and the fat removed, the stock is then ready for the additions which give such great variety.

Crisp crackers, croutons, soup sticks—pieces of bread two inches long by one-third inch square toasted in the oven—water wafers and cheese wafers are all suitable to be served with soup; while egg balls, and egg custard or royal custard cut in fancy shapes are sometimes served in it.

Brown Soup Stock
5 Pounds of beef shank
3 Quarts of cold water
10 Pepper berries
6 Cloves
3 Sprigs of parsley
1½ Bay leaf
1½ Cupful of diced carrot
1½ Cupful of diced turnip
1½ Cupful of diced onion
1½ Cupful of diced celery
1½ Tablespoonful of salt



Some of the ingredients for making brown soup stock, always popular with the family.



Cut the lean meat in small cubes, brown one-third of it in a little hot fat. Soak the remaining meat and the bone in the water for half an hour. Add the browned meat and simmer gently for five hours. Add the diced vegetables and seasonings and cook for another hour and a half. Strain and cool quickly.

White Soup Stock
3 Pounds of knuckle of veal
2 Quarts of cold water
2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
1 Teaspoonful of mixed cloves and pepper berries.
1 Small onion
2 Cupfuls of diced celery

Soak the bone and the meat cut in small pieces in the cold water for one-half hour. Add the celery and onion and simmer gently for four hours. Add the seasonings for the last hour. Skim the stock frequently during the cooking and strain through double cheesecloth. Fowl may be used instead of veal to make white stock.

Variations of brown soup stock are very delicious.

Julienne Soup

4 Cupfuls of cleared brown soup stock
2 Tablespoonfuls of cooked string beans cut in strips
2 Tablespoonfuls of cooked green peas
2 Tablespoonfuls of cooked turnip cut in strips
2 Tablespoonfuls of cooked carrot cut in strips

To clear the soup stock—to one quart of cold stock which has been strained and the fat removed add one white of egg slightly beaten and the crushed eggshell. Bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Boil two minutes and then let it simmer for five minutes. Add one-quarter cupful of cold water and strain through double thickness of cheesecloth which has been wet with cold water and put over a fine strainer. Season before it is cleared.

For other simple variations of brown soup, add to each quart of stock four tablespoonfuls of cooked spaghetti; or four tablespoonfuls each of diced cook carrot and cooked green peas; or one-third cupful of cooked rice and two-thirds cupful of strained tomato.

Petite Marmite

5 Cupfuls of brown stock
2 Cupfuls of thinly sliced Spanish onions
3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
6 Rounds of toast
6 Tablespoonfuls of strong grated cheese

Slowly cook the onions in the butter in a covered pan, but do not let them brown. When they are soft and beginning to turn yellow, add the flour, blend until smooth, add the stock and season with salt and a few drops of tabasco. Toast small rounds of bread on both sides and sprinkle with the cheese. Serve the soup in individual earthen pots—marmites; put a slice of the toast in each pot and set under a gas flame until the cheese is brown. [Continued on page 56]

Bouillon cups provide the conventional way to serve soups.





THAT *The Chatelaine's* new bridge department is doing much to brighten Canadian evenings is evident from the host of letters which Mr. Bailet has already received. For Mr. Xavier Bailet—(pronounced *Za-ve-ay Bai-ley*)—is giving personal advice on bridge problems for *Chatelaine* readers. Now, when on the edge of one of those devastating post mortems:—"You should have bid three spades and taken me out"—which do so much to darken the relationships between bridge partners, the cry can go forth, "Make a note of the cards and ask *The Chatelaine's* bridge expert!"

Wilbur C. Whitehead, E. V. Shepherd, Sidney S. Lenz, Milton C. Work, and a number of other famous bridge authorities have written congratulating Mr. Bailet, and *The Chatelaine* on the inauguration of this new department. For Mr. Bailet, who lives in Montreal, has been acknowledged as one of the greatest players in the world. In a recent international contest, for instance, with 20,000 entries from the best players, Mr. Bailet won first prize. He has scored many honors in these contests, is a member of the Knickerbocker Whist Club, and contributing editor to *Bridge World*. He is going to deal with the basic principles of Auction and Contract bridge, and will welcome suggestions from *Chatelaine* readers as to any particular type of problem they would like discussed.



THIS month, the *Chatelaine's* contributors, like the Dominion itself, extend from ocean unto ocean.

Witness, beginning in the East, the first of a group of "Nonsense Verses" in this issue. The lyrics are by Miss Margaret Wickerson, of Glace Bay, who was for some years on the staff of the Glace Bay Public Schools. The amusing sketches are by Miss Ruth Salter, who since she signed her name to the drawings for this series in North Sydney, has become Mrs. Inglis Wainwright of Halifax. She is a graduate of the Halifax art school.

The Chatelaine for February

H. NAPIER MOORE
Editorial Director

GEORGE H. TYNDALL, Business Manager

BYRNE HOPE SANDERS
Editor

Volume III.

FEBRUARY, 1930

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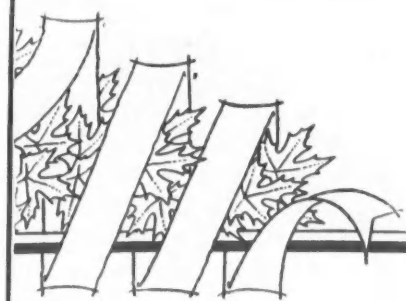
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Louis Arthur Cunningham is well known to *Chatelaine* readers, as he is a prolific Canadian writer. He was recently married, and is writing from his cottage, "Road's End," in New Brunswick. Agnes Macphail, who, as the time-honored old phrase has it, needs no introduction, is at present in Cavan, Ontario, although, of course, Ottawa is her headquarters.

Jack Paterson and his wife Ruth, who quarrel politely on one page—over the happiness of wilderness women, are spending the winter months in Winnipeg. With every spring, however, they migrate north to the hinterlands of Canada, and therefore know whereof they speak.



MOVING to the extreme west we are introducing N. de Bertrand Lugrin, author of that popular two part novel *Lost Laughter*, to *Chatelaine* readers again. This author—who in private life is Mrs. Shaw—lives in Victoria and in this issue tells the story of the courageous pioneer women of British Columbia. This article, which is one of *The Chatelaine's* series on pioneer women of Canada is particularly interesting, since Mrs. Shaw has done a great deal of research work in this field, and her first book *Pioneer Women of Vancouver Island*, is now in its second edition.



SINCE everyone is discussing the long and short of the hem lines these days, we asked Mary Lowrey Ross, the well-known Toronto writer, to write on the subject for you. Mrs. Ross has achieved something distinctive in the flood of the ordinary pro and con discussion which fills the press. She has unearthed a genuine diary written by a friend in 1903, recalling conditions which will be remembered by thousands of our readers, and toward which we are apparently being swept again, if the fashion dictators can really dictate.





NÉE FRANCESCA BRAGGIOTTI . BRIDE OF THE GRANDSON OF THE FAMOUS HENRY CABOT LODGE

SARGENT might have painted her, a "symphony in black and gold" . . . Mrs. John Davis Lodge, romantically lovely in her Chérut gown, with starry wide dark eyes, hair golden as Melisande's, skin warmly tinted as a tea-rose.

Bride of the grandson of the famous Henry Cabot Lodge, young Mrs. Lodge makes beauty her artistic credo. "Women should live for loveliness," she says. "The natural charm of a lovely skin is important."

The silken texture and clear fresh coloring of her own flawless skin she frankly attributes to Pond's. "I've used the Two Creams all my life," she says. "That wonderful Cold Cream cleanses deliciously and keeps the skin supple and young. To remove the cream I've just discovered the immaculate new Cleansing Tissues."

Pond's new Skin Freshener is "doubly precious," Mrs. Lodge says, "because both tonic and astringent." The Vanishing Cream, which holds her powder and keeps her arms and neck so smooth, she says "is especially attractive in the evening."

KEEP YOUR OWN SKIN LOVELY by these four steps of Pond's simple, sure Method:

During the day — first, for thorough cleansing,

MRS. JOHN DAVIS LODGE

generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, marvelously absorbent, ample yet firm.

Third—briskly dab your skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm, keep contours young.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. If your skin is dry, leave on a little fresh cream overnight.



Pond's four preparations—Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, Vanishing Cream—for exquisite care of the skin.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

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I'D LOVE to give a party on St. Valentine's Day," says the eager young hostess, "but . . ." then wrinkles come into her brow. "What shall I do that hasn't already been done to death? What shall I give them to eat? I'd like to give a dinner, but I can't very well without a maid to help. And if I did there's John and Claire who, I know, cannot possibly get here before 8.30. Then what shall we do? Freda and Arthur detest bridge. How will the young and the older people mix?"

Supposing in the face of all these obstacles you decide to hold a party. Send out your invitations and watch how the other difficulties disappear almost before they crop up.

Love, and everything pertaining to love, comes into its own on February 14, so for that day you are allowed to take liberties. Your friends may say, "From what sentimental soul is this?" when they receive a letter with a red heart seal on the envelope flap, and then find another heart inside. But they will withdraw their rude remarks when they read on the inside one something like this:

On St. Valentine's Day
We'd like you to pay
us a visit.
Don't miss it!
Let us know soon
To save you room
at the table,
if you're able
to come
at
7.30

or perhaps this one:

Say! Do you like a party
Well, bring your sweetheartie
And join us at play
On St. Valentine's Day,
at eight.
Don't be late!
Come with your uke
And your big music book,
Your violin, comb,
Or your new saxophone.

With a packet of good quality postcards, a tube of crimson water color, and an artistic way with a paint brush, you can paint your own invitation cards.

Perhaps all your guests are young people, most of them at business during the day. Eight o'clock is the earliest they can come, and you know the last straggler will arrive about eight-thirty or a quarter to nine. It is too late to serve dinner then. A little forethought, however, can produce a cold supper equally palatable as a dinner, and in a servantless house the hostess may be relieved of all worry, for she can spend all the day or even the previous day, preparing. She can be free then to join her guests when they arrive.

Here is one menu that the hostess can prepare alone during the day of the party.

Grapefruit
Valentine Chicken and Vegetables
Rolls
Strawberry Cream
Heart-shaped Biscuits
Coffee

If twelve are to sit down to supper you will need half a dozen large grapefruit. Cutting in half horizontally, and sprinkling with sugar a few hours before eating gives the sugar time to make syrup.



Marie Cecilia Guard '29

ENTERTAINING ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

by JANET CARRICK



Valentine Chicken

One chicken, boiled	2 Level tablespoonfuls of gelatine
$\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of cold water or stock	3 Cupfuls of chicken stock
$\frac{3}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt	$2\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of vegetables, cooked and finely sliced
1 Green pepper	
String beans, carrots, beets, asparagus, peas	
1 Carrot and 1 beet left whole for decoration	

Soak gelatine in cold water for a few minutes and stir into hot stock with salt. Pour just enough of the jelly-stock to cover the bottom of a mold which has been rinsed and left wet with cold water. Allow this to set and drop in fancy shapes of beet, carrot, and other vegetables. Add in layers slices of chicken, stock and gelatine mixture, and remainder of vegetables. Leave to set and turn out on a lettuce bed. Decorate with salad dressing and heart-shaped pieces of carrot and beet.

Strawberry Cream

$\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of cold water	2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
2 Medium size cans of strawberries	2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
1 Cupful of fine sugar	
1 Pint of whipped cream	

Soak the gelatine in cold water for a few minutes and dissolve by standing the cup in hot water. Add to strawberries and lemon juice. Stir in sugar until mixture begins to thicken and then fold in whipped cream. Chill before

serving and decorate with blanched almonds and strawberries or cherries.

Any sort of sweet biscuit baked in heart shapes will be suitable with coffee. To add a novelty touch to them, make eyes, nose and mouth of currants, angelica and cherries.

IF SHORTAGE of room makes the seating of twelve people at the table a problem, a buffet supper laid on an attractive table at one end of the room can be just as enjoyable. For this your menu could be:

Valentine Sandwiches
Sweetheart Salad
Cakes
Ice Cream
Tea Coffee

Use a-day-old bread for the sandwiches, white and brown,

and make a good assortment of both sweet and savory, keeping to the red and white Valentine color scheme as near as possible. Here are a few suggestions. Cheese and pimento chopped fine and spread on white bread, then a piece of brown bread, another layer of cheese mixture, and a slice of white bread on the top. Cut into fingers.

Tomato, cheese and salad dressing on lettuce make a juicy sandwich. Sardines with bone and skin removed, moistened with lemon juice, and laid between lettuce are tasty.

For sweet sandwiches you can use cream cheese and red currant jelly mixed together to a paste, or chopped cherries instead of jelly; chopped celery, apples, nuts or olives, and a sprinkling of red pepper; chopped dates mixed with sweet fruit juice, heated and rubbed to a smooth paste, and added to shredded cocoanut, chopped nuts, orange juice and chopped cherries make a delicious sandwich. Cover your sandwiches with wet cheese cloth to keep them moist until they are needed.

Valentine Sweetheart Salad

3 Cupfuls of fresh or canned fruit, grapes, oranges, apples, bananas, cooked pineapple, apricots, pears	2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
1 Cupful of sugar	1 Cupful of cold water
$\frac{1}{2}$ pint of whipped cream	2 Cupfuls of fruit juice
	$\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
	$\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of lemon juice

Soak gelatine in cold water, add sugar and dissolve in hot fruit juice. Add salt and lemon juice, and when the mixture starts to thicken pour into prepared fruits and stir. Set either in individual molds or one large mold. Decorate with whipped cream, cherries and heart-shaped pieces of pineapple or banana.

All kinds of cakes, some iced and decorated with red, should be served with or without the ice cream, and give your guests the choice of tea or coffee.

IF YOU are one of the more fortunate housewives with a maid or two and plenty of room you will probably want to give a full dinner. Here again your menu can show the Valentine spirit.

Fruit Cocktail	
Tomato Soup	
Bitter Widowhood	
Canard au Cupid	
Crisp Temptation	
6 Sweet Potatoes	Creamed Cauliflower
Dinner Rolls	Red Currant Jelly
Winged Cake	Ice Cream
Nuts	Heart Mints
	Coffee

Cherries on the cocktail; red soup; bitter widowhood—lemon sole; canard au Cupid—roast [Continued on page 57]



A Movie Camera that Understands Amateurs

*Anybody Who Can Press a Lever Can Operate It!
Even the Moderate Purse Can Afford It!*

A Remarkably Simplified Home Movie Outfit, Developed by the People Who Made Still Photography so Easy that Picture-Taking Became a Game for Children

ITS simplicity is amazing. For it is made for amateurs, by people who understand the requirements of amateurs. A movie camera made for those who know but little about picture-taking.

Look through a finder and press a lever; and you are taking movies...in black-and-white or in full color, just as you choose.

You can operate it, even if you have never had a movie camera in your hands before. For, with this remarkable camera, movies are as easy as a snapshot is with your child's Brownie!

And—you can afford it, even if your income permits only the minor nice things of modern life...a vacuum cleaner in your home, for instance.

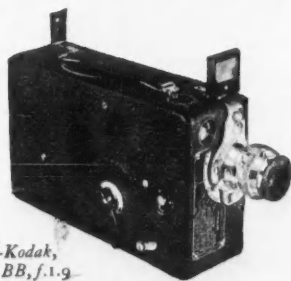
Don't deny yourself the great thrill of seeing your child walk across the silver screen. The ones you love most in the ways you love most to see them—never to be lost, never to be forgot.

Investigate the Ciné-Kodak.

**Developed by the Men Who
Simplified Amateur Picture-Taking**

Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie-making equally simple for you.

With the Ciné-Kodak, all you do is press the lever and you take movies.



Ciné-Kodak,
Model BB, f.1.9



You simply press
a lever to take pic-
tures with this
movie camera.



You can get a Ko-
dascope projector
for as little as \$70.

NOTE THE COUPON

If you would like to know all about Home Movies...how easy, how economical and all the other particulars, in concise form...mail the coupon below.

Then send the film to the processing station. In a few days you receive it back—without cost; developing is included in the price of the film.

And, with the Kodascope, you project the pictures in your own living room—sharp and clear—as easily as playing a record on the phonograph.

That's the point to remember about the Ciné-Kodak. For you want the simplest movie camera you can get. The least complicated. One that your child can operate, if necessary.

Marvelously Realistic Color Movies

Go to a dealer today. Ask to see the Ciné-Kodak.

With Ciné-Kodak Safety Film, regular or panchromatic, it takes black-and-white pictures. By using Kodacolor Film and the Kodacolor Filter, the Ciné-Kodak B or BB f.1.9 takes beautiful pictures in full, natural color—every color that the eye can see is recorded for your home movie screen.

Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-, 200- and 400-foot reels of cartoons, comedy and travel that cost only \$7.50 a hundred feet, are available at your dealer's.

Any dealer will be glad to demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak and to show you Kodacolor on the screen. To permit buying from income rather than capital, many offer an attractive deferred payment plan.

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CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED,
Toronto, Ontario

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

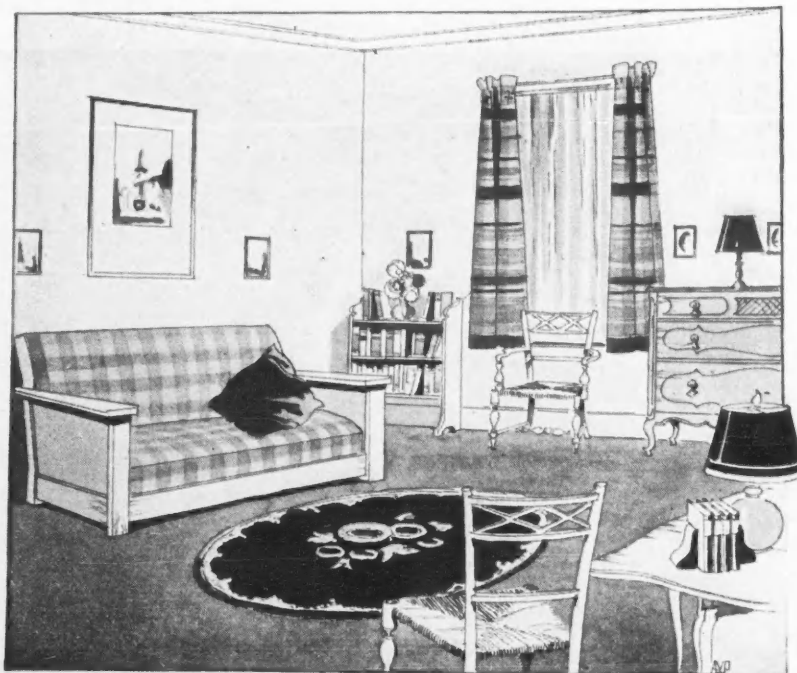
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Simplest of Home Movie Cameras

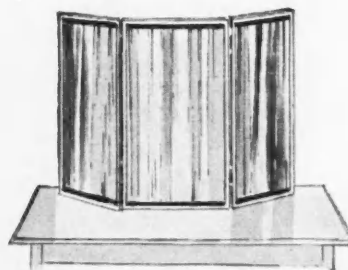


Using a French-Canadian influence

A page to solve our
readers' decoration
problems

THE HOME BUREAU

Conducted by
ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON



A home-made telephone screen

FIND your Home Bureau pages among the most fascinating of *The Chatelaine*. May I too come to you for help?

I want to furnish a "One-room Suite," I am a business woman. My early life was spent in Montreal and I have the idea of a room with a smack of French Canada; but when actually planning my room I find little in mind beyond catalogue rugs, Canadian scenes in prints or etchings and rush-bottomed chairs. Those last, as I recall them in country homes, used to be none too comfortable.

I shall, of course, need a day-bed or other convertible couch, and a chest will be most useful for storage of bedding and such things to disguise the room's use for sleeping.

I own a cherry drop-leaf table about seventy-five years old, and a cheap, hand-made, three-shelf open bookcase stained in weathered oak effect. The shelves are to hang, but could be stood on the floor. I think both these pieces would be good.

Can you supplement my very sparse ideas to make a balanced room possible? I do not expect to rent a modern apartment suite, and in some converted old home shall likely have more scope with wall coloring and covering. I am prepared to spend a couple of hundred dollars on my room, and a little more if necessary. The room will have to serve for meals as well.

I should be glad of information as to electric lighting, and covering for what will likely be one ordinary sash window.

While I like a dash of color, particularly in brownish oranges, temperamentally I revel in subdued things—I am most physically "alive" on a slightly grey day—and too much sun plays havoc with my nerves.

ALTHOUGH most people associate all the handicraft work of French Canada with bright color, yet I know it to be possible to secure the subdued effects in most of their woven products. You can buy by the yard or bolt, linen or woollen hand-woven striped catalogue in almost misty combinations. If you will write to The Canadian Handicrafts Guild, St. Catherine St., Montreal, they will tell you what they have on hand, or will put you in touch with a weaver who can produce it.

The only thing you will have to guard against in your French-Canadian effect is too great and confusing a preponderance of striped materials. For this reason, I should suggest that you get striped linen curtains—horizontal only are available—a couch-cover in checker-board effect, and hooked rugs. You can get woven cushion material in plain colors, following the color scheme of the room or of the material in the couch.

For the walls, choose a plain, rather rough-surfaced background with perhaps a wall-batik in French-Canadian theme, and a few of the highly-colored French-Canadian

scenes such as those that have been reproduced in *The Chatelaine*. You can often take your choice of them in Christmas cards, and they are equally effective small. I shall send you privately the name and address of the person who makes a specialty of batiks of the kind I mention. I don't know whether a *ceinture fléchée* would suit you temperamentally, but it should look very well in your French-Canadian room. A reproduction of the old type can be purchased very reasonably from the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, for the habitants are learning the art of knotting them again. They wore in the days of the *coureurs de bois* the bright, long sash which made a part of the out-door costume for men.

Now about the furniture. I think you should try to keep everything in dark fumed oak effect. You can easily have your cherry table so stained. Have a chest made by any carpenter. You can get a design for him to work on from any book in the library showing 16th century oak furniture of the provincial type. Chests were one of the *sine-qua-nons* of the households in those days.

As regards the rush-bottom chairs, there are several kinds to be obtained now. Those with arms are very comfortable. I have never thought of a rush seat as being uncomfortable, though a very straight-backed chair might prove so for relaxation, and many of the old ladder-backs were of this type. You can probably find one or two with the arms, in unpainted furniture, in your local department store. If not, I am sending you personally an address where you may write for them.

You seem to have chosen your own color scheme. Remember, in working it out, that there is nothing more beautiful than combinations of the same color in different shades and tones. You have before you the rich browns, amber, henna, orange, buff, beige, cream and, for light, yellow. But don't be afraid of a cool bit of green. Color combinations are much like a taste in the mouth. You know how well chocolate and peppermint go together!

Disguising the Wall Phone

IFIND your department the best in the magazine, and I should be most grateful for advice on several small matters.

1. Is there any way of camouflaging or disguising a small wall telephone? It is on the dining room wall, at a height just right for sitting down to. It is a small, walnut-finished box. I cannot have a desk or monophone, nor can I have it moved to some other place.

2. Do you consider any and all forms of linoleum as quite "outside the pale" among floors, except kitchen, pantry, bath room and sunroom? My husband is much opposed to woven rugs, especially in the dining room. I

like woven rugs, but must admit that where there are children, plus miscellaneous dogs and cats, that "lino" has its advantages!

3. Is there any form of paint or enamel suitable for coloring the bathroom hand-basin and bath inside as well as outside?

4. Which is preferable, an oil or water walnut stain for use on new wood, unfinished furniture?

5. Do you consider *écru* filet lace scarves in good taste on the buffet, tea wagon, etc., and also in the bedroom?

6. I have a lovely fifty-four-inch cream filet lace tea cloth—all lace. What kind of serviettes would be most appropriate for use with it? Would this lace cloth be suitable for luncheons and supper?

7. Is there any form of paint or pigment suitable for coloring the white radiants in a gas fire?

8. In my living room and also in my dining room I have a large window, composed of a wide central section with narrow sections at each side. Would several nine-inch panels of ivory or cream rayon filet with pattern at lower edge be in good taste for such a window? And, of course, these ten panels should all be left joined together, *n'est ce pas?* Valance and side draperies are of Terry cloth.

ATHING of clarity is a joy forever! Blessed are the specific! Those are two beatitudes which I should like to leave to posterity when the burdens of this department have followed me with the old world to the grave. For I am quite sure that even there a neighboring shade may ask me in a general way: "What is the matter with my mausoleum? I don't know what it is, but I just don't seem to care for it." I wish that all problems could be put to me as straightforwardly as yours—and praise be to Allah—by number. For it ain't the "heavy numbers as 'urts the 'orses' 'oofs, but the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer" on disconnected detail. I take pleasure in answering your eight questions.

I might as well dispense with two of a kind at once. I know of absolutely nothing that can satisfactorily enamel the inside of bathroom basins, etc., or that can successfully tint or color radiants in a gas fire.

1. There might be a way of camouflaging a low wall telephone. You say that you can sit down to talk into it comfortably. From this I take it that you could place a small table under it, and could place thereon a small telephone screen. You will have to adjust the height of the table and the screen according to your known position of the phone. These screens do exist, in the "gift" departments of big stores, in novelty shops, and so on, but I think you could have one made more cheaply by a carpenter. If he makes the little frame with rods near [Continued on page 32]

ARISTO TAILORED BABY PANTS

Have no Stitches and are Ventilated

Canadian mothers prefer these beautiful ARISTO garments of silk-like, enduring rubber.

Made with a special full tailored back which permits free movement of little limbs upon which the development of strong abdominal muscles and a sturdy spine depend—the very foundation of life-long health. ARISTO Baby Pants have side ventilation which provides free circulation of air. Your doctor will tell you how important a fac-

tor that is in baby's life.

Each pair of ARISTO Tailored Baby Pants is made of the highest quality rubber, scientifically processed to give double life. They are to be had in beautiful colors and each garment has the texture of fine silk. Bands of ornamental rubber fabric pleating are vulcanized to the garment at waist and thighs.

There is no stitching to irritate or chafe baby's tender flesh.



Separately Boxed

Sold everywhere at 35 cents



KEEP
*the natural
BEAUTY of
Baby's lips*



Nature's Gift of Infant Beauty

With bottle feeding nipples that allow baby to feed too quickly, deny its marvellous little network of tiny mouth and lip muscles the exercise they must have if mouth and lips are to be formed to beauty. ARISTO Nipples give automatic Time Measured Feeding. Neither too fast for beauty, nor too slow for baby's comfort.

This feature is simple, too. Any mother or nurse can increase the flow whenever necessary with-

out bother. Directions are to be found on each ARISTO Nipple Container.

ARISTO Nipples, in addition, are transparent rubber. A glance reveals their cleanliness, and, made by a special process, they can withstand germ-killing heat that no ordinary nipple can bear.

Your Dealer stocks ARISTO colored band nipples, which by means of the Band, grip the bottle firmly, yet slip on and off like a fitted finger ring.

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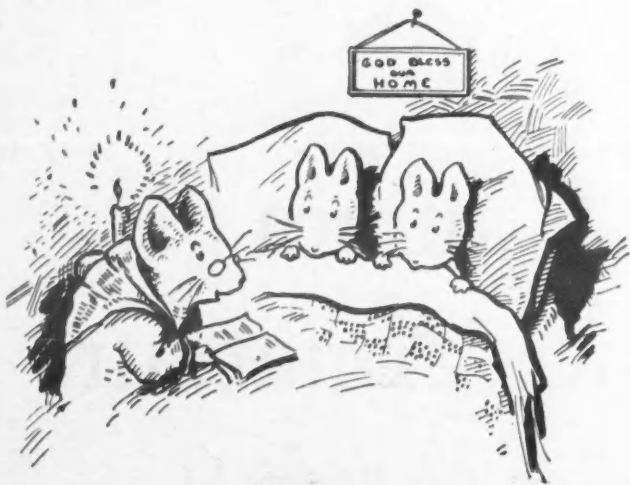
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Other ARISTO Products Are:

Latex Sanitary Bloomers and Aprons for Women
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The ARISTO Trade Mark is your guarantee of purity and quality



The Tale of a Mouse

by MARGARET NICKERSON

Illustrated by Ruth Salter

"Now, children," said the mother mouse, "It's time to go to bed,
"So wash your paws, and brush your teeth, and when your prayers are said,
I'll read the nicest story of 'The House built in a Hat'
Or 'How your country cousins scared away the farmer's cat'."

The little mice thought mother's tales were just the best of treats,
So quickly did what they were told, then slipped between the sheets,
And mother sat beside them, and this is what she read—
"The House Built in the Farmer's Hat While It Was on his Head."

Once on a time two country mice set out to build a home,
You see they had been married and did not care to roam,
But hoped some day the doctor would bring them baby mice,
And so of course their home must be exceptionally nice.

Now these two little cousins were field mice, as you know,
They lived out where the farmer's grain and other good things grow,
And while they searched to find a place in which to build their house,
They saw a farmer, as they thought, like this in hat and blouse—

They thought it strange that he should stand in one place all day long,
And never move in answer to the tea or dinner gong,
So by-and-by they got so used to seeing him like that,
They grew quite brave and said, "We'll build our new house in his hat."

They gathered bits of hay and moss and other things mice use,
And built the dearest little house that anyone could choose.
And then one day old Doctor Mouse came knocking at the door,
And when he left that farmer's hat held just six wee mice more.

The baby mice soon grew enough to play around the house,
They hid inside the pockets of the "scare-crow" farmer's blouse,
They made a race-track up and down inside the garment's sleeves,
And often went with Father Mouse to play among the sheaves.

One day they saw a big barn cat come prowling down the lane,
Oh, how they trembled as they ran toward their home again,
Then as they safely reached the door and turned to shout "SS-cat!"
A gust of wind flapped both the sleeves and frightened that old cat!

These little mice still tell the tale of that eventful day,
When they so bravely scared the farmer's old barn cat away.



The Mastery of Auction and Contract Bridge

by XAVIER BAILET

THE first difficulty that confronts the beginner is what to bid in certain situations, chiefly when partner, or the adversary on the right has made an original bid.

Let us take four players facing the four points of the compass, and let us call them South, West, North and East, the North and South players being partners against East and West.

The game is Auction, the score game all. South deals and bids One No Trump, West passes.

Even before looking at his cards, East should try to decode every word of the message his partner is flashing him across the table. An original bid of One No Trump is the conventional way of informing your partner that:

1. Your hand is above the average and contains more than your share of high cards; consequently, all things being normal, you feel pretty sure of making at least 4 tricks out of 13.
 2. As there are 9 more tricks to account for, you assume, until advice to the contrary, that they are equally distributed among the three other players and that your partner holds 3 of them. In fact, your bid of One means 7 tricks, 4 in your own hand and 3 in your partner's.
 3. Your 4 tricks are distributed among 3 suits, which is another way of saying that you have 3 suits stopped.
 4. The unstopped suit has at least 2 or 3 cards, because it is not good practice to bid an Original No Trump with a void or a singleton, and moreover, when you are entirely void of a suit, one of the others has 4 or 5 cards and should be bid in preference to No Trumps. With a void or a singleton, and no biddable suit, the hand had better be passed.
 5. Should the adversaries secure the final declaration, your hand is absolutely good for 2 sure tricks represented by either 2 Aces, 1 Ace and a King-Queen, 1 Ace and 2 Kings, King-Queen in 2 suits, Ace-King of a suit, or Ace-Queen of a suit plus a King in another.
 6. You are perfectly willing to play the hand at No Trumps because it seems to you the best way to game before knowing anything about your partner's hand. But now that you have told your partner all you could about your hand, you expect him to choose the declaration that will best fit the two hands. For instance, although you have not bid a suit for the reason that you have none long enough or strong enough, the chances are three to one that anything your partner may bid will find good support in your hand, owing to the fact that your strength is distributed among 3 suits. Your partner, therefore, is welcome to bid his strongest and longest suit, provided it offers a surer and safer way to game. In fact, as long as your partner has a hand above the average, i. e., just a little better than the 3 tricks you have already included in your bid of One, he need not hesitate to take out with his best suit. If he should happen to bid the suit in which you are weakest, you will tell him so by bidding another suit or returning to No Trumps.
- With this in mind, North looks at his cards:

♠ A 10 2
♥ 9 7 4
♦ K Q 10 6
♣ K Q 5

At Auction, nothing simpler. North is well satisfied with his partner's choice and passes.

What would you do at Contract?

At Contract, you must remember that your partner has already estimated your hand as worth 3 tricks and that he has

included them in his bid of One No Trump. Remember also that he has 3 suits guarded—3 chances against 1 that Hearts is one of them,—and that he has probably the Ace of Clubs or the Ace of Diamonds, or both. Under those conditions, your tricks are easy to count: 1 in Spades, at least 2 in Diamonds and 2 in Clubs, total 5 tricks, 2 more than your partner expected you to have. So, you bid Three No Trumps.

Suppose now that North holds:

♠ 6 4 2
♥ 9 7 4
♦ K 9 8 6 2
♣ 7 5

Nothing simpler again, and this time both at Auction and at Contract. South has already paid you the compliment of estimating this hand as worth 3 tricks. If he can find them, he is welcome to them! You would not think of adding insult to injury by bidding Two Diamonds, would you?

Let us give North another hand:

♠ A Q 10 6 4 2
♥ 9 7
♦ 5 2
♣ K Q 6

What would you do at Auction? Bid Two Spades, of course, because you can visualize the hand of your partner with the King of Spades, the Ace of Clubs, and either Ace or King-Queen in one of the red suits. There must be a sure game in Spades, and, if your partner should return to No Trumps, you will be justified in rebidding the Spades at least once. Please note that if your partner bids Three No Trumps over your Three Spades, you should pass, because a game-going declaration has been reached and, although your partner has no support for your hand, yours will be useful to him.

At Contract, you should bid Three Spades at once. Your partner is bound to answer in raising your bid to Four Spades or in returning to Three No Trumps, and, in either case, a game-going declaration will have been reached. A bid of Two Spades over his No Trump would not accurately describe the situation to your partner. A bid of Three—one more than necessary to overcall—is what is known as a Forcing Bid. It shows a powerful hand, and your hand is really powerful with Spades as trumps, chiefly when your partner has bid One No Trump originally.

Let us change North's hand to this:

♠ 9 8 7 4
♥ Q 10 5 2
♦ A Q J 6 4
♣

North has 4 tricks in Diamonds and at least 1 in Hearts, but the lack of Clubs makes the hand undesirable for No Trump play, so, at Auction, North should bid Two Diamonds and be satisfied with any rebid by South, except Three Clubs, of course. The answer to Three Clubs is Three No Trumps.

At Contract, North should also bid Two Diamonds and would be justified in raising any rebid by South to game, chiefly in the Major suits.

With the following hand:

♠ K J 9 8 6 4 2
♥ 9 7 4
♦ Q 10 3
♣

everybody will bid Two Spades over a bid of One No Trump by partner, and everybody will go to Three and Four Spades even, if partner returns to No Trumps. Is that the correct bid? The answer is: I don't know and nobody knows. The fact that South returns twice to No Trumps is sufficient proof that he cannot support your Spades, but that, in turn, means that

Antiseptics and Drugs are Worthless in Toothpastes

—Says Noted Health Magazine

Read this warning:

"The only function of a dentifrice is to aid in the mechanical cleansing of the teeth without injury to them... the antiseptics and drugs incorporated in dentifrices are valueless, neither curing nor preventing disease."

From an article in "Hygeia"
—the health magazine of the
American Medical Association

IF you are using a toothpaste in the vain hope that it will correct or cure some disorder of teeth or gums, you must heed this plain warning!

Thousands of people are harming their teeth by believing that a dentifrice can cure—and neglecting to go to the dentist for the proper scientific treatment which he alone can give to teeth and gums.

No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea. No dentifrice can permanently correct acid conditions of the mouth. No dentifrice can firm the gums. Any claim that any dentifrice can do these things is misleading, say high dental authorities. A dentifrice is a cleansing agent—like soap and should be made and sold and used with the one object of cleaning the teeth.

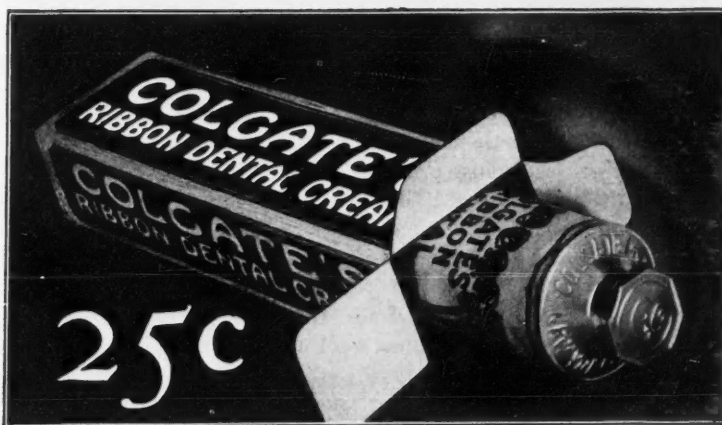
Stop looking for a dentifrice which will cure. Begin seeking the one which will clean your teeth best.

Because it does this one thing superlatively well, Colgate's has become the world's largest-selling toothpaste. The reason for this is simple. Colgate's contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man, in a special,

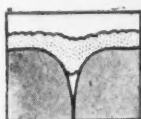
mild, effective form. This cleanser, when brushed, breaks into a sparkling, active foam. Careful scientific tests have proved that this foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to penetrate* deep down into the thousands of tiny pits and fissures of the teeth where ordinary sluggish toothpastes cannot reach. There, it softens the imbedded food particles and mucin, dislodging them and washing them away in a foaming, detergent wave.

Thus Colgate's cleans your teeth thoroughly, safely. You have not fooled yourself with "cures."

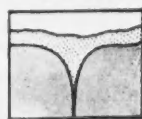
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*Why Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where the causes of decay lurk.



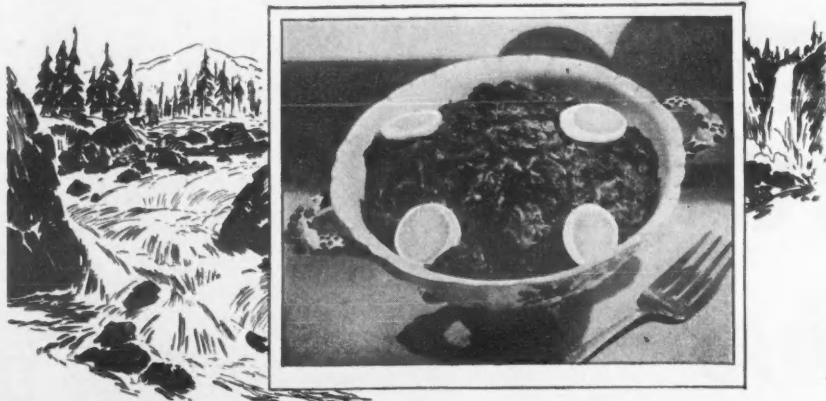
This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate's, Dept. T-2004
Toronto 8, Ont.

Please send me the booklet, "How to keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy" and a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream, free.

Name.....

Address.....



A mountain torrent..... inside cannery doors!

Over 6 million gallons of water a day — just to make sure Del Monte Spinach is clean and free from grit

What a lot of things are done these days to save you needless kitchen work—to put better foods in your year-round diet.

Just think, for instance, of a spinach canner building washing equipment—right in his canneries—with all the thorough cleansing power of a rushing mountain torrent!

Think of using more than 6 million gallons of water every 24 hours in the canning season—to wash a *single* product!

Yet that's exactly what happens—as just one step in preparing DEL MONTE Spinach.

Fresh and crisp, DEL MONTE Spinach reaches our canneries direct from the gardens. It is sorted—as carefully as you would sort it at home. All roots, wilted leaves and heavy stems are removed. Only the best, most tender spinach is used for canning.

And then what a picture you see!

No sand ever sticks through this

Down through great troughs comes the water—rushing like a mill-race. Water—streaming, bubbling, moving at every inch of its surface. Water—playing in jets from every angle. Even the air seems moist—as if we stood above some mountain falls.

And ceaselessly moving in this rapid current, whirled and tossed, up and down, back and forth, this way and that, goes the spinach—until it emerges, shiny and green—clean and free from grit.

If you could see DEL MONTE Spinach right at this point we believe you'd call it *perfectly* clean. Yet just to make sure—and DEL MONTE *must* be sure—there is still another bath to come—just as thorough as the first.

Finally, gleaming white conveyor belts carry it to the canning tables. Rubber-gloved workers put it into waiting cans with forks. Automatic machin-

ery seals the cans. Cooking is done in big retorts—under pressure—at a temperature far above boiling water. When it reaches your table, it is a job in which we can really take pride—one more piece of home drudgery done supremely well!

And remember this—spinach is no exception in the DEL MONTE family of foods. Under this quality brand you will also find asparagus, corn, peas and tomatoes, as well as a wide line of other vegetables, fruits, condiments, relishes, salmon and sardines, dried fruit and prepared foods.

With such a label to depend on, and such quality at your command, why not make it a point to get DEL MONTE? It costs no more—it is no added trouble! And in the long run, what real enjoyment—what extra satisfaction—it can bring to everyday meals!

A Useful Recipe File for You

Recipes for all sorts of dishes, for every occasion—all simple, easily prepared. The full file contains our special spinach leaflet and 6 other books and folders. All free. Just address California Packing Corporation, Dept. 36-D, San Francisco, California.



Trimming and sorting Del Monte Spinach—just part of the tiresome work of preparation which is done for you by skilled Del Monte workers.



As an added convenience, Del Monte Products are each packed in a variety of sizes and containers to meet your individual needs. Del Monte Spinach, for instance, is packed in five sizes of cans. The largest, the No. 2½ can, represents in its contents over 2 lbs. of fresh raw spinach. Other sizes are No. 2, No. 1, "picnic" (11 oz.) and buffet (8 oz.)—a size for every requirement.



The Last Word

Continued from page 5

best show that love, Ornish, by giving her a chance of finding happiness."

Into Ornish's brain there came the thought of life without Fay, and it presented so bleak a vista that he almost felt sympathy with the man at his side. If only he could be sure his wife loved him.

"Very well," he said at length. "It's a mad, bad position only to be dealt with in a mad way. I accept your wager."

Again the stillness filled the garden, broken abruptly by Tent rising to his feet.

"Right," he said. "I know you well enough to know you will stand by our bargain, and that if you lose you'll go away without word with Fay."

Ornish didn't speak. His steady eyes were looking forward into a possible blankness.

Tent hesitated a second and then departed, hot satisfaction in his heart. Having got Tom Ornish's word, he had not the slightest intention of letting him win on the morrow.

GEZIRET is a fashionable gathering on a race day. Everybody goes; and for a time Arab, Egyptian, Britisher and Frenchman forget political differences and unite in the worship of a common god. No European who can crawl across the Kas-en-Nil stays at home on such a day; and so when next morning Fay announced her intention of remaining at the hotel, Ornish was startled.

"Not serious, are you?" he asked, his eyes dwelling on his wife's perfect face, pensive eyes and soft, alluring lips with an almost overwhelming sense of adoration.

"I am, Tom," answered Fay, who avoided his searching gaze. "I have a head, and if I hang around in the sun this afternoon I'll be a raving lunatic by night. I'm going to lie down and keep quiet all day."

"All right," nodded Ornish. "I should have liked you to be present to see me put Tent in his place."

TENT was already in the paddock when Ornish arrived. He looked tight-drawn and his eyes had a darting jerk. Ornish nodded and cast a glance at the well set-up bay filly.

"I fancy I shall pip you, Tent," he said with a bleak smile.

"Fancy is a jade," countered Tent. "I've had a look at your Kuwasa, and I'll leave you cold after the first three furlongs."

There were five other horses in the race besides Kuwasa and Love's Dream; and watching them pass as he swung into the saddle, Ornish knew that none of them was a serious menace to either his animal or Tent's.

Abruptly the "Off" came, and lifting Kuwasa forward he saw that Tent in his cunning, practised way had stolen "his wind," so to speak, by pulling just a little into his path.

"Keep straight!" he called, and swung the Arab to the off to avoid a collision. Tent took no notice, but streaked ahead into the lead; whilst a grey, named Beware, belonging to a Gunner officer, fled after him on the rails. Balancing Kuwasa, Ornish went after the two of them with Sheik Mohammed Ebab's Sword Edge threatening on his near side. At the end of the first furlong he had managed to account for Beware, and was half a length behind Tent.

It was just as the horses were coming round the far top turn, that Tent indulged in a flourish. He glanced quickly over his shoulder.

"Good-by, Ornish!" he called, and taking up his whip sent Love's Dream forward.

There was nothing for it but to follow him now. It would be fatal to let him get too big a lead, and so Ornish sat down hard and rode Kuwasa for all he was worth.

Tent was flailing his filly unmercifully, but for a space the Arab had the legs of the bay, and fifty yards from the post Kuwasa's head was in front.

The crowd had gone silent, held still in various attitudes of breath-stopping suspense.

The *Bimbashi* was winning and putting good money into their gabs! It was no moment for foolish talk. And then suddenly they saw Kuwasa falter and nearly fall. The game horse tried to struggle on; but a badly split pastern puts "paid" to all effort, however great the courage.

Fate had again produced a trump card from her sleeve!

Ornish's heart went cold. As he slowed down he saw Tent fly past the post, heard the thunder of the other horses as they passed, and then the course and its noise and colors vanished for him.

Dismounting and leading the limping Kuwasa toward the paddock he felt like a man who has suddenly been left alone in the world; and in a sort of trance he handed the Arab over to Ibrahim, his *sais*, with orders to get a vet. Then he turned and was making for his car, when Garipoli, the waiter from the hotel, came running, and with him was Tent, a strange, guarded expression on his dark face.

"Oh, *sair* Ornish!" gasped the little Greek. "Your lady wife has had an accident . . . She fell . . . on the marble stairs and . . ."

"Accident!" exclaimed Ornish, all other concerns banished. "Is she badly hurt?"

Garipoli paused nervously. "The Doctor Harber say she will not die . . ." he quavered. "But will you come at once . . ."

Ornish dived for his car, shrugged on his burberry, and was getting behind the wheel, when Tent's voice came to him, with a hint of possession in it.

"As I'm an interested party, Ornish, I'll come, too."

Without answering, Ornish let in the clutch, and sounding his horn furiously slid from the course.

Dr. Harber was awaiting them on the verandah.

"Is she badly hurt?" cried Ornish, his voice hard and strained.

"It's—er—it's—her face will—er—" He paused, avoiding Ornish's eyes and gazing at Tent.

"Do you mean she'll be blemished for life?" asked Tent quickly.

Harber shrugged his shoulders.

"Who can tell?" he said. "That will not matter so greatly, but . . . her back . . . Imagine her doomed to an invalid-chair for the rest of her days!"

Tent started back, and a strangled sob came from Ornish. It was then that he realized the depth of his love for Fay. Now that she was injured and would possibly be a cripple for life, dependent on the aid of those around her, the thought of leaving her was a thousand times more painful than before. He looked at Tent and for a second their eyes met in silence; then Tent's wavered and he gestured him aside.

"Ornish," he said in an undertone. "Fate has revoked once again. I love Fay . . . But—but I can't take her from you now . . . I'm a roaming man, no mate for an invalid woman . . . It's I who have lost . . . I'll take the seven train to Alex . . . Good-by!"

With a beating heart Ornish followed Harber into the hotel and up the stairs to his wife's room.

"If you should need me I shall be downstairs," said Harber.

THE maid opened the door and Ornish entered the darkened room. For a moment he stood tense; in the dim light which filtered through the drawn curtains he could just make out the figure of Fay on the bed, a muffle of white over her face.

"Is that you, Tom, dear?" Fay's voice came to him muffled and thick; but it was Fay's voice, and with a little gasp Ornish crossed to the bed and dropped on his knees.

Continued on page 45



THE PROMISE OF BEAUTY

The Interlude Month

by MAB

FEBRUARY is a time of year when all through the land shopkeepers are taking stock of their wares and are weeding out the undesirable merchandise to make place for new attractions. This is a habit that the seeker after health and beauty might well adopt in order to check up on weight, skin conditions and pep. Let her plan such improvements as seem advisable and abandon methods that have not proved to be advantageous. February might thus be regarded as an interlude month—a time to pick up loose ends physically and mentally, to take a little holiday if possible, to visit the doctor and the dentist, to do a little constructive thinking.

There is no doubt that when the seasons are changing, one's spirits, and consequently one's looks, have a tendency to flag. February is a tell-tale month and it is perhaps just as well that there are only twenty-eight days in it! A celebrated beauty specialist says that one of the best ways to restore shine to eyes and bloom to skin is to take a liquid diet for a week occasionally, and especially at the end of a fatiguing season. This was prescribed for her by her doctor who claims that it furnishes a balanced ration and could not possibly harm anyone. It consists of five quarts of liquid a day—two of water, one of milk into which have been mixed two beaten eggs, one of fruit juices and one of thin soup. The fruit juices and the water counteract the constipating effect of the milk, and there is plenty of nourishment without the clogging result of any sugar, starch or fats. This same doctor is of opinion that the majority of people do not drink enough water especially in the winter time. He says that if everyone practised a few setting-up exercises every morning and then drank a pint of hot water before breakfast, doctors would make a slim living.

HER Royal Highness the Princess Louise is an interesting example of the result of careful exercise and diet. In an article entitled *A Royal Rebel*, Madame Klepac, who became lady-in-

waiting to the princess in 1908, says:

"When I came to live with the princess, she was in her sixtieth year, but in her energy and youthful vigor seemed like a woman of forty. She never walked upstairs; she ran. I have seen her tramp for hours in the rain, or hunt all day and return as fresh as when she started. Physical fitness was her fetish and she maintained it by a regime of exercise and diet as exacting as any athlete in training. 'I am never going to be as fat as my mother,' she used to say. Long before the world went diet-mad, Princess Louise was following a carefully-balanced diet worked out for her by her physician. This was so scientific, so minutely rationed, that it nourished her perfectly and kept her as slender as a girl. Nothing could tempt her to alter her diet or to add a bit of butter to the royal slice of bread. In fact, she didn't eat bread at all, but tiny biscuits thin as a slilling and no larger than half a crown specially made by a dietitian. Two of these she ate at every meal, one made of the yolk of an egg, one of the white. When dining out or travelling she carried these with her."

Here is the regime that kept the princess slim. Each morning at 7.30 she had a glass of hot water and a tube of Bulgarian culture fluid. Then came exercises, bath and breakfast. Her breakfast consisted of a boiled egg, clear China tea and the two wafers. Only this and nothing more. She ate only three meats—chicken, lamb and squab. Her luncheon consisted of a slice of one of these, one vegetable simply cooked, no potatoes and no puddings, ices or sweets. Dessert was fresh fruit or stewed fruit with enough sugar to make it palatable.

When members of the royal family would tease her about her exercises and diet she would say, "Never you mind, I'll outlive you all and I won't be a broken-down, sick old woman either." She has abundantly justified this statement.

One of the daily exercises of Her Royal Highness was directed to the muscles of the neck. She

Continued on page 45

Write your problems to Mab, care of the Promise of Beauty Department, and she will help you in the selection of the right cosmetics for your individual needs and will tell you how to apply them. You may want the leaflets of illustrated exercises and instructions for facial massage also, the charge for which is ten cents each. Mab will answer any questions pertaining to your health and beauty. Be sure to send a stamped addressed envelope when writing us for information.

*You've never known
such softness
and luxury
underfoot*



How delightful to step from your bed into the velvety comfort of a cushioned rug... soft, warm, yielding, springy! Until you know the joy of Ozite-cushioned rugs and carpets, you can't imagine the difference. Ozite makes any floor covering soft, restful, and resilient... at the same time, *cushioning* the rug from wear, so it will last two or three times as long! Ozite is a thin hair mattress, compact and moth-proof. It makes an amazing difference in the warmth of the whole house and actually saves its own low cost. Ask for Ozite at any store selling floor coverings.

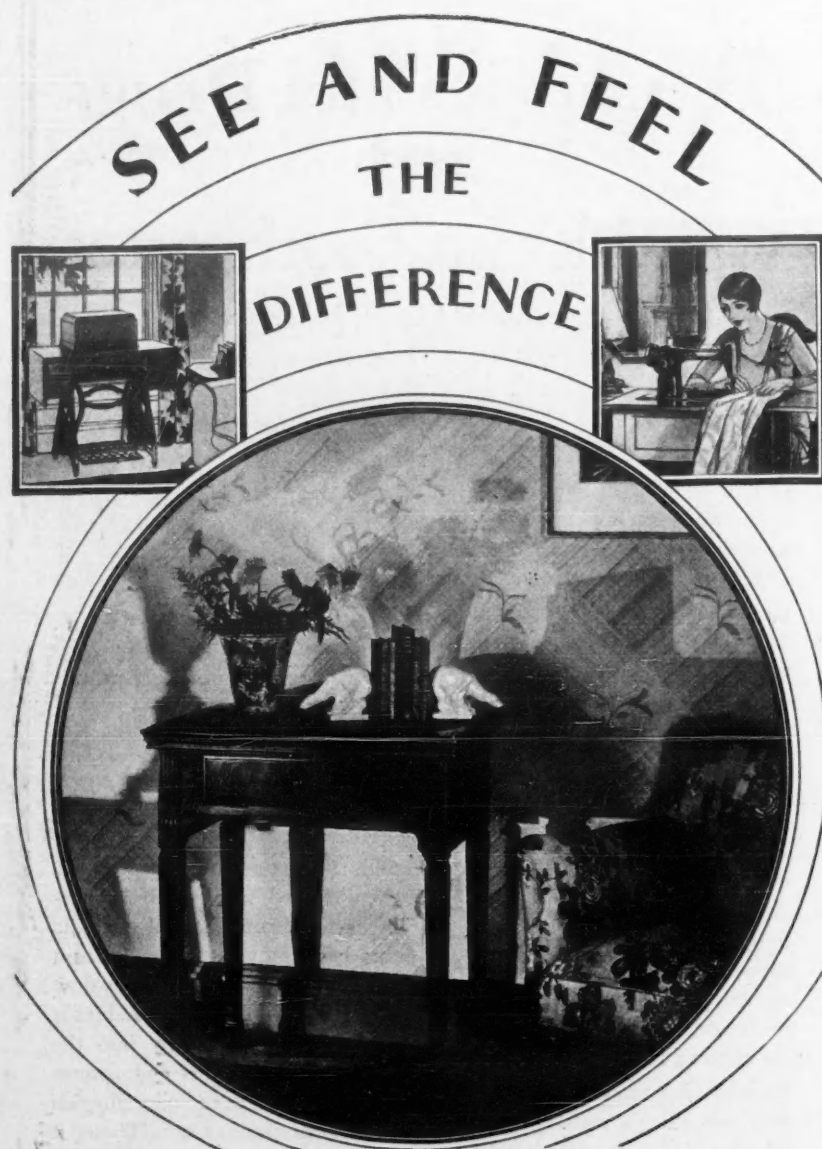
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MOST women are surprised when they see the modern Singer. For this table model is a piece of fine furniture, appropriate for any room in the house. But if you would experience the thrill of a real surprise, sit down with your sewing and feel the difference between this Singer Electric and any sewing machine you have ever used. The moment you press the speed control and sense the quiet, eager response, you will realize that your faithful old treadle machine is utterly obsolete. Never again will you be content to treadle with tiring feet. Now silent, hidden power is ready and waiting to do all the work for you. Now you can have clothes in abundance for yourself and the children, curtains and draperies for your home. For with a modern Singer Electric you can make them quickly, perfectly and with effortless ease.

But you yourself must see and feel the amazing difference between the old and the new. That is why we invite you to take any modern Singer into your home and try it without the slightest obligation. An authorized, bonded Singer Representative will bring you the model of your choice and give you an interesting demonstration. Or any Singer Shop, if you will simply telephone or call, will send you a machine to try at home on the Self Demonstration Plan.

{ FREE INSTRUCTION IN HOME SEWING...Many Singer shops in Canada are now offering free Home Sewing Courses with the new Singer Sewing Machines and all shops furnish instruction in machine sewing and complete sets of the Singer Sewing Library. Ask any Singer Shop or Representative about the instruction service available in your community—and for a free copy of "How to Make Dresses," "How to Make Children's Clothes," "How to Make Draperies," or "Short Cuts to Home Sewing." }

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your hand may be no good to him at No Trumps. Whether there is a game at Spades or a heavy penalty depends on the location of the missing Spades. On the whole, however, the hand is better probably at Spades, Auction or Contract.

With a Minor suit:

♠ . . .
♥ 9 7 4
♦ K J 9 8 6 4 2
♣ Q 10 3

everybody will again bid the Diamonds, on account of their length and on account of being void of Spades. But, at Auction, your partner is sure to go back to Two No Trumps. Remember how you feel yourself when you bid One No Trump and your partner takes-out with a Minor Suit; If you are wise, you will let your partner play the hand at Two No Trumps.

At Contract, some people will tell you to bid Two Diamonds, and if you do, I can tell you now that your partner will bid Three No Trumps, which may be all right or very wrong. The best advice is, pass if your partner is an optimist and bid Two Diamonds if he is conservative.

With a two-suiter:

♠ K J 9 8 5
♥ Q J 8 7 4
♦ 7 5
♣ 6

bid Two Spades first and then Three Hearts. Your partner will let you play the hand at the suit in which he is stronger.

The trouble with most take-outs is that they are unnecessary and generally carried too far. When your partner bids an Original

No Trump, he sends you, sometimes unconsciously, the message translated in full at the beginning of this article and he expects you to select the best declaration for game. This you can do in two ways: by a Pass or a Bid.

A Pass may mean that you approve of the No Trump or that you are too weak to suggest another bid—and this is another way of saying that the No Trump is the best declaration.

A Bid, then, must mean that you are fairly strong and that you feel safer at your own declaration. But a bid cannot possibly mean that you are strong in one case and weak in the other.

AND now, here are four hands. How would you bid and play them at Auction and Contract? The bidding and play will be discussed fully in next month's article.

North	
♠ 8 7 5	
♥ Q 10 3	
♦ A K Q J 10 9 3	
♣	
West	East
♠ A Q 10 6 4 2	♠ 9
♥ 9 7	♥ K 5 4 2
♦ 5 2	♦ 8 6
♣ K Q 6	♣ J 10 8 7 5 2
South	
♠ K J 3	
♥ A J 8 6	
♦ 7 4	
♣ A 9 4 3	



The Home Bureau

Continued from page 26

top and bottom, you can stretch some interesting-looking material over these and hem it on the wrong side. The final effect will be that of a curtain rod at top and bottom, the only difference being that you can't remove the rod to insert it into the hem, but have to make the hem over the rod. It is not difficult. I have done it with "adult" screens quite easily.

2. I do not consider all forms of linoleum taboo. There are some beautiful and original, one might say individual, patterns especially designed for the dining room by one company. I shall not be able to print the name here, but if you will send me your address, I shall be glad to mail it to you. Kitchen and bath room linoleum are an entirely different breed of cat, and have about the same relation to this sophisticated relative as a bath mat to a Cashmere prayer rug.

4. Preference for an oil or water stain depends upon the ultimate finish. If you intend to varnish, shellac, lacquer or wax the piece for a high finish, use water stain. If you are going to give it an oil and rub finish, use oil stain.

5. Ecru file, or any other sort of linen is

suitable for the tea wagon when in use in service of food. Otherwise it should be uncovered, as should also the buffet. In a bedroom the scarf is always in good taste.

6. The best serviettes for your all-lace tablecloth are those with centres of fine cream handkerchief linen if of fine file, heavy linen if of heavy file; and file border to match as nearly as possible the lace of the cloth. The cloth is suitable for both luncheon and supper.

8. I must admit I am slightly at a loss to answer this last question. I have punctuated it, as seems sensible, in using it here; but if the panels are of ivory or cream rayon, why should they be only nine inches wide? On the other hand, if they are rayon file I must admit that it is a new species of file in the experience of this scribe. However, if for some reason or other you have nine panels of something that you think might make effective curtains if joined together, my only suggestion would be that you join them with file insertion of the same type as the pattern at bottom. Also I should advise at least two curtains rather than one. A "stage-drop" undercurtain is an awkward thing to handle.

ICE

THE assurance of good dealer service, at all times, is as much a feature of the Ford car as its beauty of line and color, safety, comfort, reliability, economy and ease of control.

In addition to the main factory at East Windsor, Ontario, assembly branches are located at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver, with sales and service branches at London, St. John, Regina and Calgary. More than 700 Authorized Ford Dealers have been established throughout Canada to serve your needs and to see that genuine Ford parts are quickly available when needed and at a low price.

This is by far the largest automobile dealer organization in Canada and it is of great value to every Ford owner. "What kind of service will I get after I buy the car?" is always an important point to consider in the purchase of an automobile.

We are particularly interested in this matter because we believe it our duty not only to make a good automobile, but to help the purchaser get the greatest possible use from it at a minimum of trouble and expense. Because of this, the entire Ford dealer organization has been specially trained and equipped to service the Ford.

When you receive your Ford, the dealer will explain the simple little things that should be attended to periodically to insure the best performance. He will also tell you about the Free Inspection Service to which every purchaser of

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This inspection includes a check-up of the battery, generator charging rate, distributor, carburetor adjustment, lights, brakes, shock absorbers, tire inflation and steering gear. The engine oil is also changed and the chassis lubricated through the high-pressure grease gun system.

No charge whatever is made for labor or materials incidental to this service except where repairs are necessary because of accident, neglect or misuse. The labor of changing the engine oil and lubricating the chassis is also free, although a charge is made for new oil. This inspection is free for the first 1500 miles only, and is made thereafter at an equitable charge.

Every time you take your Ford to the dealer for oiling and greasing, it will be a good plan to have him check over important points that have a bearing on continuously good performance and tell you exactly what the car needs.

You will find him prompt and businesslike, fair in his established flat rate charges for labor, and sincerely eager to do a good and thorough job at all times, so that you will get thousands upon thousands of miles of enjoyable, economical motoring.

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S E R V

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Lord Vibart's Valuable Time

Continued from page 13

"Gaw!" said the ghost. "I'm goin'."

"If you will permit me to remark upon it," mused Vibart, "my wonder has been that you remained here at all."

"I never had nothin' to do with shovin' the queer," said the other. "I saw a chanst at a little flutter of my own . . ."

"Some jewellery?"

"Aw, shut up. They wuz to bring my cut here last night, and they ain't come." He moved away toward the icehouse entrance. Vibart watching him was impressed with two things. One, that the man's confidence in their being secure from discovery was only partly shaken; else why be so frank about the avocations of the gang who had used this dungeon? Two, that he held the whole gang in his hand if he could but have held this one, who would break down and give evidence against the men who had done him out of his cut. He sighed and wished that he could smoke.

"I take it," he said suavely, "that you have been merely a sort of caretaker here?"

"I've lived in the dump," snarled the other vindictively. "The boss took a notion to have someone who cud go in an' out now an' then, and he put me into this rig so's the coons here in the hollow wouldn't start lookin' me up. There's a yarn about a ghost here. I only know I never seen him."

"And shouldn't care to, I fancy," suggested Vibart. "You'd rather be than see one."

"You said it," admitted the other vaguely.

"Your impersonation has been singularly successful," approved Vibart. "Our friend Mr. Griggs quite honestly believed in you, but now that I have had the pleasure of seeing you myself, I understand how he came to be impressed with your transparency."

"I dunno wot ya mean," muttered the ghost. "Gaw, I dunno wot to do. I need that grand!" He took a pace or two away from the door and chewed his lip. A sudden determination, born possibly of his uncertainty of getting it, possibly of some premonition of danger, stiffened him. "I'll risk the dump in town," he said, and flung his grotesque costume from him.

"Feeling uncertain as to the terms of our treaty," said Vibart, frankly, "may I ask if you object to my making an effort toward my release after your departure?"

"Yell yer head off," said the other. "This crib's past saving." He caught up a few things to push into his pockets. "If the boss wants ta comen bump you off, and salvage his plant, lettin. I ain't blazed a guy yet, and don't feel like I'd care to walk fer it. I'm blowin'."

Quite unexpectedly he put out the light, and plunged them into darkness.

"Oh, I say," protested his prisoner. "Is that necessary? Making your own juice here, you need not be so economical. It's rather better with the light on."

"You kin yell in the dark," retorted the other, his own nervousness apparent in his hurried voice. "The coons'll only take to cover. Oh, mi gosh!"

Startlingly, his thin querulous voice broke into a strangled cry, and his whimper was strangely echoed by an unearthly wail from the other end of the cellar. Vibart himself felt a little prickle at the roots of his hair as he turned his head. He heard his jailer's gun go thudding from his lax hand to the earthen floor.

A faint radiance showed where the stone wall of the house had been, and in that frame of vague luminance was outlined a dark shape in a three-cornered hat.

IT'S a queer thing how little you know about anybody you know all about," said Owen Donovan pensively.

He had come over to dinner, and sat in the green drawing-room with Jervis and Lady Weylin. And although Jervis had not forgotten that he had expressed a desire to visit when things were not thick, he noted that the ex-prizefighter's evening garb sat

upon him as easily as the clothes he wore upon presumably thinner occasions.

"You never said a truer Irish thing, O.," replied his sister. "Here is my Jerry engaged to an English actress and never told me a word about it."

"But I didn't believe it," demurred Jervis. "It was only when Joan turned me down that I gave it any serious consideration."

Donovan laughed. He liked Farquharson, but he had known from the first that this was not Joan's man. "The little stranger in my house is my riding master," said he. "The only female I ever knew him to cherish wears four white stockings. Yet he has now taken to slipping off at night, odd hours, to take a lady riding. My double-eyed secretary put me on to it. He sneaks off the back way with Joan's horse on a lead, and comes back with the critter dead beat. Joan will be more red-headed than Nature made her when she hears of it."

"I didn't know your daughter rode," said Mr. Farquharson, his mind casting back to that first talk after their meeting.

Donovan merely laughed again. The idea that Joan did not ride seemed to him too absurd for comment—Joan, who had been taking blue ribbons at an age when she might have worn them in her hair! "How's the hunt for your burglar coming on, Bess?"

"Well, I don't know," said Lady Weylin. "Seton has been looking very inflated for a day or so, but since your giving him the hook the other morning, he hasn't said a word to me. He gives me dark looks, and I'm certain he thinks I staged the whole show."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Seton was even then moving his hunt for the burglar into the front hall. A confused sound of laughter and rough growling reached the trio in the drawing-room.

"There's Joan at last," said Lady Weylin. "She's brought somebody to dinner."

But it was the luckless Seton who appeared in the doorway.

"Now, ma'am, I've brought your ghost for you to look at," he said with acid satisfaction. He even eyed Donovan with an unshaken look. "I'll thank you to remember I represent the law in this matter," he gave him to understand. "You'll keep your hands off me."

Donovan had all a large man's tolerance of spleen. "I am just beginning to understand," he laughed, "why the law is lucky to be blindfolded. Bring on your ghost, my lad. Has Joan perhaps brought him to dinner?"

"You come and see," replied the amiable Seton, and the wondering three followed him into the hall.

There stood a small seething container of wrath, one Nob, his slit of a mouth emitting a faint but continuous sulphurous steam; and beside him Joan, in full riding regalia, struggling with a fit of laughter.

"Here we are," she cried, "caught in the act!"

"What the deuce is the meaning of this?" asked Donovan. "Nob, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, ask this bird," snapped the old jockey. "He lep out from behind the wall and flashed a fancy cop's badge at me. Ask him. I give it up."

"I told you this was an inside job," said Mr. Seton.

"You did indeed," assented Jervis, utterly at sea. "but what on earth has this to do with that?"

Lady Weylin's light comedy laugh pealed out among them and rang like chimes all down the hall.

"Oh, Joan! It's your hat!" she cried.

Joan tapped her smart tricorne rakishly to one side and struck an attitude. Her eyes brimmed with laughter and, with the notable exception of Seton and Nob, the whole group responded to her invitation. Donovan's deep-chested roar mingled with Jerry's hearty baritone. Pawlson, appearing in the dining room archway, listened to as prolonged and unrestrained a burst of merri-



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The Common Failings of Motorists

*Are women drivers more at
fault than men?*

by FLORENCE JURY

I AM often asked "What are the common failings of women motorists?" I always indignantly reply that the same failings, in my opinion, are common to all motorists, male and female, young and old, novices and experts. The beginner says "I will never be a speed fiend. I just want to drive slowly and carefully." The younger generation, allowed to take the car out occasionally, says: "I won't drive fast; honestly, I'll be as careful as anything." But in the end we all do the same things; take foolish chances, cut in, try to pass "that fellow in front," and very often come to grief by doing those very things we vowed never to do.

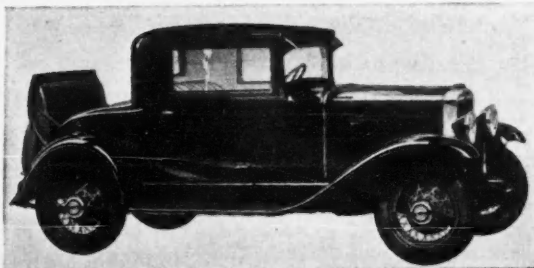
There is, however, one failing I have found a little too frequently in women drivers in these days of "equal rights"—the woman who expects a man to give her precedence. It really "isn't done," you know. Perhaps, had there been cars in the days when knight-hood was in flower, the gallant would have stopped; nay, have gone into reverse and backed up when the "gentle lady" approached, but not in these enlightened days. Let us therefore, give and take like good sports and not think we are hard done by, when we are expected, and rightly so, to observe the rules of the road. For my part I find chivalry aplenty, and have yet to be in trouble without willing and generous help being offered and endless trouble taken to assist a fellow traveller in distress.

Accidents will happen to the best of drivers but I think seventy-five per cent are caused through speeding, carelessness or cutting-in.

Also much is done these days to make motoring safe for us. For our benefit there are the traffic control lights in most cities. In small towns, the constable at the main intersection. On the highways, the provincial highway police; all kinds of lights warning us of dangerous curves, approaching railway crossings and intersections—all for our convenience and at our expense. Yet all we do is try to "beat" the lights,

hate the police, ignore most of the warnings, and blame the "other fellow" when we come to grief. Now that traffic is becoming so congested, where would we be without these aids to safety?

During a particularly trying winter to motorists I have made a few notes that might help during the remaining weeks. For one thing, have you ever noticed how often the glass in car doors is broken in the winter? When the temperature is around zero, glass will break much more easily than in milder weather and your doors should not be slammed but closed gently. Also, do not close them with the window half down, as they are more liable



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to break in that position. Open your window a little, even in the coldest weather, after the door is closed. If you allow a little air in your car, you will find that the windshield will not freeze over as readily, and should it freeze, a bag of salt is the handiest thing to have with you. Rub this over the windshield and the ice will disappear. Not immediately, of course, as the salt must have time to become moistened by the frost, when it will quickly take effect. Have the salt in a small bag of cheesecloth or some other very thin material, and you will find it a great help. Another very good precaution to take in winter against a frosted windshield, is to rub it over on both sides with raw glycerine. Of course, this is not always handy, but a small bag of salt can easily be kept in the car.

This winter I have seen several people driving with lighted candles stuck against the windshield—presumably held there by adhesive tape. This would be a very good idea when driving in sleet, when the windshield wiper only smears the glass.

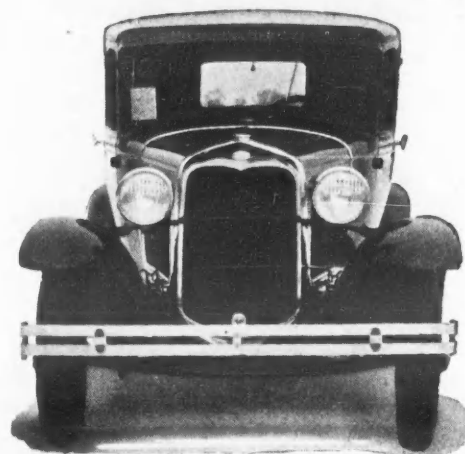
PARKING in winter often causes one a very great deal of trouble—at least the getting away does. If there is a lot of snow, do not park too close to the curb. When you wish to drive away, ten chances to one you will have trouble. You will turn your front wheels out and try to get away, only to find your back wheels spinning around. Should this happen, let your

clutch out gently and pull away gradually with very little gas; this gives your wheels a little traction. If you feel your wheels just working their way deeper and deeper into the snow, quickly put your gearshift into reverse, and try backing up a little and then going slowly forward, avoiding if possible the ruts your wheels have previously made. The motorist who carries a box of ashes and a shovel is to be envied, not laughed at as a crank. But as ashes and shovels are not the nicest things for a lady to carry around in her

car, or to handle in rough weather, the mats off the floor of your car will almost always meet the emergency. Place these in front of the back wheels of your car and you will be quickly on your way—not forgetting, however, to retrieve your mats.

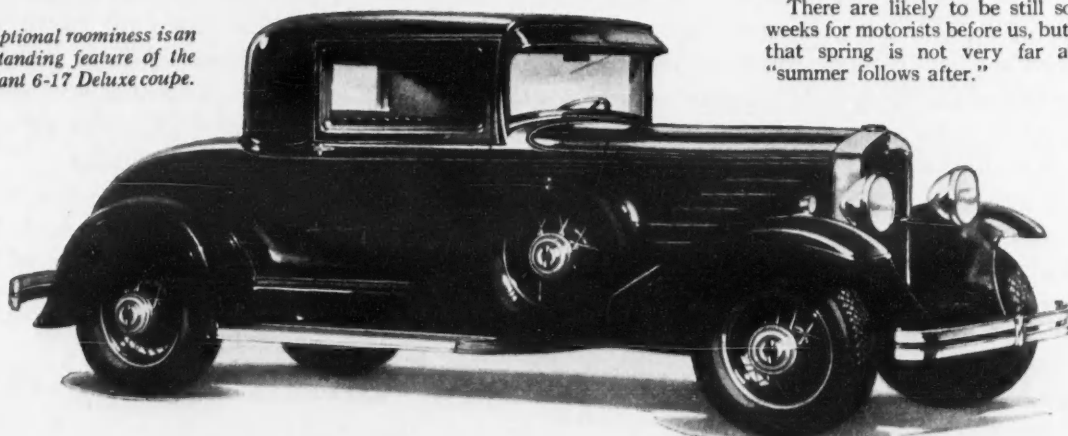
In the winter, particularly, it is very necessary to watch the oil gauge in your car. Find out just what this instrument should register, and watch it. If you are driving along and you notice it registers zero, stop immediately and get a tow or walk to the nearest garage, but never drive your car in this condition for there is something seriously wrong. Of course, it might only be a slight obstruction in the feed-pipe, which would pass away as you drive on, but I would advise not driving and taking chances but to have a mechanic diagnose the trouble.

There are likely to be still some trying weeks for motorists before us, but remember that spring is not very far ahead—and "summer follows after."



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he gives us the dope we passed our road, and for us to swing around over the bridge and come back. I give you my word, my fare stops me on the bridge down there, and makes me a present of this hat and cane. I don't expect you'd believe me unless you knew how drunk he was."

"Drunk!" cried Lady Weylin.

"I never dreamed this family had so many failings," said Jervis airily. "What makes you think our friend was—er—not himself?"

"I leave it to you," cried the chauffeur feverishly. "We was right near this place when he pokes me in the back. I'll get out here, he says; and I says, 'drunk again.' Not that I ever seen the gent before but just in a manner of speaking. He gets out and pays me. And then he hands me these. Our last ride together, he says, and I sees he must be lit. I don't want them, I says. Iffen you're going to do a Brodie off the bridge, they'll get me in wrong. I don't get you, he says, but they're in my way. So, why not? He tosses the things in my car and I beats it. I ain't no hospital nurse, and he can stand and talk wonderful. It's the gospel."

"It certainly sounds like Vib," said Jerry.

"What about it?" demanded the policeman. "Has the gentleman come home?"

"Pawson," said Lady Weylin.

"Lord Vibart has not returned, your ladyship," said Pawson without anxiety. He was far more concerned about his delayed dinner than about this erratic member of the aristocracy, who had sometimes been missing for months. What were a few hours?

Mr. Farquharson seemed to be of the same mind. "Now, do not let us allow this negligible aberration of Vib's to cast a shade over a most interesting evening," said he.

"What, after all these years are we to worry about Johnny Sulchester? If he had sent me these things from Darkest Africa I should receive them calmly. But as he gave these trifling evidences of his regard to this man, I feel that no better disposition can be made of them. Pray return them to him, officer."

"Right," said the guardian of the law. "If you're satisfied, it's all O.K. with me."

"Your commendable attention to detail has probably cost the lad a trifle of gas," said Jervis the ever thoughtful, and stripping a couple of bills from a comfortable roll he closed the incident on a soothing note.

"This beats your turn, Joan," said Lady Weylin.

But Joan did not reply to her. The girl's face was unsmiling and a sort of intent concentration seemed to set her apart from them.

"Pawson," she said, tensely quiet, "will you please get Jotham for me?"

They stared at her.

"Jotham is in the kitchen, madam."

"What do you want of him?" wondered Lady Weylin.

Joan's hands clenched and she drew a hard breath. "Please," she said. "As a favor, let me alone to attend to something. I've—I've got a hunch, Jerry. Keep dad from following me." She turned her back upon her bewildered listeners and went swiftly away through the dining room. Mounseer Charles and the rest of the household, engaged in climaxing one of his superlative dinners, were astonished at the entrance of their young lady in a costume better suited to the tanbark than the linoleum. Old Jotham sat humbly in a far corner with a well filled plate before him, enjoying the manor's sporadic hospitality. At his feet stood his extinguished lantern, his saving companion on his nocturnal sallies from the hollow down by the marsh.

"Jotham," said Joan, "I want you to do something for me." She spoke to him with a gentle wistfulness, keeping back the half-frightened flutter that struggled to make itself heard in her voice. "You can have your dinner later and a glass of wine. You'll help me, won't you?"

The ancient scrambled to his shuffling feet. "Deedy, miss, whatever ol' Jotham kin do for yu?"

"Come upstairs," said she quietly. "Is this your lantern? Let me take it." She led him away. "I want to know if you will tell me something I need—I need to know."

"Yesm, miss, yesm, miss," mumbled the old man, panting up the back steps behind her. "Tell yu anythin', missy. Lawsy, yesm."

They came out into the back corridor, well out of sight of the group still standing in the great hall below.

"Wait while I light this," she said. Her hands were shaking and her heart beat fast, but she knew she must keep utterly calm if she hoped for help from him. Her voice softly, soothingly addressing him, was strong enough, however, to reach the ears of her most passionate adorer lying athwart her bedroom door. Argyle slipped like an arrow to her side.

"I want you to make believe your Marse George is with you, Jotham," she said.

"Marse George?" cackled old Jotham. "What you wan for ol' Jotham make believe, missy? Dish yere some ol' spo'ting like good ol' day gone by?"

"Yes, good old days gone by," said Joan softly. "Now then. Keep down gillie. Now then, Jotham—we'll play I'm Marse George."

Old Jotham chuckled. The idea appealed to him.

"Marse George says, 'Jotham, you old black rascal, I'm going down to the slave' cellar. Come along!'" Joan's voice for a moment trembled as she put high fortune to the touch.

"Yassuh, Marse George," crooned the ancient. "Us is goin' down, suh. Many time I bin down an' up, down an' up, yassuh."

"Marse George says, 'Jotham, you push these shelves back for me.'"

They stood in the linen closet then. Joan's heart beating in her very temples. If only she could keep the old man in the mood of waking memory!

"Deedy, lawd, I done push em offen," said Jotham, and the little room yawned before them.

"Get over there, you, Jotham, and pull up that trap for Marse George." The old man bent, but it was her strength that swung the flooring up, so deftly given in his aid as not to blur the mirror of the past she strove to hold before him. She stepped into the shaft before him, Argyle creeping downward at her heels.

She felt her heart leap with hope. Half in his dotage, half in the 'trickys' memory of the past, the old man was following her lead. His old feet seemed even to have lightened a little in the dramatizing of this bygone expedition. They went steadily down until they reached the cellar floor. Joan whispered a word of command to the shivering terrier on whom the place exerted a woeful influence. He crouched on the stairway, but his skin crawled with some canine horror of apprehension.

She set the lantern down, and her two hands wrung together as she put all her magic into her final willing over the old man's buried recollection. What if her guess were wrong? Or what if at this moment the ancient wits should fail?

"Jotham," she said, and wet her lips. "Open the wall for Marse George."

Shuffling, the old negro passed her and knelt on the dirt. "Yassuh, yassuh, Marse George," he mumbled as his gnarled old fingers sought for the hidden bolt. She saw a piece of stone no larger than a pencil come away in his hand, a piece fitting so exactly that when he put it back in place it showed no edge.

"I can't trust you Jo, you black rascal," she breathed softly.

"No, suh," the old man answered humbly. He pressed a bar behind the opening, slipped back the finger of stone and half rose, his hands pushing flatly against the wall. It gave suddenly inward under the pressure, leaving him floundering on his knees, Joan standing before the gaping space.

In that moment when Joan's breath tightened in her breast like that of a spent swimmer, Argyle's terror burst from his throbbing nose in a most unearthly wail.

"Oh, gosh!" The strangled cry of utter demoralization elsewhere roused Argyle as no other reassurance could have done. He leaped the stairs to her side.

"Siccem!" said Joan simply, swinging up



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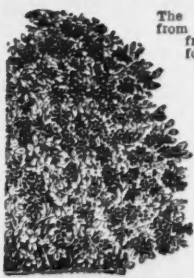


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ment as he had ever been forbidden by his position to join. Mr. Farquharson was fairly bent in two by his mirth, and Lady Weylin wiped away actual tears of enjoyment.

"Well, Seton," she said, "you've certainly stopped the show."

"Mean to say she's not slipped the stuff out to this confed?" cried Mr. Seton forcefully, but his question merely served to set this gathering off again to a point dangerously near hysteria.

"It's the best thing I've seen since Little Tich!" gasped Lady Weylin.

"Kin I take this bird out and dust him off?" demanded Nob restively. "That's all I want to know."

"You're more than likely to get a brush with me," said his boss, still chuckling. "What in time do you mean, sneaking off to take Joan riding? I thought you'd fallen for some Godiva. God bless me, why couldn't you have done a little front gate stuff?"

Nob glanced at Joan and shut the mouth his Maker had so well designed for that purpose.

"That was my fault," said Joan. "I've been a silly. You know Aunt Bessie expected me to be a sort of human pinwheel, so I thought I'd show them just how wooden a lady I could be. And now look at me, being so die-away they take me for a ghost!"

"Well, sorry, Seton," said Jervis with a grin. "Perhaps you're not wholly to blame. But you have bagged the wrong hat."

Before them all, Mr. Seton suddenly put on his derby. "I'm going," he said, in dull fury. "Somebody else can come out and take it over. But don't you think for a minute I won't turn in a full report about this dame sneaking out after dark to meet this crook. You keep him off me!" he added hastily, as Nob made a sudden move toward him. "I'll have the law on both you gents if I get any more handling."

"Oh, quite," said Jervis. "Take a parting blessing. You've gone far toward healing a broken heart. We shall all miss you, never fear."

"This way," said Pawlson firmly, as the unfortunate operative made for the front door. He turned obediently and made a humbler exit from the rear. It was this sense of the fitness of things on the part of Lady Weylin's butler that prevented Mr. Seton from participating in the next act of the comedy of clashes with the forces of law and order.

BEFORE Joan had time to get halfway up the stairs in a rush for a hurried dressing for dinner, while her father took Nob slowly enough away to allow Mr. Seton a sporting chance to escape undusted, a knock at the front door brought Pawlson back among them.

There appeared in the entrance a smartly equipped motor-cycle policeman accompanied by a badly frightened taxi-driver. The former uniformed stranger carried in his hand a Bond Street hat and a Malacca cane. At sight of Jervis he paused irresolutely on the threshold.

"Is that the gentleman?" he asked his captive over his shoulder.

"Might be his brother but it's not him," said the other desperately.

"An eventful evening," said Jervis agreeably. "May I ask what this is all—why, it's Vib's bonnet and stick!"

Joan came down the stairs, her eyes fixed on the man who held these indented objects. There was no trace of her recent laughter in her face.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, lady," said the young officer, taking for granted that the expansively radiant woman in a glittering evening gown was the chatelaine of the house. "I just come to check up on this chap's story about these things. I passed him streaking it for the city, and there was these in the back of his car. He tells me . . ."

"I told you the truth," cried the miserable driver. "Lady, I knew it would get me in Dutch. I told the gent it would. He signs me up in the city to drive him out here, and we got a bit out of our way. In the burg here he asks a cop where's the Moody Place, and

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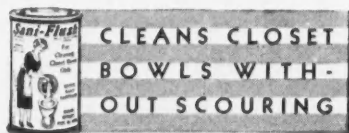


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Sani-Flush



CLEANS CLOSET
BOWLS WITH-
OUT SCOURING

to see you. Have I your permission to ask Joan to marry me?"

"You have not," said Owen Donovan, his shrewd Irish eyes smiling. "They tell me you've been drinking."

"Why, this is the most unkindest cut of all," demurred his lordship. "Far from it! Now—one moment! Jervis, to make all matters clear to everyone at once, without that use of superfluous verbiage which is my dearest abhorrence, I suggest that you take your entire party down the secret stairs. And there you will find Jotham and Argyle sitting in patient rapture keeping guard over the Moody ghost. He's your man, Mr. Cotter. And he is a leaky vessel, which will spill you every drop, names, dates and habitations. A poor prisoner, but our own! He will also tell you, my beloved Mugs, about your jewels. He will have a great deal to tell you. The more the better, for permission or no, I wish to use the vast reaches of this elegant family mansion in proposing golden matrimony to this woman here in my hand."

Joan slipped away from him to her father. "It's all right, darlint," she said. "I shall not accept him. But you would better all go and see what we turned up in the cellar. It's rather plummy. They have their own electric light plant and presses and everything."

"I'm going!" cried Lady Weylin. "What larks we have had this evening. I want to see someone arrested for arson, mayhem, and defrauding the widows and orphans before I go to bed tonight. Come on, Owen. Come, Jerry. Bring Mr. Cotter . . ."

They trooped up the stairs, all talking at once, in marked contrast to Vibart and Joan, who stood silently in the great hall. As they moved out of the gallery, Joan walked over to the green drawing-room.

"You can't properly propose to me in the hall," she said.

"I can't properly propose to you anywhere," said Vibart. "Joan, when you stood before me in that awful cellar and I had my two hands knotted together unable to touch you, I thought I should go mad."

He took her by the shoulders and turned her about, and after one breathless moment fairly wound her into his arms. "You send volts into the tips of my fingers," he said. "But why did you lie to your father?"

"To get rid of him, the darling," she said cheerfully. "He won't mind."

"I knew you were a fraud from the first," said Vibart, looking down into her face. "You were a frozen, haughty beauty, weren't you! Talk about counterfeiters!"

"Why talk at all?" she asked, and then he kissed her.

"Joan! Oh, Joan!"

The three-cornered hat toppled off and fell unheeded. He kissed her again and yet again. "Will you marry me?"

"Yes. Will you?"

"Oh, Joan. For better or for worse?"

"Well, it couldn't be better—nor much worse."

"Richer or poorer—unless the world stops using soap we can't be poorer. Did you know I am soap? There's six generations of clean living, anyway. But sickness and health—must I quit my germ explorations where the foot of white man has never trod?"

"No, I'll go with you."

"Joan!" He kissed her several times.

"What a colossal fraud you are."

"I thought I was pretty good at it," she said.

"You, Joan, shall I tell you when I first knew you were a living lie?"

"What a disgusting thing to call me! When?"

"The day on the links, that very first day when you let me teach you to drive."

"Now come!" she cried and drew herself away from him. "I did that beautifully. I whacked like a child with a croquet mallet."

"And kept your head down! And your eye on the ball!" he jeered. "You gave yourself away completely."

"Well—" she laughed softly, "so I do."

"Come back to me," said Vibart. "You're wasting my valuable time."

The End.

Pioneer Women of B.C.

Continued from page 16

glad crew as they were, ribbons on their caps, beaded and fringed tunics, and their boats piled high with the season's furs.

BUT all this was in the gala days of the fur traders, before the settlement of the boundary. After that, when the United States claimed everything below the 49th parallel, conditions began to change. The rule of the Hudson's Bay was not so all-embracing, though from the beginning until today it has set a standard which other companies have endeavored to follow. The moving of the headquarters from Fort Vancouver to Fort Victoria marked a new era, an era which introduced the colonizing influence. Until 1843 or thereabouts, the fur trade was the paramount consideration, beside which all else sank into insignificance. The discovery of coal on Vancouver Island really brought the first colonists, not at all with an idea of settling the country, but with a view to making their fortunes and returning again to the homeland. That they did remain and that others followed, accounts for the beginning of a colony in British Columbia. Later on, the rich gold strikes along the Fraser River attracted thousands. Thus the country began to fill up with coal miners, prospectors and gold seekers as the first of the real pioneers.

Among the first of the white settlers to arrive at Fort Vancouver were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dunsmuir. Their destination was Fort Rupert at the north end of Vancouver Island, but their ship was wrecked off the Columbia bar, and they were taken to the Hudson's Bay post. It was while they were hospitably housed here that Mrs. Dunsmuir's baby boy was born.

When the mother was strong enough, the Dunsmuirs once more set sail for the Fort

Rupert coal fields, for Robert had come out for the Hudson's Bay to mine and prospect. Some idea may be had of the difficulties of travel in 1850, when it is recalled that the journey from the Columbia to Fort Rupert which can now be made in two days, then took them three months.

At length they reached the Post, which was merely a fort in the centre of an Indian village. They found the natives were threatening and hostile, fighting among themselves constantly, and coming around the white settlement with their hideous trophies of war, the heads or the scalps of their enemies, proudly displayed on the ends of long poles. Although there had never been an instance of harm being done a white woman or her children, Mrs. Dunsmuir was very nervous and frightened. She was tall, strong and stalwart herself with plenty of courage; but any mother, strong or weak, will fear for her helpless little ones. Besides, all kinds of offers had been made her for the purchase of her baby, little fair-haired James. The Indians wanted to adopt him into the tribe, to make him a chief. They could not understand why she should refuse the fine presents they would have given her for him.

One day, when she returned to the cabin, she found his bed empty and the baby gone. She was frantic with fear. The whole fort was aroused and went out to look for the infant. Before night they found him, quite unharmed, the centre of a group of admiring klootchmen (squaws). But after this experience Mrs. Dunsmuir never had a moment free from anxiety, and she was thankful when the time came for them to go to the larger settlement at Nanaimo. There, in that little coal-mining town today, may be seen the two houses where the

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that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

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You must remove film. Please accept a free supply of the special film-removing dentifrice.

BEING asked to accept a free supply of Pepsodent tooth paste will be of greatest interest to you if your teeth decay—if teeth are stained, discolored—or if you are threatened with pyorrhea.

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Today's dentists are urging patients by the millions to turn from other ways to the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. It acts in an utterly different way. You will note that difference the instant it touches your teeth.

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Pleasing richer chocolate flavour The ideal drink for childhood

SINCE 1780 Walter Baker & Co. have been making fine chocolate. Today Baker's Chocolate is the outstanding choice wherever chocolate is used, whether for cooking in the home, or by better candy makers for their finer candies. More Baker's Chocolate is used than any other kind.

Most probably your great-great-grandfather preferred Baker's Cocoa because its *richer* chocolate flavour made the finest cocoa possible. That's exactly why your children like Baker's better. Besides, Baker's provides richness plus smoothness plus easy digestibility—*cocoa at its best*. While you pay no more for Baker's Cocoa than for other brands, you get that delicious chocolate flavour—and more of it!

Today, buy a tin of Baker's Cocoa from your grocer. Note the recipe given here. Use it. You'll enjoy a fragrant, soothing drink—its flavour irresistible.

Try this New Recipe

Developed by domestic science experts—tested by cooking schools and universities:—

For each cup allow 1 heaping teaspoonful Baker's Cocoa, 1 level dessertspoonful sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, few grains salt. Measure cocoa and water into saucepan. Stir over direct heat until mixture is smooth. Boil about two minutes and add the salt, sugar and milk. Heat until foamy, beat well and serve. Vanilla may be added just before serving—or whipped cream or marshmallow.

Note: Cut out the recipe from this advertisement. It is new and does not yet appear on the Baker label.

Use Baker's Premium Chocolate for Cooking



the lantern. And like a bolt from an arbalest the dog shot through space beside her, and landed with a crash full tilt against some creature with an unknown smell. The man staggered some paces under the impact, but Argyle, slithering to his feet, locked his efficient teeth about his prey's Achilles tendon.

"Good evening," said Lord Vibart's voice pleasantly from near by. "If you will forgive a suggestion to one who would seem to need no prompting, our friend here has dropped his revolver. We might just as well have it on our side."

Joan was trembling and her lip quivered, but she managed a little laugh. Though her knees seemed suddenly to have become loose in the hinge, she stepped forward into the cellar and picked up the pistol.

"Oh, gosh, if I didn't think it wuz the ghost! Why didn't I go?" whined the wretched being who stood anchored by the terrier's more than threatening jaws. "Call him off me. He's bitin' me." His voice rose to a scream.

"Hold him, gillie," said Joan.

"Joan, just behind you you'll find an excellent electric light," said Vibart. "Thank you. Now, in the interest of an overwhelming desire on my part to have my hands free, suppose we make an exchange here and put this fellow in my place?"

"Oh, heck," mourned the anchored man again in a very frenzy of self-disgust, "why didn't I go?"

AS THE brave light blazed out into the cellar, old Jotham shambled in. "Deedy my golly!" he marvelled, staring about him. Gone was his brief half apprehended play with Marse George. Never in the good old days gone by had this subterranean apartment been lighted with so rich a glow.

"Come help me, Jotham," said Joan.

"In my present ridiculous position," said Lord Vibart, as she came nearer, "I . . ." His voice stopped. After a moment he said softly, "Joan! You lovely thing. Was there ever such a plight for a man? Wonder of wonders that you are."

She laughed a little breathlessly "Jotham!" she said again.

Vibart's eyes never left her face, as she and the old negro bent over to loose him. Her cheeks grew red under the look of him, but she did not meet his eyes.

"How did you ever guess, Joan?"

"I don't know," she said faintly. "It came to me all at once that you were here in some sort of danger. I thought suddenly the wall must have another cellar back of it for the slaves."

"We are an inspirational couple," said Vibart. "It came to me all at once, as you say, that I could get in here by way of the ichehouse."

While old Jotham crooningly brushed at his coat, he held her two hands in a silent grip. She wanted nothing so much as to crumple against his chest and cry a little, but she stood up smiling through a dewy mist of tears.

"You gorgeous," he said softly.

Argyle's growl begged leave to remind them that he was still on post.

Joan released her hands gently and turned away. "Fetch him over, gillie," she said, and the poor ghost with a step for every yank of the dog's head was drawn over and tied to the post.

While Vibart politely knotted the rope, Joan looked about her.

"This is the first bachelor apartment I can remember which really merits the name of 'diggings'," she remarked. "What's it all about?"

"It is an extremely elaborate, probably quite as expensive counterfeiting establishment," said his lordship. "The boys will be ever so glad to sweep it in they tell me. They've been looking for it. There, my friend. Are you quite comfortable?"

"I swear I had nothin' to do with the queer," was all the ghost would say.

"Perhaps you do not recognize my friend?" said Vibart. "Oblige me, Jotham, by picking up this hat. Thank you. And put it on his head. There, Joan—becoming, isn't it?"

Jotham was more impressed than she. "Lawsy golly, it's the ghos' in the sodjer hat!"

"Another little point," said Vibart, as he stood by Joan looking at their prize. "Let me call your attention to his very garish taste in jerseys. Do me the favor, Jotham, to toss back his coat."

Joan looked puzzled as did the ghost himself, at this interest in so slight a matter. Underneath the shabby long coat which had so long helped to identify him as a surviving colonial, the broken crookster wore a badly soiled sweater, once red with whitish bars.

"I saw the bricks right through his waistcoat," quoted Lord Vibart with a laugh.

He had not misjudged the stuff of which this poor apology of a desperado was made, for the man's whining voice rose and fell in an unbroken lament of his personal afflictions, but clearly his sense of their being due to the perfidy of the gang that had not sent him his grand was going to supply the name and history of every member of that obscure association in the sweet uses of revenge, largely abetted by utter funk. Argyle reluctantly gave up his prisoner, but sat before him cheerfully as one who takes no chances.

UPSTAIRS, as Donovan returned from easing his trainer off the premises, the later developments of the evening were being gingerly explained to him by Mr. Farquharson, who feared that their having allowed Joan to go off like that, on some errand obviously connected with a mysteriously missing man, might not be exactly the sort of thing he would approve. But Owen Donovan was a well brought-up father.

"If Jo said I was not to follow, here I stay," was his reply. "You know, Bess, I must say the war, as you look back on it, must seem a dullish period."

"We might just as well sit down while we wait," said Lady Weylin. "Joan is up to something serious. You should have seen her eyes! Now who can this be? Johnny at the last?"

The great knocker on the door sounded again, and Pawson who began to think his dinner never would be served emerged again from the dining room in answer. The gentleman who entered was not Johnny, however. Indeed, it was for Lord Vibart that he enquired as the door swung open. Then seeing the group before him, he came on in.

"I suppose Lord Vibart told you to expect me?" he asked affably. "I'm Cotter, of the Secret Service."

Jervis shook hands with him cordially. "You are just as welcome as if you were a novelty," he said. "You are only the third public or private member of the police we have had here tonight. My mother, Lady Weylin, Mr. Owen Donovan."

"Sure, bless me, it's Tim Cotter," said Donovan, offering a huge paw. "What and all have you come for?"

"Counterfeiters," said Cotter, and Jervis gave a little chuckle.

"Thieves, drunkards, and utterers of false coinage!" he said. "We are indeed a rum lot. What makes you think we are counterfeiters, my dear man?"

"Well," Cotter grinned as he bowed to her ladyship. "Not you, personally, you know. Hasn't Lord Vibart told you?"

"We haven't seen Vibart," replied Jervis. "Where did you pick him up?"

"In Ottawa," said Cotter.

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Farquharson. "I saw him once in Somaliland myself. Nice looking fellow, I always thought."

"Jerry, don't start being silly," admonished Mugs. "Where is he now?"

"He should be here," said Cotter.

And appropriately here Lord Vibart appeared in the gallery with Joan. He not only appeared with her but keeping hold of her hand brought her down the stairs at his side.

Donovan knew him at once, would perhaps have known him anywhere as Joan's man.

"Good evening, everybody," he said. "This is Mr. Donovan, I believe? I'm glad

thoroughly domesticated, and nearly all of them were very young. But among those whose exploits recall the Amazons of the heroic age was a Mrs. Vine. Her history is linked with the history of Metchosin, now a pleasant farming district within twenty-five miles of Victoria, but in those days a forest wilderness. Mrs. Vine marched her militant way through the early years of this country's progress. Old residents love to recall brief, fiery episodes in which she played a reckless, joyous part. She seemed to be afraid of nothing on earth, man or beast. In fact, the Indians stood in awe of her. They thought she possessed hypnotic powers, and could, if she so willed, strike one dead by a look from her queer, baffling eyes. It was said she could tame a bear or a panther simply by a glance. Certain it is that she had many an encounter with them and never came to grief, although her only weapon of defense was a stout stick. There is a story told of her meeting with a large cougar one day on the trail, who disputed the way with her, standing in her path and lashing his great tail, while he snarled his rage and showed his fangs at her. Undaunted, she attacked him with her stick, gave him a sound drubbing, after which he ran whining into the bushes, and then she proceeded triumphantly upon her journey.

She had a summary way of dealing with Indians who came trespassing. She could speak the chinook jargon, and at the first sight of her tall, spare, straight figure, and her snapping penetrating eyes, they quailed before her. She had only to give voice to her opinion of them and they were away like the wind. But to those who were ill or in want, she was tenderness and kindness itself.

IT WAS to ameliorate the situation which was bound to exist in such a mining camp, that some well-meaning persons in England, among them the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, decided to send out several contingents of young women.

In 1862 the first of them came, twenty well-trained domestics. The result of the venture was such a success that it was decided to enter more ambitiously into the scheme.

There followed the *Tynemouth* with sixty young women aboard, and then the *Robert Lowe* with another contingent. The boats arrived at Victoria first, heralded all up and down the coast, and though it was expected and hoped by hundreds of would-be Benedicts that the majority of the girls would reach the Mainland, nearly all of them were offered husbands or homes before they left Vancouver Island, so that the waiting thousands along the Fraser were disappointed.

But there were some gallant women who came to the famous gold-mining camps with their husbands, among them those who travelled by the Overland trail. What pictures that name conjures up, of covered wagons, of buffalo hunts, of Indian attacks, and of endless miles over the prairies and through the mountain passes. The first woman of whom there is a definite account came through the Rockies on her way to the Cariboo. She was Mrs. Catherine Schibert, who travelled in a party of 150 men; and when she started on the long journey she had three small children and was expecting a fourth child.

On June 3, 1862, they left Fort Garry. There were ninety-six Red River carts in the caravan, and the crew was made up of all sorts and conditions of men, Hudson's Bay traders, half-breeds and Indians, every one of them bound for the rich gold lands of the Cariboo, and each of them quite certain that fortune lay just ahead.

Instead of an ox, one of the carts was driven by a cow which was to provide milk for Mrs. Schibert and her babies. Everyone tried to dissuade Mrs. Schibert from making the journey, but she would not listen. She was an Irishwoman, bright and brave as the best of her race, and she would not let her husband travel alone. They must go together and carry along little Mary Jane, Jimmie and the baby. Already she had experienced the rigors and perils of overland

travel. Had they not fled from St. Paul in the dead of winter, to escape the warring Sioux and travelled 400 miles and more to seek the haven and the refuge of a British fort on the Red River?

Mrs. Schibert rode on a buckskin mare with her babies in two baskets on either side of her saddle. Her husband carried Jimmie.

Straight toward the west the long caravan wended its way, and at White Horse Plains they halted to organize and arrange for officers. Strict regulations were framed, and any disobedience to rules meant that the party would be obliged to drop out. Sunday was always set aside as a day of rest, when religious service was held, and this was kept up as long as the party held together.

Mr. Schibert was detailed as a scout, so Peter McIntyre took charge of Jimmy. While crossing the Assiniboine these two were nearly drowned. It was a long swim, and McIntyre had Jimmy on his back. One can faintly imagine the anxiety of the mother as she watched them from the shore. McIntyre was so exhausted that he had to be dragged to land, but wee Jimmy, securely strapped to his shoulders, had fallen sound asleep.

In three weeks the party had reached Edmonton, where four nuns from Montreal welcomed Mrs. Schibert and tended her and her children. They advised her not to continue the journey. They had heard of the dangers to be encountered, the absence of trails, the marsh lands and the many streams that must be crossed. Besides, Mrs. Schibert should think of her own condition. She only laughed at their misgivings.

But the going after they left Edmonton was very bad. Had she realized what was before her, she might well have hesitated, and taken her husband's advice to wait at the post until the baby was born and then follow him. Their way had literally to be chopped out of the forest in places. There were rivers to ford, and so bad was the going that ten miles a day was the best that they could do. They had sold some of the oxen at Edmonton and had procured horses, otherwise they would have fared worse.

When at length they caught their first view of the Rockies they thought their troubles were nearly over. But they had hardly begun. Food was getting scarce. They had expected to make better progress, and at length the Schiberts' cow had to be sacrificed. Of feed there was little or none, and the horses began to falter. At Yellowhead Pass they had a sad fatality when several of the men were drowned in the canyon. While they were here, too, they were overtaken by terrible thunderstorms, and the lightning struck the trees around them, splintering them to kindling.

Hunger began to stare them in the face. The pemmican was gone, and a few scraps only had been saved for Mrs. Schibert and the children, the men denying themselves that she might not suffer. Some of them even boiled their lariats and chewed upon them to stay their hunger.

At Tête Jaune Cache two courses lay before them, one to run the rapids of the Fraser, the other to try and cross the mountains to the head waters of the Thompson and descend to Fort Kamloops. Twenty of them, including Mrs. Schibert, decided on the latter route.

Thence began a terrible journey. Before the Thompson River was reached Mrs. Schibert was obliged to give up her buckskin mare. The horse was turned loose and the party embarked on rafts. Followed a week of torture while these frail crafts were buffeted about in the wild stream. Boulders rose in their path, and the rapids threatened to engulf them. Mrs. Schibert sat with her children in her arms, the babies' faces hidden against her breast when death seemed imminent. One of the rafts with four men on board crashed against a mass of rocks, and a brave fellow who tried to swim to shore with a line, was drowned.

At last an Indian village was sighted and the craft upon which Mrs. Schibert and the children sat was brought to shore and

Continued on page 46



"How can you afford so many new stockings"

The story of a small-town girl who surprised city girls with her new-looking stockings

DRESSING on a small clothes budget—as most girls do nowadays—it is important to know how to keep pretty clothes like new in spite of everyday wear.

And silk stockings, especially! They can take so large a share of the budget—if one doesn't know the secret of longer wear.

Here is the experience of a girl who kept one pair of stockings like new, wearing them every day:

"When I went to the city to work I had only one pair of light hose to my name. Yet other girls in the office used to ask, 'How can you afford so many pairs of light stockings? You have on a new pair every morning.'"

"They never suspected that it was

always the same pair washed each night in sudsy, lukewarm water—with Lux, of course? That single pair of hose kept all their original silkiness and were really improved by the frequent laundering—thanks to Lux." Georgia Thompson Fuller.

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Start now to guard against winter skin trouble. Thousands of the lovely soft, white hands you see are the result of the faithful use of Campana's Italian Balm.

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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
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Dunsmuir lived, one very humble, the other a handsome, commodious dwelling set well back in large grounds. For it was while they lived here that Robert came upon wonderfully rich coal seams, and into ownership of mines which made him the wealthiest man of his day in the west. But before good fortune smiled upon them, Mrs. Dunsmuir was to go through many a harrowing experience. More than once, her own life and that of her children were threatened by the natives who gave a great deal of trouble from time to time in this district. On the whole, however, fate was kind to them. Their climb to fame and fortune was sure and steady. James, the little baby, who found such favor in the eyes of the Indians, lived to inherit his father's great wealth, and to win the highest positions the country had to bestow. He was premier of the province for some years, and also its lieutenant-governor.

Many of the women who came here in the earliest times had been accustomed to a more or less luxurious home. Even if they were lowly born, they had at least known the shelter of a weatherproof house, a floor under their feet and a stove upon which they could do their cooking. What a difference when they arrived in British Columbia! For some of them there was no house at all. We read of young wives and mothers having to sit up in some makeshift shelter all of the first few nights, or perhaps try and sleep in a cabin with an Indian woman and her children. Outside they could hear the howling of the wolves, and would lie there trembling, afraid to close an eye for the unknown perils which surrounded them, equally distraught between their fear of the wild animals and of the natives among whom they had been thrust so unceremoniously.

INDEPENDENT settlers who were not connected with the Hudson's Bay had to face almost insurmountable difficulties. Some of them brought no furniture with them. They had only their boxes of clothing and a few treasures, some dishes, a teapot, maybe a chest of drawers. Mrs. Robb, one of the pioneer women of the Comox District, was the fortunate possessor of a stove, the only one in a radius of a hundred miles. The Indians in that neighborhood had never seen a stove before. They haunted the place. Mrs. Robb, who was the grandmother of Senator Planta's wife, of Nanaimo, was an outstanding character in those early days. She faced hardship with unshaken cheerfulness. When she first landed in the wilderness of Comox, she was the only white woman; she brought her little daughter with her, and they had no home at all. An Indian woman took them in for a few days until her husband could get some kind of a shelter made. Their first home was the bare four walls, without floor or roof. They tacked a heavy sheet over their heads, and this was the only covering the house had until cedar shakes could be made. But the stove was wonderful, "a real friend." And in time they had a nice little cabin, with an upstairs, which one reached by a ladder. There were Indian cedar mats upon the floor, and on the shelves around were ranged all the willow dishes, the bright pewter pots, and two brass candlesticks. The latter were too much for the cupidity of the Indians. They would have given anything to possess them. One day, a tall young fellow dashed into the house, snatched one of them and made off with it. Seizing a rolling pin, Mrs. Robb made after him in a moment. It was a long chase, but if the Indian had not tripped and fallen Mrs. Robb would probably not have caught him. When she did, she belabored him until he howled for mercy. Then, with her cherished heirloom under her arm, she returned to the cabin.

But not many of the white women who came to this country seem to have been particularly daring. Inviting no trouble, they were content to take no chances against the wild beasts or the Indians, unless it was absolutely necessary for their own protection or that of their children or the stock. They were quiet, unassuming,

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Sold everywhere by good stores of all kinds. Three size bottles and two size Handy Oil Cans.
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DADDY CAN NOW EAT ANYTHING

He dearly loved a rich tit-bit. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. Whenever he ate anything rich, his boys used to say, "Poor dad, he will pay the penalty to-morrow." Read the sequel in his own words:—

"Since taking the regular dose of Kruschen Salts it is quite different, and my boys enjoy themselves seeing me eat what I dare not touch before. My eldest son was the same, but since he has taken Kruschen Salts he can eat and enjoy whatever is put in front of him."

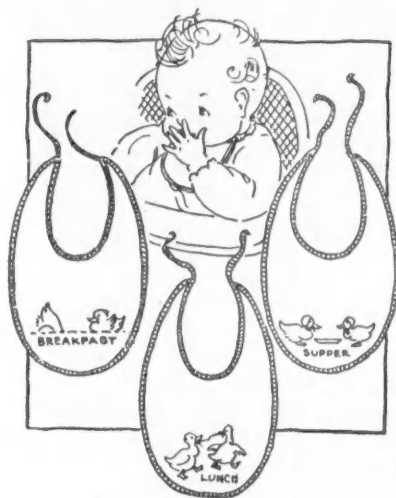
Modern artificial conditions, errors of diet, overwork, lack of exercise, and so on, are bound to have injurious effects in the long run providing due precaution is not taken.

Kruschen Salts should be your safeguard. Besides cleansing the body of impurities gently, surely and painlessly, they possess a vital power of giving new life and vitality to the countless millions of cells of which every body is composed. That is why physicians never hesitate to recommend Kruschen Salts. SC10

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Number 239 includes a set of three ready-made, stamped bibs, floss and instructions, priced at 65 cents.

is included boilproof blue floss for outlining and an instruction sheet.

THE three charming little bibs for breakfast, lunch and dinner need only a few inches of embroidery in black and yellow to complete them into something useful yet welcome. They are stamped on heavy, cream-colored muslin, made and bound all around with yellow. The binding makes yellow ties at back of neck. The bibs measure approximately eight inches wide, and from front of the neck, nine inches deep. Number 239 includes the set of three ready-made, stamped bibs, floss and instructions to complete. Priced at 65 cents.

To order patterns, write: Handicraft Department, *The Chatelaine*, 143 University Avenue, Toronto.

The Promise of Beauty

Continued from page 33

realized that a neck that was either flabby or stringy counteracted any claims to youth and beauty. This exercise not only brings back and preserves a youthful contour to the neck, but it also imparts fresh vitality to the face and eyes. Best of all, it can be taken in bed. It is accomplished by lying flat on the back across the bed and letting the head hang over the side. Now with the head far back and the chin pointing up, raise the head and try to touch the chest or to come as near to the chest as possible. Repeat this several times, increasing the number after becoming accustomed to the exercise. Then using the head as a pivot, roll the head all the way around making the starting place first on the right side and then later on the left.

The second part of this exercise is taken in the reverse position. Lie on the stomach with the head over the side of the bed or over the foot if there is no bed-board. Bring the head up and try to touch the centre of your back with it. Do not attempt to do this more than five times at first. To vary this, raise the head sideways and touch first the right shoulder and then the left.

The muscles may be stiff and unyielding at first, but if you persevere faithfully and

daily, the result will be a firm contour and an entire absence of double chins, as well as a general feeling of alertness. Remember that all the action of this exercise should be done by the head.

IN ORDER to complete the top-of-the-world feeling that this exercise gives, follow it by giving a cream or oil treatment to your face. The new facial oils are marvellous in their results. They cleanse and soften and in no way clog the pores. After this, all that will be necessary will be a patting with an astringent lotion, a dusting of powder, a touch of make-up used with "the art that conceals art," and there you are! The beauty expert to which I have already referred, says that the reason why people have facial blemishes, sallow skins and dull eyes is because they are not clean within and without. Facial beauty means a digestion wholesomely functioning. It means a daily cleansing bath. It means regular and thorough elimination. It means daily exercise. Take a little time off in February to study yourself, to try out new methods for beauty, so that you will be in good condition to meet the spring which is just around the corner.

The Last Word

Continued from page 30

"Oh, darling," he cried, taking a hand stretched out to him. "I am so sorry . . . so very, very sorry . . ."

"They tell me Ronny Tent has gone," murmured Fay.

A cold stab came to Ornish's heart, but he answered quietly. "He caught the seven train."

"Will he be coming back?"

"No, dear," whispered Ornish; and for a time there was silence.

Then Fay stretched up a hand, switched on the electric light above her bed and sat up. As she did so, the cloth on her face fell off and revealed her perfect features in all their beauty.

Ornish's eyes opened wide in amazement. "Fay!" he gasped, "What does it mean? Harber told me . . . told Tent . . . that you'd be blemished for life, and a cripple for the rest of your days . . .!"

For answer Fay threw back the coverlet, and swinging her feet to the floor, stood up straight and slim before her husband.

"Listen, Tom," she said. "I was behind that bush of poinsettia last night when you and Ronny had the impudence and folly to value me no higher than a racing trophy . . ."

Ornish gasped, and the color flooded his face. "I thought you'd gone to bed," he murmured.

"I crept down when I saw Ronny go out to you. I guessed he had some scheme on foot . . . I heard all that passed . . ."

"How you must have despised us!"

"I decided to teach you both a lesson. Dr. Harber and Garipoli helped me to stage the show. Garipoli watched the race, and when you lost, telephoned us and acted as you know . . ."

She paused, and a smile came to her lips. "You see," she added, "since Ronny Tent has fled before the thought of lifelong servitude to a blemished cripple, I judged the depth of his love correctly. I judged yours aright too, Tom."

"But," said Ornish, "I thought you loved Tent?"

"I did, I suppose, before I met you," said Fay. "And when he turned up I hoped his presence would awaken you to the fact that you had a wife who wasn't so very ugly or so very dull; one who deserved as much devotion as your work. That was why I let him hang himself; but I had no intention of letting him hang me . . ."

Ornish took a step forward.

"Don't ever forget, Tom," smiled Fay as she went to his arms, "that whatever plans two men may make over a woman's love, it is she who has the last word."

To Her

who would capture the true Parisian grace, the lithe, long-limbed womanly allure of

The New Silhouette
we recommend

The New Paris Designs

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The use of the wrong disinfectant may cause serious harm. Be safe. Use "Lysol" Disinfectant, which has been the standard for this critical use for 40 years.

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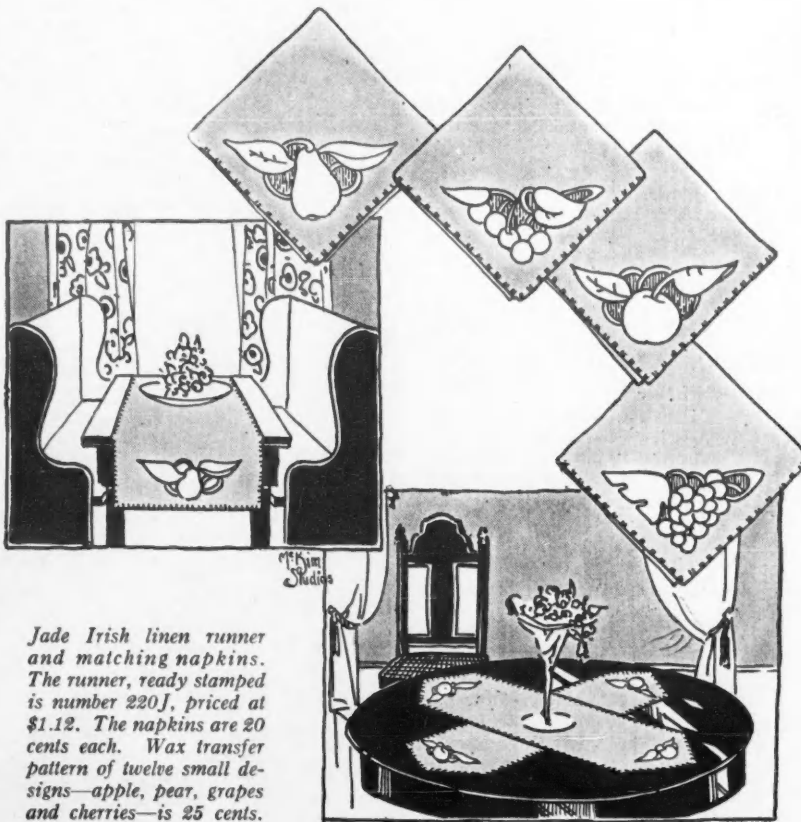
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Jade Irish linen runner
and matching napkins.
The runner, ready stamped
is number 220J, priced at
\$1.12. The napkins are 20
cents each. Wax transfer
pattern of twelve small de-
signs—apple, pear, grapes
and cherries—is 25 cents.

Embroideries for February

by RUBY SHORT McKIM

AFTER the New Year's rush, it is a pleasure to take up a bit of hand-work again, and we are offering several projects that we hope will appeal to you.

First is a decorative bath room stencil. Stenciling is easy to do, and this design is very attractive for the bath room wall, an oilcloth curtain, or wherever you need a decorative motif. We furnish two durable stencils so that you can face the designs as shown in this picture or put them on one following the other. Order number 501 includes two cut stencils ready for use, together with color key and full instructions for using. Price postpaid, 60 cents.

IN BREAKFAST or luncheon linens we offer jade Irish linen, and the color is as fresh as the material is excellent. A runner eighteen by forty-five inches may be used as the runner alone on the buffet, narrow

nook variety table, or two of them, as shown, will set a square, round or drop-leaf table. This is number 220. The conventional fruit motif is stamped on first quality heavy Irish linen, and is ready for working. These are most simple to embroider—white outline stitch with small solid areas worked in a second color. Floss is included in each order of material. The number 220J jade, is priced at \$1.12. Wax transfer pattern of twelve small designs, apple, pear, grapes and cherries is number 220 at 25 cents. These can be used on either napkins or runner.

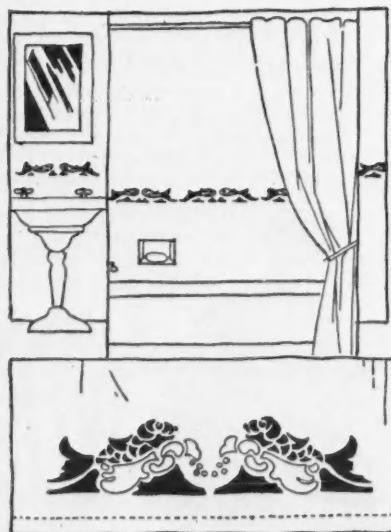
The napkins are twelve inches square and they are stamped with conventional fruit motifs also. They are number 221J, green and priced at 20 cents each.

BRIDES wisely plan their house frocks and work aprons as carefully as their going-away clothes.

The apron and cap set illustrated here is made from an excellent quality of cream-colored muslin and bound all around with pretty, fast-color blue. The only work necessary to complete the set is to embroider the mill on the cap with blue, and embroider and appliqué the quaint Dutch lovers. The lassie's blue skirt forms a pocket, while the lad—for admiration only—wears bright red trousers and cap. Designs for placing appliqué and embroidery are stamped on the apron; embroidery on cap.

The cap is of generous size and is made without elastic or draw strings. It irons perfectly flat. It may be adjusted to the most becoming proportions for the wearer by a band which continues from the front. This may be fastened at the back of the neck in the manner one likes best.

The apron is thirty-six inches wide, or medium size. This width permits it to come well over the hips. It is fashioned with a wide bodice-like top which gives a trim look and again accentuates the Dutch influence. The apron is number 234. It is ready made and waiting only for its bit of handwork to be complete. It is priced at 98 cents. The matching cap is number 235. It is complete except for the embroidery. It is priced at 32 cents. With each number



A decorative bath room stencil with
color key and full instructions for using
—number 501 at 60 cents.



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Add to your youth and charm with a Pember transformation! Our fine hair goods, created in the most modern fashion, will match perfectly any color and texture of hair and they are absolutely hygienic.

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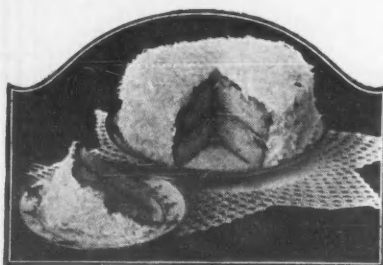
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Try This Recipe

- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour,
- 2 teaspoons baking powder,
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt,
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or other shortening,
- 1 cup sugar,
- 3 egg yolks, well beaten,
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk,
- 1 teaspoon vanilla,
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks, then flour and milk alternately, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla and fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes. Put layers together with Coconut Cream Filling and cover top and sides of cakes with Coconut Frosting.

BAKER'S COCONUT



Write for free booklet of Delicious Recipes to General Foods Limited, Sterling Tower, Toronto.

41-30M

Reducing the Meat Bill

Continued from page 20

pieces. Make a thick white sauce from three tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a pinch of mace, salt and pepper to taste and one cupful of hot milk. Add the cooked brains and heat thoroughly. Serve on slices of buttered toast. Should one desire, chopped pimientos and green peppers may be added.

Stuffed Shoulder of Veal

THERE is an appreciable difference in price between the leg of veal and the shoulder. Although many people maintain that the latter has a better flavor and more juicy, nevertheless the price of leg is always higher. Consequently a real economy may be effected by purchasing the shoulder and asking the butcher to remove the bone. Use the bone for soup and stuff the roast with the following dressing. Mix together one cupful of mashed potatoes, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of celery salt, half a teaspoonful of sage or poultry dressing, one cupful of dry bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and just enough boiling water to moisten. Tie the meat securely so as to hold the dressing in place. Rub the meat well with scraped onion and squeeze a little lemon juice over it. Sprinkle with salt and dredge with flour. When the roast is about half cooked spread a little currant or tart jelly over it, as this gives a very delicious and unusual flavor to the meat. Follow the usual procedure for cooking roasts, allowing twenty minutes for each pound of meat and an additional twenty minutes. Either cook in a covered roaster or baste frequently.

Veal Curry

Finely chop one medium-sized onion and sauté it in one tablespoonful of melted butter. Into two tablespoonfuls of melted butter stir one tablespoonful of flour and one tablespoonful of curry powder. Blend thoroughly and add then gradually two cupfuls of hot tomato juice, stirring until thick and smooth. Add the cooked chopped onion, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and chutney or chili sauce to taste. Cut the cooked left-over veal in small

cubes and reheat in this sauce. Arrange on a platter with a border of dry, freshly cooked rice.

Braised Beef

Beef cuts which are suitable for braising are the shoulder or chuck or the brisket. Select the size of roast which will meet the requirements of the family. Place the meat in a greased roasting pan in a very hot oven at first to sear it well on all sides. Sprinkle well with salt and pepper. Then reduce the heat and add one medium-sized onion sliced, and one cupful of boiling water. Cover the roasting pan and cook at a low heat for one hour and a half. Add one and one-half cupfuls of diced raw carrots, one-quarter of a cupful of diced celery and another cupful of boiling water. Continue cooking for at least another hour or until the meat is quite tender. Serve on a platter surrounded by the vegetables. Thicken and season the gravy to taste.

Stuffed Heart

Hearts which are highly prized in Europe might well become a more frequent item on Canadian menus. They not only offer the housewife a welcome economy but they may be prepared in a great variety of delicious ways. To prepare hearts wash them well in plenty of lukewarm water, adding one teaspoonful of baking soda. Remove all tough muscles, fibres and veins. Place in a dish and cover with cold water for an hour. Then remove any blood clots and dry on a cloth. Make a dressing one cupful of bread crumbs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of pepper, one-quarter teaspoonful of sage, one tablespoonful of finely chopped onion, one tablespoonful of chopped pimento, one-quarter cupful of chopped walnuts, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and just enough boiling water to moisten the dressing. Pack this mixture tightly into the heart cavities and tie securely with a string. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and flour and place in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. Then reduce the heat and cook slowly for about an hour and a half or until the heart is tender. Either cook in a covered roasting pan or baste frequently.

Pioneer Women of B.C.

Continued from page 43

moored there, while the men went off in search of fresh meat. Their food was quite exhausted. A squaw coming down to the water's edge, and seeing the rawhide line which tethered the raft became very much excited. She thought that some of the Indian cattle had been killed. She was about to cut the line when the men, hearing Mrs. Schibert and the children screaming, came running to the rescue. Had the raft got loose, the little party could not have escaped drowning in the wild rapids of the river.

But the whole village was aroused and they dared not wait any longer, so without food they pushed out into the stream. Another village was sighted some miles farther along, and again the raft was made fast and the men went foraging. The place was deserted. Corpses lay about the ground and within the huts. Smallpox must have visited the settlement, and those who had not fallen a victim to the disease had fled. But a small field of potatoes still grew and showed blossoms. The men dug them up with their hands and rushed back to the river, making all haste away from the polluted spot.

Raw potatoes were all they had to eat from that time on until some days later when they reached Kamloops. Meanwhile Mrs. Schibert's time was drawing near. On the morning of the last day she said to her husband:

"August, I'm afraid we must land somewhere before night."

Anxious eyes watched her through the long hours. When at length the flag of the Hudson's Bay post could be seen flying in the breeze, a prayer of thankfulness was sent to heaven.

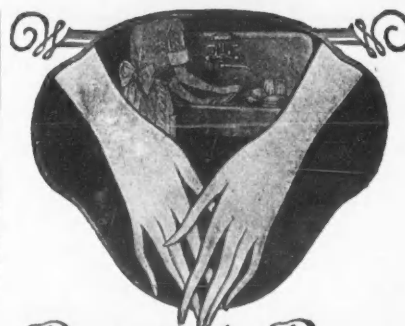
But they could not wait to reach the fort. They moored the raft hurriedly and helped Mrs. Schibert ashore. A canvas shelter was quickly erected and a messenger sent for help.

But already the little garrison was making ready to receive them and a crowd came to meet them, among them an Indian woman to act as midwife for the young mother. That evening, October 14, the baby arrived—the first white girl to be born in the interior of British Columbia.

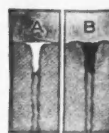
In honor of this brave pioneer, the first white woman to cross the Rockies, the people of Armstrong, British Columbia, unveiled a memorial a year ago. Hundreds of people contributed to the monument and the words of its inscription read as follows:

In honour of Catherine Schibert, who, in company with her husband, was a member of the hazardous Overland Expedition of 1862, crossing the Canadian Rockies from Fort Garry to Kamloops. A brave and notable pioneer. Erected by her friends and admirers throughout British Columbia.

Mrs. Schibert died in 1918. A son James, and a daughter survive her, and several grandchildren.



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Chamberlain's Hand Lotion leaves a protecting film over each tiny pore, guarding the soft, white beauty of your hands like an "invisible glove." Use it before exposure to work or weather. Dries quickly. You'll marvel at results after a few days. Ask your druggist, or let us send a FREE sample, Chamberlain Laboratories, 43 Dovercourt Road, Toronto.

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